JULY 11,
1936

Liberty

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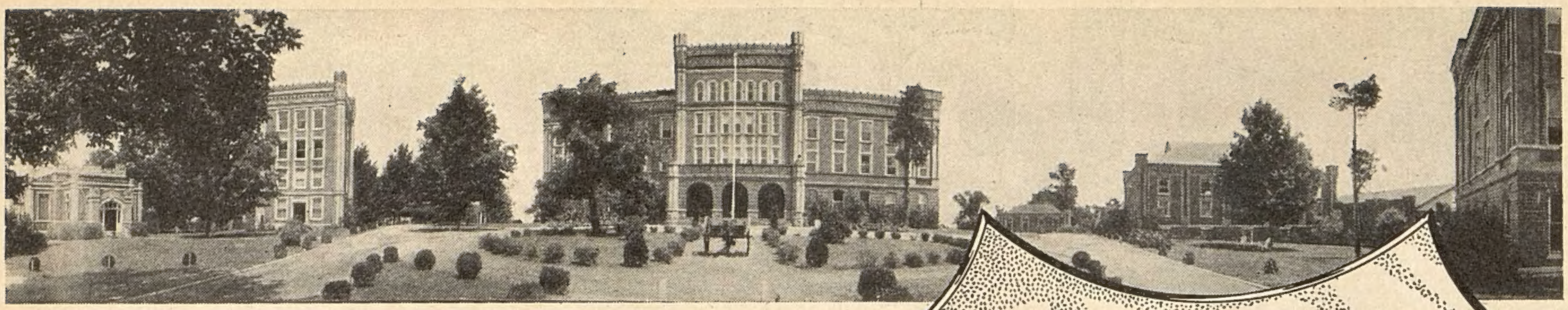
More than One Hundred Years Ago the Great Statesman, Thomas Babington Macaulay, Presented Governmental Principles that Should Be Framed and Hung Over the Desk of Every Government Official. Here They Are:

"Our Rulers Will Best Promote the Improvement of the People by Strictly Confining Themselves to Their Own Legitimate Duties—by Leaving Capital to Find Its Most Lucrative Course, Commodities Their Fair Price, Industry and Intelligence Their Natural Reward, Idleness and Folly Their Natural Punishment—by Maintaining Peace, by Defending Property, by Diminishing the Price of Law and by Observing Strict Economy in Every Department of the State. LET THE GOVERNMENT DO THIS: THE PEOPLE WILL ASSUREDLY DO THE REST."

Send This Quotation to Your Representative or Senator to Frame and Hang Over His Desk

GAMBLING AMERICA—What Chances Have You to Win? by Will Irwin



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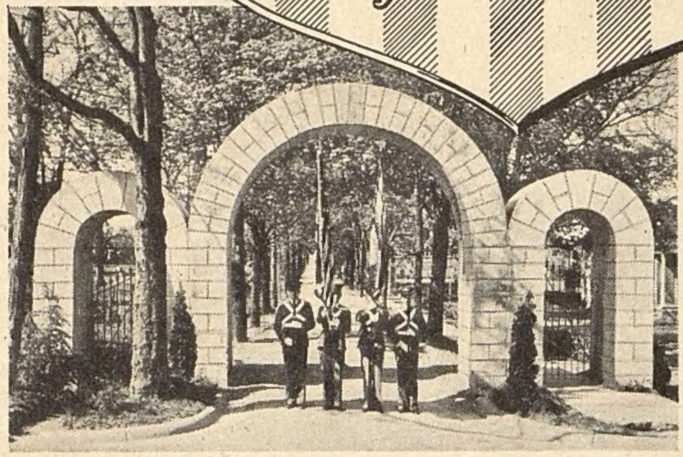

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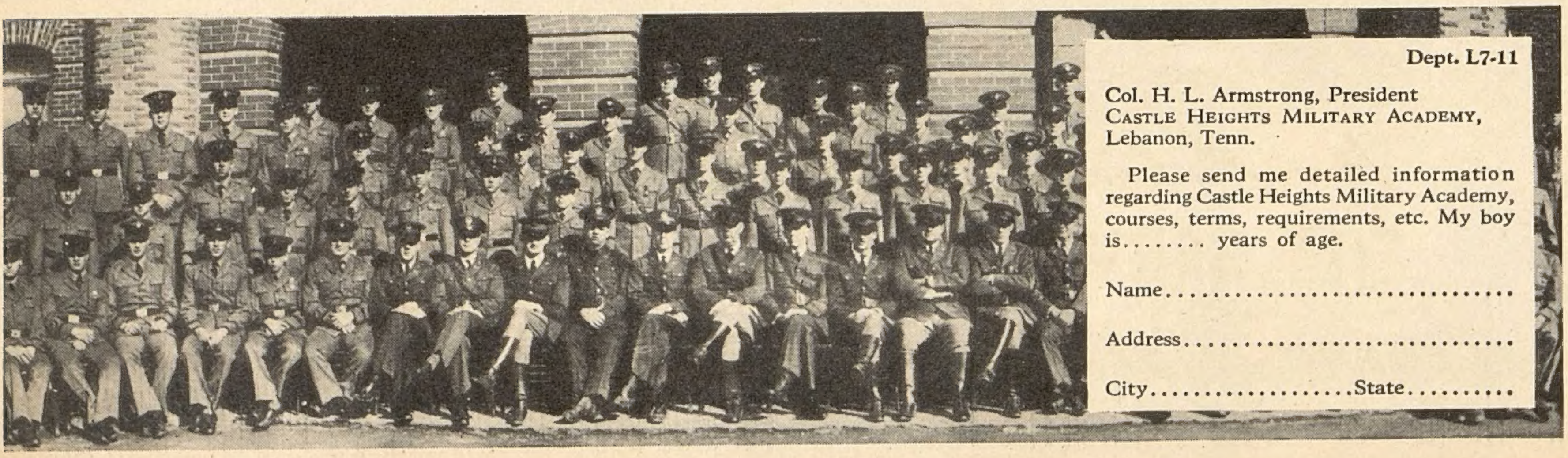

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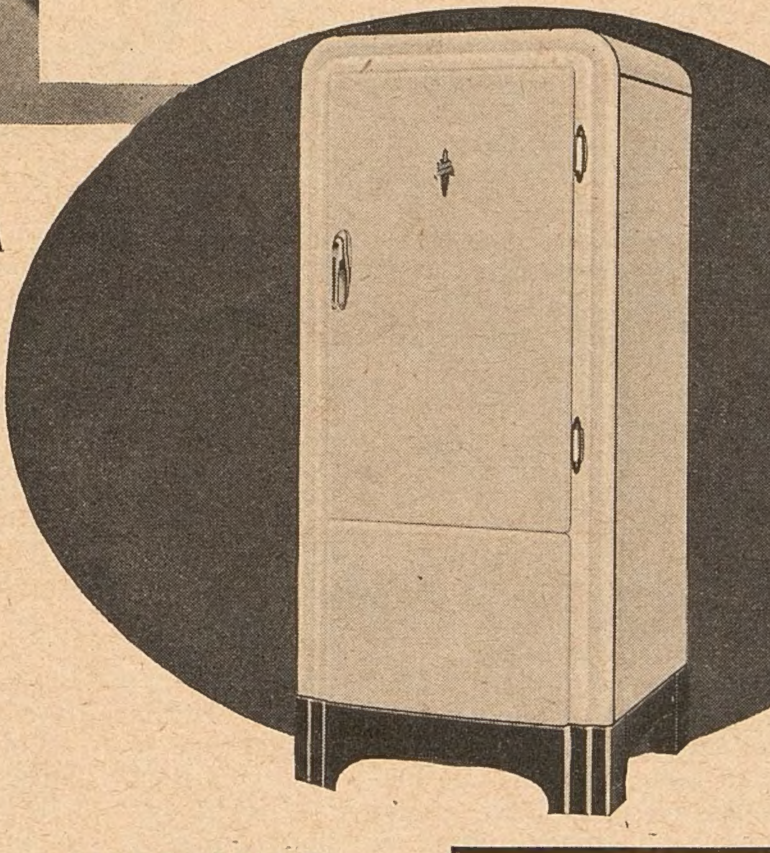

THERE are really only two types of automatic refrigerators to choose from . . . the kind with moving parts, and Electrolux. You'll see the difference immediately, for Electrolux is silent—and the principle behind this silence is the reason for every one of Electrolux' exclusive advantages.

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THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

JULY 11, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 28

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

World Leadership in Business Due to Our Governmental Principles

GOVERNMENT and business should work together harmoniously. Business should not unduly influence government, and government should avoid as much as possible interference with business.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

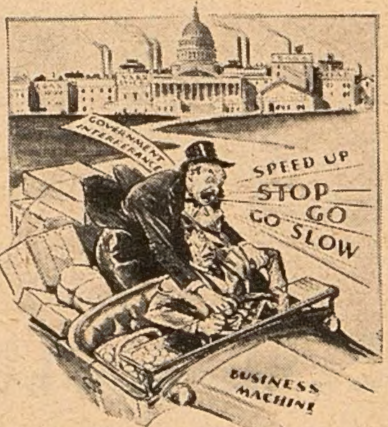
The ups and downs in the tempo of business depend upon economic law, which should not be artificially restricted or stimulated. And when government proceeds to make rules and regulations for guiding business beyond those necessary to protect the rights of citizens, disaster can usually be predicted.

The government should stay out of and away from business. This important activity should be conducted by those who through a lifetime of experience have gained the wisdom essential to guide it intelligently.

When the government goes into business, huge losses ensue; and the taxpayer is the victim—he pays the loss.

Previous to the present administration our government officials engaged in numerous business enterprises; but the Roosevelt administration has enormously increased the government's business investments. And the rules and regulations which bureaucratic Washington tried to fasten on the business activities of our country would have been a disastrous handicap if the United States Supreme Court had not annulled most of them.

There is no special need of calling attention to the success achieved by other nations through adherence to a noninterference policy regarding business. Our own country has presented invaluable evidence of it in our experiences during the first hundred and fifty years of our national life; but as a manifestation of a nation's ability to acquire and retain world-wide power for centuries, we have an outstanding example in Great Britain.



Some may claim that the British are unduly selfish. But the first thought of their statesmen has been the retainment of national power. They wanted England to rule the world, and the principles they adhered to in the separation of business and government have had much to do with their extraordinary achievements as a nation.

More than a hundred years ago a great historian and statesman gave voice to governmental principles that have had much to do with maintaining Great Britain's power throughout the world. Thomas Babington Macaulay was the name of this genius.

If every official of this country would frame and hang over his desk the presentation of the viewpoint printed on the cover of this issue of Liberty, it would be an invaluable guide. Here is the advice of this great English statesman:

> Our rulers will best promote the improvement of the people by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties—by leaving capital to find its most lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment—by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law and by observing strict economy in every department of the state. *Let the government do this: the people will assuredly do the rest.*

There is a whole library of condensed wisdom in these few brief sentences. And if we could induce our officials to follow this advice in their attitude toward business and governmental affairs, many of the difficulties from which we have suffered would be avoided.

Artificial stimulation to divert the effects of economic law usually brings severe penalties. Temporary suffering may be avoided, but the prolongation of the associated difficulties can be accurately predicted.

Let us hope that the words of Macaulay will be carefully studied by our citizens everywhere and that they will insist that our officials assume this attitude toward business.

Everything that we have which has come to us through modern progress is a product of business. Our tall buildings, our railroads, our ships that plow the seas, our fast airplanes—the list could be extended for pages—and even our educational institutions are the products of business. The profits from business have made all these marvelous achievements possible. And economic law should be the government's guide, free from all governmental interference.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

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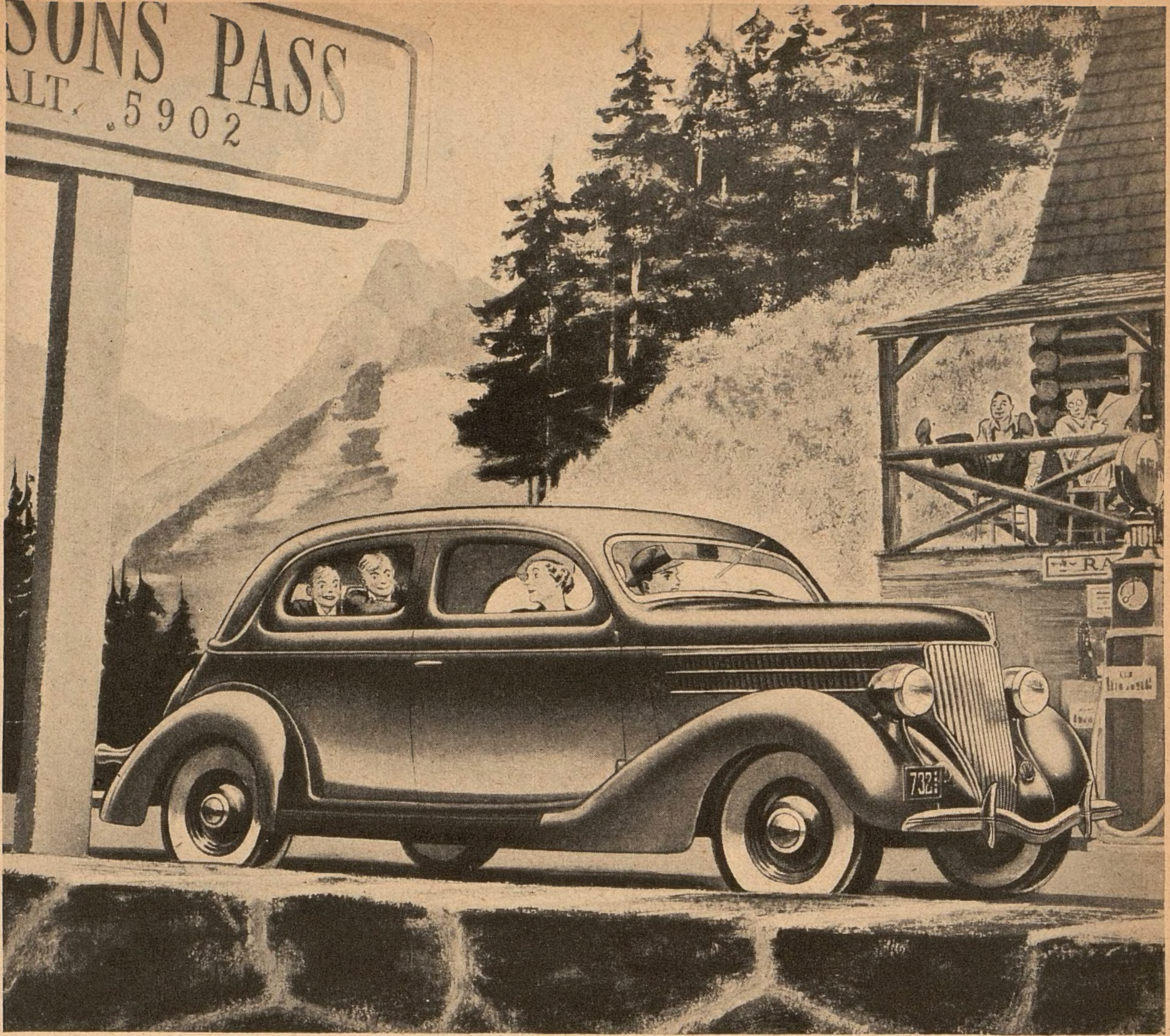

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Beginning—
WHO KILLED Kent Grinnell?

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE CRIMSON GODDESS

BABE GRINNELL switched on the radio. She cried, "I've got 'em, mother! Listen. They're at City Hall. Kent's going to speak!"

A voice came over the air, crisp and firm: "This is Lieutenant Harlow, my co-pilot, Mr. Mayor, and here are the other members of the expedition, and—well, I guess that's about all I have to say, except that we—well, we never expected such a reception as this, Mr. Mayor, and I'm not sure we deserve it, and it's great to be back, and—we thank you."

Again the announcer's voice: "You've just been listening to Captain Kent Grinnell, the world-famous explorer and flyer. He's climbing back into his car after his triumphant ride up Broadway. They're on their way to Long Island and to Captain Grinnell's home, where his mother is waiting for him."

Babe switched off the radio. "He's on the way," she said shakily. Then, "Oh, gosh, I'm going to cry!"

Her brother Curt, perched on the arm of her chair, patted her shoulder. "Famous explorer's debutante sister sobs and weeps."

Mrs. Jarvis, the housekeeper, bustled into the room. "Oh, Mrs. Grinnell, I've been listening on the radio in my sitting room. What time do you think he'll get here?"

Mrs. Grinnell smiled absently. "I'm sure I don't know. I hope all this attention won't spoil him."

Curt grinned and hugged her to him. "That's a great line, mother. Hold it! Save it for your interview: 'I always tried to bring up my three children to be modest and retiring.' What are you laughing at, Jammy? Did my girl friend ring up?"

Mrs. Jarvis said, "Miss Dayne? No, Mr. Curt, I don't think she did."

Mrs. Grinnell said, "I did hope Leila could come down for dinner tonight."

"So did I. I thought she'd be crazy to come. She was always nuts about Kent."

"Perhaps that's why she wouldn't come," said Babe.

"What on earth's she talking about, mother?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear. Now, Mrs. Jarvis, if you'll come to my study we can run over the arrangements for the dinner tonight. Let me see. The governor will be placed at my right—" Her voice drifted back to them as she and Mrs. Jarvis disappeared down the hall.

The telephone rang. Curt answered it. His face, sunburned, snub-nosed, generously sprinkled with freckles, broke into a radiant smile.

Into the mouthpiece he was saying, "Sure! Absolutely! You bet your life! Mother just said she wished you were coming down, and—oh, say, you're to stay overnight. Will I be glad to see you! . . . How glad? Listen, lady. Have you got the afternoon to spare? . . . Oh, and about dinner. At the club. Very ritzy. The governor and his wife and all the local what-have-yous. . . . Wear the pink one. You look swell in pink. Silvery. Like moonlight on the water—"

"Stop," said Babe, "please, before I'm actively ill."

He hung up, flushed and grinning. "What about her room?" He bounded across the room yelping joyously, "My girl friend's coming! My girl friend's coming!"

He almost collided with the butler, who was entering, said, "Oh, say, Parker, Miss Dayne's coming to dinner. Put her beside me. As close as you can. That's the boy!" and vanished.

Parker came in with a smile on his rather austere face. He said to Babe, "Mrs. Worthington is calling."

"Worthington? Parker, don't let her in."

Even as she spoke, her mother's voice, just outside the door, reached Babe: "Why, by all means come to dinner, Paula dear. And Fred too, of course. We can easily seat two more, and Kent has always been so fond of you, he'll be more than glad to see you; you're such old friends."

When Mrs. Grinnell came into the room alone, Babe said, "Mother, what under the sun made you invite that creature tonight of all nights?"

"Who? Paula Worthington? I thought Kent would like it."

"But, darling, it doesn't make any sense. You know she's dynamite. She'll blow the lid off your party."

Mrs. Grinnell looked worried. "Oh, I hope not! I'm sure Kent has recovered from that affair long ago."

"Of course he has; but she hasn't. If she turns her orbs too lovingly on him at dinner, watch and see if the lights don't go out suddenly, and when they're turned on again, Kent will be found stretched lifeless, with a dirk through his aorta. Fred, friend husband, will have thrown the dirk. Darling, he loathes Kent."

KENT home again! Leaping from the car. Greeting the phalanx of reporters. Posing good-naturedly before their cameras. Turning to assist a woman to alight—a pale, fair-haired, beautiful woman. Dave Harlow, six feet four, his skin burned a brick-red, his fair hair burned white, his blue eyes startlingly blue. Another woman, tall, dark, efficient and quick in her motions, with keen black eyes and a boyish fling to her shoulders. And, last, a stocky gray-haired little man with tremendous convex glasses—Professor von Strausmann.

Kent springing up the steps two at a time.

"Hello, mother! Hello, Babe! Gosh, you've grown a mile! Hello, Curt! Hello, Jammy! Hello, Parker! Gee, it's great to be home!"

The fair, pale woman was directly behind him. "Mother, this is Princess Sonya, now Mrs. von Strausmann, who joined us in India. And of course you remember my secretary, Merlyn Davies."

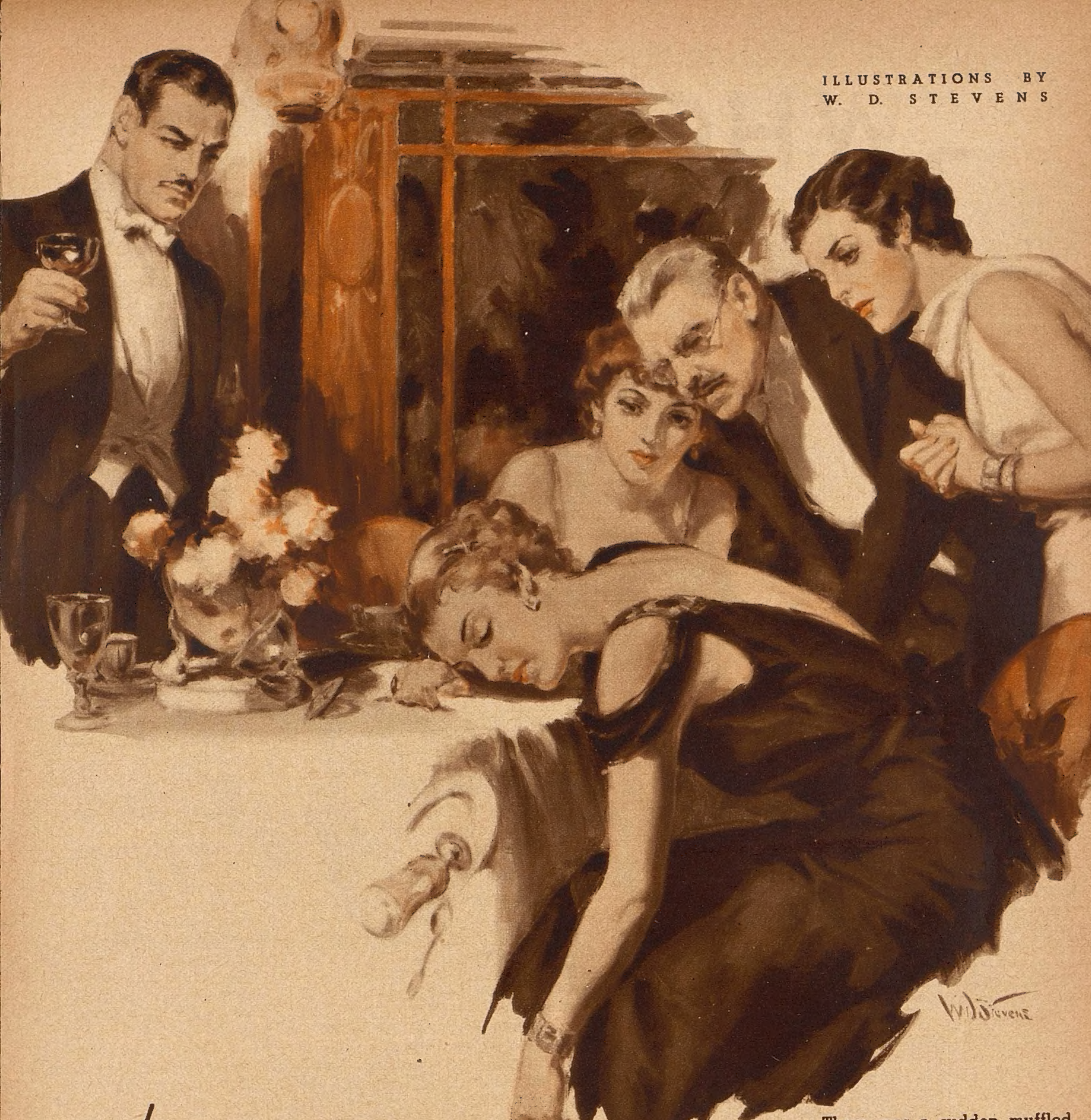
Merlyn smiled, revealing her strong even white teeth in her dark little face. "How do you do! I'll take care of the reporters, Kent; leave them to me."

"And here's Professor von Strausmann again, mother, and Dave—"

But Dave had caught Mrs. Grinnell in his arms. "My, you look good to me, Mother Grinnell!"

A THRILLING NEW NOVEL OF LOVE AND A CRIME OF PASSION

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
W. D. STEVENS



There was a sudden muffled scream. The princess had slumped forward, unconscious.

by

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

"And how about me?" said Babe. "How do I look?"

He turned and stared at her. "Babe!" he whispered.

"Contact!" said Curt. "And speaking of contacts, here's somebody who can't wait to talk to you, Kent."

Little Leila Dayne, blonde and wide-eyed, stared up at Kent.

He took her hand. His eyes, alive, interested, swept over her. "Why, Leila," he said, "you're gorgeous! You never wrote me that!"

"Wrote you?" said Curt quickly. "I didn't know she'd been writing to you."

"Of course," said Kent, "I didn't run into mail more than twice a year, but when I did, her letters were lifesavers."

—THE STORY OF A WORLD FLYER AND A SINISTER MYSTERY

"Well, what do you know!" said Curt hopelessly. . . .

Kent holding forth on India. Handsome—too darned handsome. Such a head, such shoulders, such a strong lithe body.

Leila Dayne sitting at his feet, gaping up at him, her head flung back, drinking in every word.

Kent talking straight down to her. Right into her eyes. His voice clear, strong, vibrant. "I don't know how to describe India exactly, except to say that something which has been asleep all day seems to uncoil itself at night and become alive.

"You'll be sitting in front of the fire, with the lamps lighted and your boy clearing away the things, thinking about nothing in particular—when all of a sudden, off in the darkness somewhere, you hear the scream of a native being clawed to death—"

Dave Harlow reached over and caught Babe's hand. "Think you could stand it?"

"Stand what?"

"India and me?"

"I'd love it!" . . .

The family gathered in Kent's room. Kent unpacking a bag, tossing half a dozen jangling bracelets to Babe.

"Here, Babe, these are for you. I've got lots of other junk."

Mrs. Grinnell said, "Darling, it's getting late. You know, dinner—"

"You bet, mother. I'll cut out the talk. Who's coming?"

"Everybody," said Babe, "who could wangle a bid. How does it feel to be famous?"

Kent grinned at her. "So you're going along on the next trip, eh?"

She turned scarlet. "How did you know?"

"Dave told me. He's a grand guy!"

Mrs. Grinnell sighed. "Babe broke the news to me an hour ago. I shan't like having two of you wandering about the earth. Curt, I hope you're going to stay at home here with Leila and keep me company in my old age."

"Leila?" said Kent, and straightened up, facing his brother. "You and Leila?"

Curt nodded. "Yep, me and Leila. Are you flabbergasted?"

"Of course I am. Well, in that case let me tell you how lucky I think you are."

"Thanks," said Curt stiffly. "I think so too."

He went out of the room and down the hall. . . . .

Darn Kent! Writing to Leila behind his back. Writing her God only knew what stuff about danger and death and adventure.

A maid darted past him, a pink dress over her arm. Leila's dress. Curt's face suddenly cleared.

"Hey, wait a minute, Ella. Is that Miss Dayne's?"

"Yes, sir."

He caught it from her and sped up the hall. He rapped on Leila's door, said, "Your dress, mademoiselle."

Leila opened the door a crack. "What are you doing with my dress, Curt? Give it to Ella. Please, I've got to hurry. There's a rip in it."

To Ella she said, "My sewing basket is in here on the table beside the bed. See if you can mend it." She snatched the dress up and tossed it to the maid, who entered the room with it. She said to Curt, "I've got to dash. You don't want me to be late, do you?"

He caught her to him suddenly and kissed her.

She struggled and pushed him away. "Curt, you're crazy!"

"O. K.," he said. "I get you." He started away.

She called, "Curt, come here."

He turned slowly. She stood holding out her hands. "I'm sorry!"

He ran to her and crushed her in his arms, said, "You love me, don't you?"

"You know I do, silly."

Then she closed the door between them slowly but firmly. . . .

Babe lingered on in Kent's room after the others had left. She said, "I just want to tell you that Curt's got it pretty awful bad. And I think Leila was pretty much in love with him until you arrived."

"Me? What have I got to do with her?"

She said, "Give the kid a break, Kent. He'll never be a hero, but he's a dear just the same." She opened the door to go.

Merlyn Davies stood there.

"May I come in?" she said, and without waiting she entered. "I'll unpack your things, Kent. I know just where everything is."

Kent put his arm around Babe's shoulders. "I'll walk up the hall with you."

Merlyn said, "I've got a few things to run over with you when you get back. I'll work on your speech tonight while you're at the dinner."

"Hold everything," said Kent. "I won't be a minute."

"I hate her," said Babe, once they were out of earshot. "She tries to run you. She even calls you 'Kent.' Why do you let her?"

"What's the difference? I've got so darned many things to think about on a trip that it's marvelous to have somebody lift all the nasty little details off my shoulders." He laughed. "I'm her property, signed, sealed, and delivered. She once told me that if I ever looked at another woman she'd kill me and then herself."

"You mean to tell me—"

"Oh, I don't mind. She'd do anything for me."

"Or *to* you." . . .

Merlyn lifted Kent's things out of his bags and laid them on the bed. She turned to find Sonya von Strausmann in the room, already in evening dress, black, high in front and sweeping down to her waistline in back—that alabaster back, so perfectly modeled, revealed in all its beauty.

Sonya ignored Merlyn. She sat down on Kent's bed.

Merlyn said, "What do you want?"

Sonya stirred and said, with a faint trace of a foreign accent, "I think my small bag is here with Kent's."

Merlyn's lip curled. "Then you must have put it here." She held up a small black-leather one. "Is this it?"

"Yes. Thank you," but she made no move to take it.

Kent came in. Sonya smiled at him—her beautiful inscrutable smile. "I found my leetle bag among your beeg ones."

Merlyn said icily, "I want to run over your speech with you."

He waved her away good-naturedly. "Leave it here. I'll get at it after I've dressed."

He held open the door.

"Oh, very well, if you don't need me—"

"I don't"—closing the door firmly. . . .

Dinner at the club. The long flower-filled table surrounded by distinguished and charming people. Mrs. Grinnell looked around her. She had a moment's surprise at seeing little Leila Dayne seated at Kent's left. She was sure Leila was to have been seated beside Curt.

How sweet Paula looked! And the princess was most distinguished-looking with that curious jeweled dagger in her hair.

And Babe radiant, fairly brimming over with happiness. The table was suddenly hushed, listening to her high gay voice:

"Oh, Kent, is this for me too? I found it in your room. I'm mad about it! May I have it?"

She drew from the neck of her gown a flamboyant silk handkerchief—curious red, yellow, green, azure blue, and deep purple cast harshly together. She held it high for all to see.

KENT'S gaze was riveted on it. "I never saw it before. I don't know where it could have come from."

Von Strausmann's soft, guttural voice broke the silence: "Please, could I see it for just a minute, *Fräulein?*"

"Of course." She handed it to him.

He turned it over and over. "It is a *rumal.*" Questioned, he explained: "The cult of Thuggee was the cult of the Crimson Goddess, Kali, the goddess whose hungry cry was, '*Main booki hum!*' (I want blood!)"

"But what's she got to do with my scarf?" asked Babe.

"For thousands of years there existed in India a secret fraternity whose cult was murder. They were called the Thugs or Stranglers."

Babe stared down at the bit of vivid silk in her hand and let it flutter to the table, where it lay, a rainbow splotch of color.

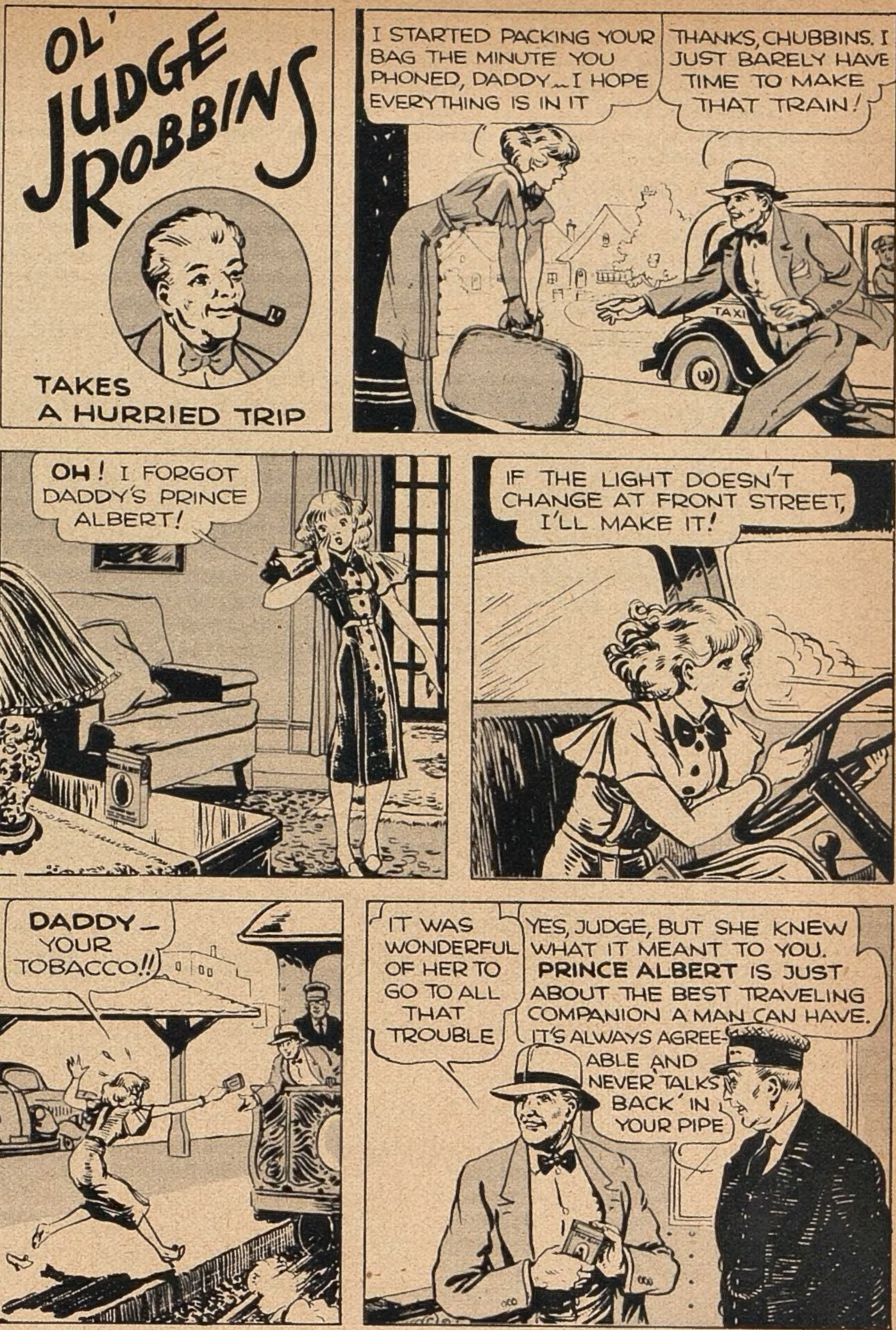
"You mean these Thugs—"

"Were bound by oath to strangle their victim with a sacred silk handkerchief, a *rumal.*"

"Oh, there's nothing in that," broke in Kent harshly. "You hear plenty of bedtime stories like that in India. The professor's just stuffing you, Babe. We've had about enough of this."

"No; go on!" cried Babe. "It's positively bloodcurdling!"

"After the murder the Thugs would offer thanks to the Crimson Goddess and consume a communion


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
TAKES A HURRIED TRIP
I STARTED PACKING YOUR BAG THE MINUTE YOU PHONED, DADDY...I HOPE EVERYTHING IS IN IT
THANKS, CHUBBINS. I JUST BARELY HAVE TIME TO MAKE THAT TRAIN!
TAXI
OH! I FORGOT DADDY'S PRINCE ALBERT!
IF THE LIGHT DOESN'T CHANGE AT FRONT STREET, I'LL MAKE IT!
DADDY— YOUR TOBACCO!!
IT WAS WONDERFUL OF HER TO GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE
YES, JUDGE, BUT SHE KNEW WHAT IT MEANT TO YOU. PRINCE ALBERT IS JUST ABOUT THE BEST TRAVELING COMPANION A MAN CAN HAVE. IT'S ALWAYS AGREEABLE AND NEVER TALKS BACK IN YOUR PIPE

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

supper in honor of having quenched her thirst for blood."

"But how do you know this is a *rumal?*" asked Babe.

"You can tell it by its colors. They are the colors of Kali herself. She is always painted with an azure face streaked with yellow, and her hair is braided with green serpents. Her purple lips stream with blood, and in her twenty hands she holds heads dripping with gore."

Mrs. Grinnell shuddered. "I really can't stand any more!"

Von Strausmann was deeply apologetic. "Madam, I am sorry. I forgot in my enthusiasm for such subjects—"

"Besides," said Babe, "I made him tell it." She picked up the handkerchief gingerly. "It was in your room, Kent, on your pillow. You don't suppose it was meant for you, do you?"

Kent reached for it and stuffed it in his pocket. "No!"

There was a sudden muffled scream. The princess had slumped forward in her chair, unconscious. . . .

It was, the professor said, returning to the dining room, merely the long journey that had upset his wife. She often fainted when fatigued. If Mrs. Grinnell would excuse him, he would drive her to the Grinnell house and return later to the party.

Mrs. Grinnell tried to smile. Really, it had all been most distressing. A sudden inexplicable tension in the air seemed to come from nothing, from nowhere.

Kent said, "Phew, it's hot, isn't it? Feels like the jungle before a storm."

His face was flushed and beaded with little drops of perspiration. "What do you say, mother, if we adjourn to the terrace?"

Mrs. Grinnell rose with alacrity. "Of course, dear. That's a good idea. Let's go out there." . . .

The music in the ballroom had begun.

Curt said to Leila, "We'd better dance, even if mine is not the skin you love to touch."

"All right, let's."

Lovely music; seductive music.

Curt said in her ear, "So you were in love with Kent all the time?"

She did not reply.

"Why didn't you tell me? I could have stepped out of the picture long ago."

No answer.

"S'pose you thought playing me along was a sure way to get an invite here tonight."

She broke from his grasp and walked away. He followed her, close behind.

"I'm sorry, Leila. I didn't mean it. God, I'm crazy about you! You know that. That's why I'm acting like a fool. Because I can't stand thinking that you care for anybody more than you do for me! Because I'm so darned jealous I'd kill any one who took you away from me, even if it was my own brother!"

She pushed her way through the throng of dancers and stepped out on the veranda and stood silent, frigid, in a black impassive indifference he could find no way to penetrate.

"You were all for me until—until you started writing to him. Until he cut in on me. Until he took from me the one thing in life that mattered. I'll fix him!"

KENT drinking. Downing one glass after another, always with a gay crowd around him. "Bottoms up!" The tension had left his manner. His face was flushed now and he laughed a great deal.

"Come on, Kent!" "Here's looking at you!" "Here's to you!" "Down the hatch!"

A woman slipped her hand through his arm. Paula Worthington. She said laughingly, "You've had enough constructive drinking. Dance with me again."

Kent and Paula dancing together. Paula's head, water-waved, shining, pressed against the lapel of his coat. Her face, really a beautiful face now that it was alight with triumph and happiness, was turned up to him.

They made a handsome couple. Mrs. Grinnell admitted it, grudgingly, to herself. But why did Kent persist in dancing with that one woman? And tonight of all nights, as Babe had put it. There, the music was stopping at last. Perhaps next time he would choose some one else for a change.

"Ladies' choice!" sang out the orchestra leader. There was no question as to who was the choice. But Leila was quicker than the others. She darted across the floor and tagged Kent.

Paula was obliged to seek another partner. Well, it was about time, thought Mrs. Grinnell. There she was, dancing with Fred. Mrs. Grinnell sighed with relief.

But all was not going well with Leila and Kent. Even Mrs. Grinnell could see that. Leila was talking rapidly, breathlessly, against an impregnable silence; and Kent was staring straight over her shoulder as though he did not, or would not, hear her.

Suddenly they stopped. Kent said something, bowed to her formally, and walked away in the direction of the bar.

LEILA'S face, drained of all color, broke up suddenly like a child's before a flood of tears. She turned and fled across the ballroom, through the open doors.

"Did you see that?" said Babe. "I think Kent's gone out of his mind tonight."

"It's not that," said Dave. "He's been drinking too much. He hasn't stopped since he got here."

"Why, on a night like this, with him as guest of honor, would he—"

Dave frowned. "He's doing it on purpose. Can't you see, he's trying to forget—"

"The *rumal?*"

Dave nodded.

"And you mean that he's shown it suddenly, like—like leaving Leila in the middle of the floor just now?"

"Yes. Or like dancing with Mrs. Worthington a dozen times. There he is with her again."

They were close to Kent and Paula now. They could hear the sound of her voice, her laughter. Suddenly some one charged at Kent and delivered a smashing blow to his chin.

It was Fred Worthington.

"You keep away from my wife!" he was yammering. "Hear me? You keep away from my wife!"

A dozen hands pulled him off and hustled him unceremoniously toward the door. Kent followed. Outside on the veranda he forced them to release Fred, who stood white and shaking before him.

"You leave my wife 'lone—"

"You're drunk," said Kent, and turned on his heel.

The crowd closed in again and propelled Fred down the steps and toward the parked cars. A man clapped his hand on Kent's shoulder. "Too darn bad this thing happened," he said. "But don't let it spoil the party. Worthington's always been a rotten actor." . . .

Leila ran across the grass. The cold wet blades brushed against her ankles. She ran crazily, blinded by her tears. Then suddenly she could run no more. Her heart was pounding in her breast. She sank down, a little sobbing heap, on the grass.

Overhead a still pale moon.

How could he treat her like this? What had she done? Confessed such a little thing at dinner, half-laughingly: That she had slipped into the dining room and juggled the place cards so that she could sit next to him. That was all. And from that instant he had drawn away from her. Why? Why?

He knew she loved him. Knew it from her letters—letters to which he had replied. And when he had seen her today, something had leaped to his eyes. Suddenly she knew, without his telling her, that he loved her, too. They were drawn together as irresistibly as steel shavings to a magnet.

Then the dance. That exquisite, glowing instant when she was in his arms at last, when she had whispered, "I love you, Kent. I've always loved you. You don't mind my telling you I love you, do you?"

She had felt his sudden stiffening, seen his face grow taut, and he had said quietly, staring straight over her head, "I'm sorry, Leila—and deeply honored." Then he had moved away from her, bowed, and left her standing there.

She got up stiffly and stared about her. Where was she? Oh, yes; near the driveway. She started to cross it when suddenly she saw the (*Continued on page 12*)

..it's a picnic

wherever you are, Beer in Cap Sealed Cans

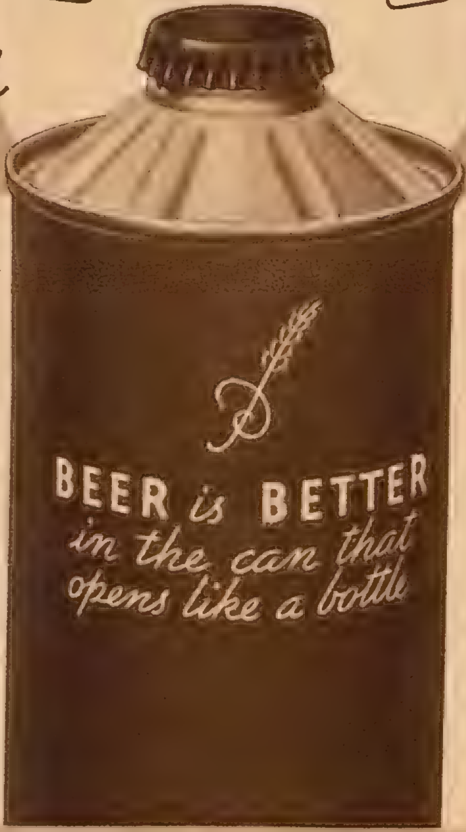
CARTON HOLDS A CASE; HALF THE WEIGHT—HALF THE SPACE

DRINK RIGHT FROM THE CAN; NO EMPTIES TO RETURN

OPENS LIKE A BOTTLE; POURS LIKE A BOTTLE

CLEAN . . . BRINGS BREWERY FLAVOR

BEER *in* CAP SEALED CANS



GOOD BEER goes with good times like crackers go with cheese.

This can brings you the true delicious flavor of draught beer, and is so wonderfully convenient as well. No special opener required; drink right from the clean protected top; a whole carton (full case) is light and takes up little space; no deposits, no bother about returning empties. Remember, for full enjoyment of beer outdoors—or anywhere—insist on beer in Cap Sealed Cans.

●

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

Opens like a bottle . . . easy to pour from . . . lined after the can is made . . . cap keeps pouring and drinking surface clean.

And, of course—tastes better . . . protected from light . . . no deposits . . . no empties to return . . . cools quicker . . . takes up less space . . . no danger of breakage . . . sanitary—used once, thrown away . . . holds 12 fluid ounces, same as a bottle.

●

Continental Can Company

· NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 10) bright glare of headlights, heard the screech of grinding brakes. The car came to a trembling stop within a few inches of her.

The chauffeur was running toward her. He gasped, "Good God, miss, I thought we'd hit you!"

"I'm all right," she said. "It was stupid of me to stand right in the road."

The passenger was scrambling out.

"Ah, little Miss Dayne! You gave me such a fright!" Von Strausmann.

"I didn't notice the car until it was almost on top of me," Leila said.

"You are so far away from the party," he said. "Shall I drive you back?"

"No! Oh, no!"

Something in the urgency of her refusal caused him to say, "I am on my way back to the Grinnells'. Perhaps you would like to go too?"

"Yes, please. Yes."

She got into the car and sank down on the cushions. Tears welled up in her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

Von Strausmann was talking. His thick, deep voice came, warm and friendly, from his corner of the car: "You are tired of dancing, of the party?"

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

dashed off The Grasshopper's Revenge when she was seven, and decided writing was her life's work. Her short stories have appeared in all leading publications; her plays on Broadway. Creator of the famous Red Davis radio series. Was born and raised in New York City.

"Yes."

"I am tired, too. Too much restless music."

Leila scarcely heard him. She was thinking: He's dancing with Paula now; she's in his arms; he wants her there, not me. Oh, God! I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead! . . .

Kent being hustled, unprotesting, into a car by Dave Harlow. "You've had about enough celebrating, old top. What do you say we call it a night?"

Parker opened the door, hurried down the steps, and helped Dave and the chauffeur lift Kent out. They steered him up the stairs to his room. He dropped on the bed. "I'm all right, Dave, old boy; you go on back. What is to be is to be."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"And when you get back to the club, tell Babe I gave the kid a break, will you? I gave him a break."

Parker was bending over him and untying his necktie when some one spoke, breathlessly, behind him. A woman.

"What is it? What's happened to him?"

It was Leila, in the doorway, staring.

Dave said, "Nothing. He's all right. Just took something to drink that knocked him for a loop."

"Oh," she said. "Well, I'm—I'm going to bed. Are you going back there?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell Curt that I—I had a headache?"

"Sure."

She turned swiftly and went along the hall to her room.

Dave glanced at Kent. He lay face down, fast asleep again. He said to Parker, "I guess I can leave him in your hands."

"Yes, sir. Yes indeed."

"I'll go back to the party, then."

HE ran down the stairs and was about to open the front door when some one spoke from the library—von Strausmann: "What's the matter with Kent?"

"Oh, he looked upon the gin when it was clear, that's all."

"Nothing serious, then?"

"No. How's Sonya?"

"She's all right, thank you. I was just up there."

"You're not going back, I take it?"

"Thank you, no. I'm an old man and bed looks good to me." . . .

Merlyn opened the door of her room, stepped out, and walked quickly along the hall to Kent's door. She opened it without knocking and stepped inside.

Parker was bending over his master.

She said, "I'll take care of him, Parker."

Parker turned. "Beg pardon, miss, but Lieutenant Harlow asked me—"

"What difference does it make what Lieutenant Harlow said? I know what to do for Captain Grinnell. There's no need of two of us sitting up with him."

"Begging your pardon, miss, I'm not taking orders from you."

"I tell you, I'm going to stay here and look after him. Do you hear me?"

"It wouldn't look right, miss. I'm quite sure the madam wouldn't like it."

"The hell she wouldn't!"

"I shall have to consult her to make sure."

"Oh, you idiot! You mean you'd go and call her up?"

"Yes, miss; I'd feel bound to."

Merlyn whirled and flung herself out of the room. . . .

Darkness, pressing down on Leila like a weight. She lay on her bed, staring into it. After a while she rose and stood by the open window. A wind, like a light breath, was rustling through the trees. The stars blotted out by low, black clouds scudding across the face of the moon. A storm rising. The smell of rain in the air. She closed the window and stared through it at the black trees writhing in the sudden grip of the wind. Helpless, she thought—the way I'm helpless when he's near me.

If I could only go to him, talk to him, see him alone. Why not? Why not now?

Her heart began a rapid beating as she opened her door the merest crack and stared across the broad expanse of dimly lighted hallway. A clock chimed twice.

Go to him now, before they get back, before—

A SHADOW was moving along the hall. A woman. The light shone on her. Sonya. She glided noiselessly to Kent's door, opened it, and slipped inside.

Leila stepped back, shut the door. She began to sob. She turned and groped her way back to the bed and flung herself across it.

The rain began to beat against the windowpane. . . .

Babe and Dave and Mrs. Grinnell stood for a minute in the upper hall.

"What time is it?"

"Half past two."

Mrs. Grinnell said, "I'm thankful to be home at last!"

Babe said, "Come on, Dave! I'll race you to the end of the hall."

They started off at breakneck speed, when suddenly Babe slipped, slid, sat down unceremoniously.

"Gosh, are you hurt?"

She shook her head. "My ankle. Twisted it."

Dave hurried to her and hoisted her to her feet.

Mrs. Grinnell said, "What made you slip that way, dear?"

"Something on the floor," Babe said. "When I stepped on it—"

Babe turned up the light, which had been dimmed, and they all glanced down.

"Blood!" said Dave Harlow.

Mrs. Grinnell put out a hand against the wall to steady herself.

Babe said, "Oh, it can't be!" Then, "Look, Dave. It's all along the hall—red drops of it."

"You wait here while I—"

"Nonsense!" said Babe. "It's probably nothing. Let me see."

Mrs. Grinnell dropped down in a chair. "I think I'll wait here."

"It starts about here," Dave said, "near the head of the stairs, and goes toward—"

"Toward Kent's room! Quick—oh, come quickly, Dave!"

Dave sprang past her, flung open the door, said, "No, Kent's all right. He's asleep on the bed, just as I left him. No—wait!"

In a bound he was at Kent's side. "He's been stabbed! Stabbed in the back."

"Stabbed?"

"Yes. Look at his clothes, soaked with blood, and the bed's a pool of blood." He rolled Kent over. Then he said, in a curious clipped voice, " He's dead."

Babe gave a shrill, piercing scream. " Oh, look! Look! "

The *rumal* was wound round his throat, tightly knotted, its colors hideously vivid against the deathly pallor of his face.

A grim finale to a hero's homecoming. Has the ancient curse of the Crimson Goddess been invoked, or has the sacred rumal been used to conceal the real motive? Where did it come from? Who owns it? Out of the maze of known evidence come new and more shocking revelations in next week's installment. Don't miss it!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What American artist, born in 1867, was associated with a humorous periodical, and created with pen and ink a girl type that lingers in America's memory? The early photo at the reader's left is of the creator.

2—What is the birthstone for July?

3—How much is the special-delivery fee (United States) for a book weighing three pounds?

4—When and where was the first telephone directory issued in the United States?

5—Which weighs more, a cord of red oak or a cord of white oak?

6—What famous athlete was known as " the Big Train "?

7—What have Beatrice Lillie, Walter Huston, and Mary Pickford in common, aside from their profession?

8—Which came first, sundial or hourglass?

9—What Biblical prophet predicted that a meat-eating animal would one day eat straw?

10—Among the names of King Edward VIII of England are George Andrew Patrick David. What is their significance?

11—When was electrocution as the death penalty for murder legalized in New York State?

12—Is this sentence correct: " Is it *she* you were looking for? " ?

13—What was annexed to the United States July 7, 1898?

14—For what novel is Henryk Sienkiewicz best remembered?

15—How much water can a thirsty camel drink at one time?

16—Who is Under Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture?

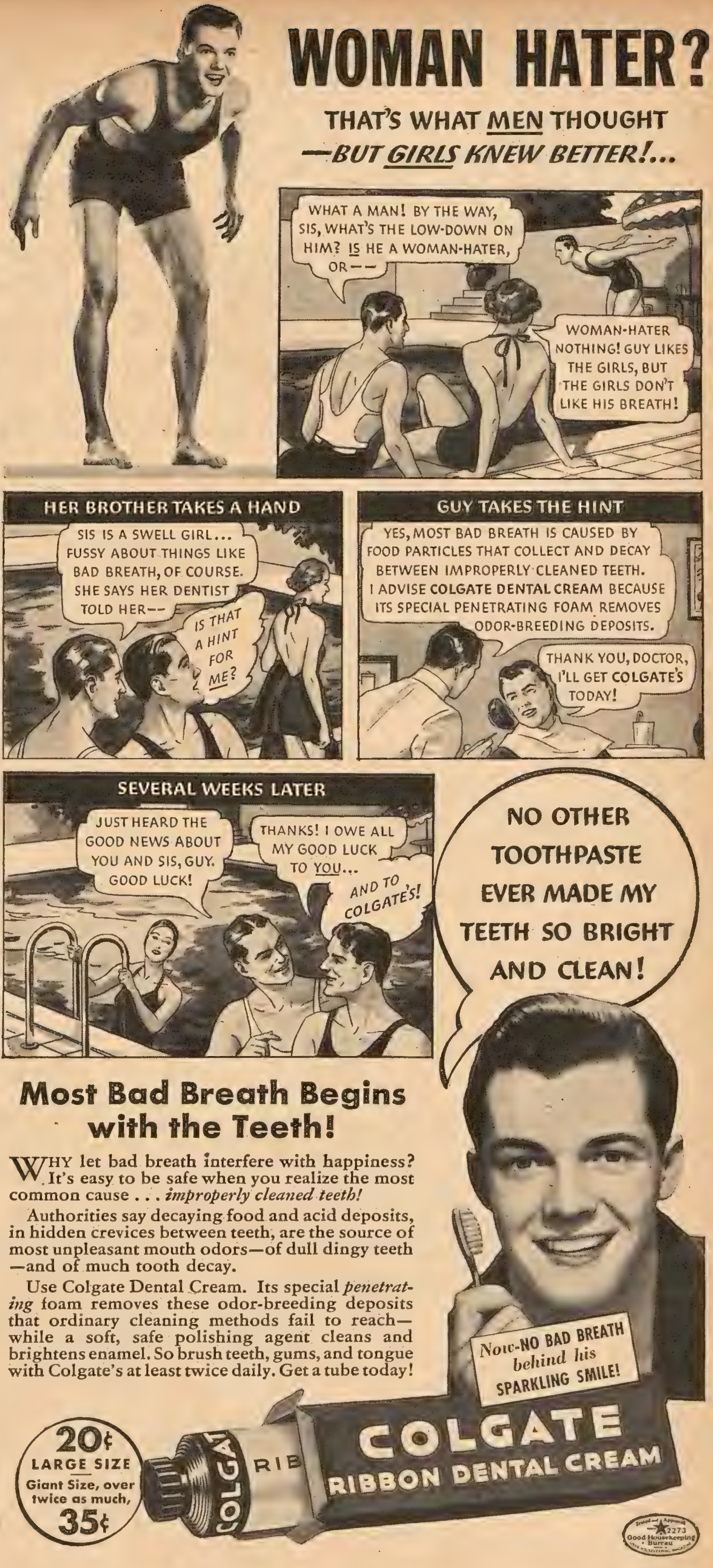
17—Is an insect an animal?

18—Which American President substituted the word " maintain " for " protect " when taking the oath of office?

19—What pair formed the battery of Hans Wagner's All-Time All-American Baseball Team?

20—Who resented his daughter's marriage to Irving Berlin?

(Answers will be found on page 63)


WOMAN HATER?
THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT
—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...
WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, SIS, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR——
WOMAN-HATER NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!
HER BROTHER TAKES A HAND
SIS IS A SWELL GIRL... FUSSY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE. SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER——
IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?
GUY TAKES THE HINT
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
THANK YOU, DOCTOR, I'LL GET COLGATE'S TODAY!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER
JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!
THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU...
AND TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth —and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach— while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

Will HITLER and the MIKADO Plunge the World Again into WAR?

A Veteran American Naval Officer Warns of a Startling New Peril that Threatens Peace Among the Nations

by Rear Admiral YATES STIRLING, U.S.N., retired

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

GERMANY, having broken the steel bonds put upon her at Versailles and Locarno, apparently feels herself isolated in Europe. Is it not conceivable that in desperation she may turn to Japan for help against the several nations that appear to be intent upon forcing her to return to her chains?

THE AUTHOR

Both Germany and Japan, from the militaristic standpoint, are highly organized, armed, and, to outward appearances, ready for war. They both lack many of the essential raw materials necessary not only for industrial requirements but also to conduct a war of any magnitude.

It seems hardly likely that such a combination could have a purely defensive objective, but rather would be directed against the *status quo* of the more fortunate nations that have an abundance of raw materials and territory, such as Russia, the United States, Great Britain, and possibly France.

Germany has intimated that she will get back her colonies in Africa, Australasia, Malaysia, and Oceania, mandated by the Versailles Treaty to Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Japan.

These colonies constitute an empire and will be most essential to enable Germany to realize her ever-present ambition to become a first-class sea power.

It seems almost prophetic that Germany, while declaring its intention of obtaining its lost colonies, has made little if any mention of the Japanese mandated islands, the Marshalls, Carolines, and Marianas. It is well known in Germany, as elsewhere, that Japan is determined to retain these islands, understanding only too well their strategical significance as submarine and aircraft bases.

Great Britain is a great industrial nation with an abundance of essential raw materials in her commonwealths and colonies. The British navy in controlling the ocean trade routes makes it possible to garner and circulate this wealth. Therefore she will not desire to open too wide a breach with Germany. Yet Great Britain must at all costs retain its grasp on the Scepter of the Sea, for without it the empire would cease to exist.

At least diplomatically, France is allied to Soviet Russia. A blow by a potential German-Japanese alliance struck at Russia might bring France into a war.

Italy must consolidate her hard-won holdings in Ethiopia; to accomplish this, naval control of the Mediterranean and Red Seas from the boot of Italy to Aden is necessary. Such an ambition would not dovetail in with Great Britain's traditional naval supremacy on the Suez route to India and the Far East.

Russia and Japan are facing each other menacingly along the borders of Manchukuo and Mongolia.

An alliance with Germany might have an advantage for Japan in curbing Russian military and Communistic penetration into China and Mongolia.

When the world considers that the East India islands, the Malay Peninsula, Cochin China, Borneo, the Philippine Islands, Australia, New Zealand, and even Alaska, all immensely rich in resources, under the sovereignty of Western powers, are lying practically unprotected on the counter to go, if history is a guide, as rich prizes to *the* sea power that is able to win definite and absolute command of the seas in the Orient, the stakes involved in such an alliance are momentous in their possibilities.

Is any one competent to prophesy what the line-up of nations would be should an alliance between Germany and Japan be taken out of the speculative stage and become a reality? Poland and the Little Entente, fearing the threat of Communism more than that of Nazism, might join with Germany. France then must remain content behind its iron ring of fortifications.

Great Britain might discover that the perplexing questions of the Rhine and the Nile were not half so menacing to her empire as the dilemma in the Far East.

Italy, an impoverished nation, conceivably might throw in her lot with Germany and Japan and use her navy and air fleets to close the Mediterranean to British sea power.

The attitude of the United States, in the event of such an alliance leading to war, would become of great importance. Great Britain would desire, and might find, United States interests in the Orient running parallel to her own, for neither nation would welcome the rise of Japan to such a commanding position in the Far East that the interplay of European interests might make possible.

Even discounting victorious invasions of Russia by Germany in the west and Japan in the east, the final arbiter of such a world contest, as always, will be sea power.

The world would be concerned to know how the two great sea powers, Great Britain and the United States, having vast interests in the Pacific Ocean areas, would act to curb an aggressor nation in the Western Pacific, whether singly or in cooperation.

NOTE: The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.

THE END

Garbo Talks At Last!

If you love Greta Garbo as a great woman and as a great actress be happy for her because she has found peace, contentment and all the brilliant joy of living. She has found an all-enclosing purpose to point the way of her life. No longer is she living in a world of bewilderment and loneliness.

When she returned from a sojourn of nearly a year in Sweden she granted the reporters a ten minute interview—a happy, laughing, gracious interviewer.

And on the train en route to Hollywood she granted Jim Mason a twenty minute interview, the longest interview she has given a reporter in recent years. He asked her many questions of interest to you. And, almost without exception she answered them frankly, honestly and happily. The former mysterious, exclusive, elusive Garbo is no more. Some wonderful thing has come into her life which has made of her a new, unheard of and utterly charming Garbo. Be sure to read Jim Mason's article in the July Photoplay entitled "Garbo Talks at Last," in which he reports faithfully almost word by word the questions he asked and the answers she gave him, largely about her future. Once you have read it we believe you will agree with the author that we have among us a new and infinitely more lovable Garbo. Perhaps, too, you will be able to determine why.

Be glad for Garbo. She has found peace, contentment and the brilliant joy of living.

Young Doug Learns the Answers

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Another feature in Photoplay for July that will hold your absorbed interest is Adela Rogers St. Johns' appraisal of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Recently she changed her opinion of him completely and in her article she tells you why. Read it for its interest and the information it contains. Still another outstanding feature is Warren Reeves' exclusive inside story of Merle Oberon's $123,000 damage suit. When you read it your hat will be off to the "girl who won't let Hollywood kick her around."

Glamorous Hollywood Fashions

Every month Photoplay features glamorous fashions of Hollywood in an eight-page rotogravure section.

In the August issue you will find the fashions particularly appealing—summer sheers and sport clothes of a variety that you will want and that you can buy, because Photoplay is making them available in your favorite department store.

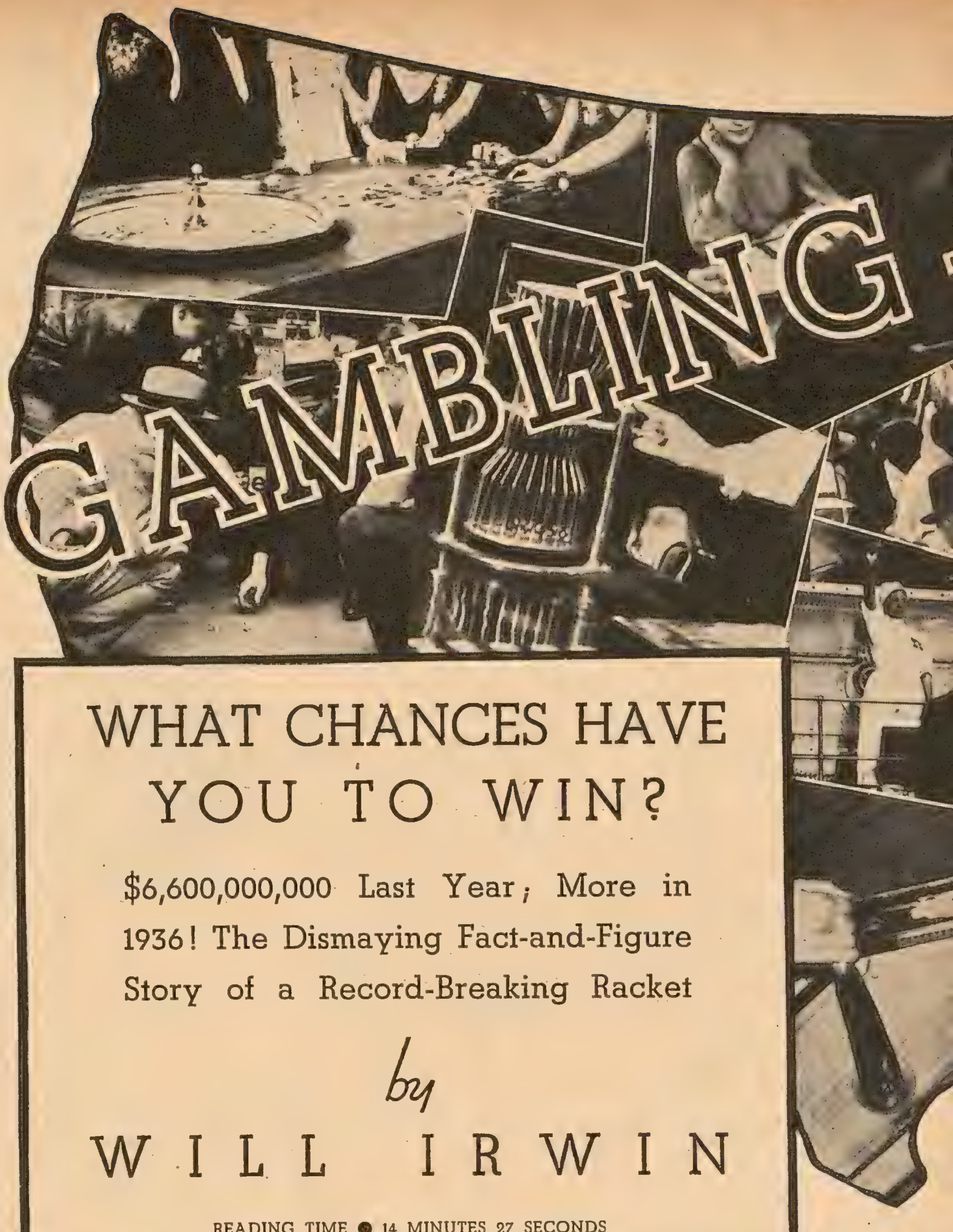
The stores where you can purchase these gorgeous Hollywood fashions are listed in the August issue of Photoplay.

Other Highlights of the July Issue

Lew Ayres' Own Story of the Break-up of His and Ginger Rogers' Marriage • The Tempestuous Life Story of Luise Rainer • Dangerous Days for Bill Fields • Confessions of a Photoplay Fan • Dick Powell Lost His Voice—And Discovered His Own Soul • Why Madge Evans Has Never Married • They Thought They Would Keep Their Marriage a Secret • Photoplay Fashions • Exclusive "Garden of Allah" Photographs • Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood • Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop • Addresses of the Stars.

JULY ISSUE ON ALL NEWS STANDS

PHOTOPLAY



GAMBLING

WHAT CHANCES HAVE YOU TO WIN?

$6,600,000,000 Last Year; More in 1936! The Dismaying Fact-and-Figure Story of a Record-Breaking Racket

by

WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

THESE United States have gone crazy in the head again. We've done it often in the past. It's our way—the seamy side of our national enthusiasm. We went cuckoo with virtue years ago—cast out the demon rum. We even outlawed him in the Constitution. Every one knows the dismal end of that craze.

Midway of the last decade we danced after that strange illusion, "the new economic plane." We were enjoying unprecedented prosperity; even the economists and bankers were picking at imaginary feathers and cutting out paper dolls. Bang went the stock market in 1929; and we are still paying for the excesses of that period.

Did depression sober us Americans? Only on the surface. Underneath, we still had a burning urge to believe in fairies. With the permanent slump of the stock market in 1930, the few observers dowered with foresight began to mark the staring eyes and nervous jerks which signaled the beginning of another craze—a mania for sheer betting. "It will stop when hard times are over," said most of these wiseacres and wisecrackers. But when the devaluation of the dollar brought in 1933 a few months of hectic reconstruction, the gambling mania did not abate. A secondary slump. Then came 1935, which probably began a real rise toward normality. And that, according to men with a heavy stake in the game, marked the record year for gambling in the United States.

How heavy the stake was, even the great directors of the big gambling syndicates did not themselves realize until a rank outsider—the periodical, American Business—set experts to figuring it out. They estimated the revenues of organized commercialized gambling and betting in 1935 at the astronomical figure of $6,600,000,000. No, those last three zeros are not a mistake. Six billion, six hundred million dollars—fifty or sixty per cent more than the revenues of the federal government before the New Deal.

We can lay it partly to an aftereffect of prohibition. The big shots and little shots, driven out of a business where they made fabulous profits in return for a few risks from tommy guns or from jail, looked round for a new racket.

American life may be tending toward those European conditions wherein most men find it hard to break out of their narrow circle of existence, and the only chance to make a fortune lies in a direct challenge. The craze for stock speculation between 1924 and 1929 had pointed the way. That game was, of course, no good any more. The great panic had made us a set of burnt children who dreaded the fire. But there were other games.

The pioneer in this movement was the race track. In the height of the prohibition era, one who wished legally to place a few dollars on the ponies must cross the border to Tia Juana. Taking advantage of the uprising against puritanism which marked repeal, and seeing a new source of revenue in taxation of winnings, state after state let down the bars a little. Now twenty-six states have legalized betting by pari-mutuel machine, and one—New York—permits the old-time bookmaker to operate legally and openly at the tracks.

The money was a trickle in 1933. But the extraordinary success of the Rockingham track in New Hampshire showed the way. When Boston followed suit by opening a new track, with legalized betting, the police had to deal on racing days with a traffic jam unprecedented in the history of the city. By 1934, $174,000,000 was changing hands legally; in 1935 the figure rose to $500,000,000, all returning a tax to some state government or other.

But that does not represent one half of the money played on the races. Most people with an itch to bet on horses live beyond reach of a track or lack the leisure to visit one. Moreover, they are not really interested in the colorful thrill of racing but only in easy money. So the old-time poolroom—known now in some parts of the West as the "horse parlor"—took a new lease on life and attained to bloated prosperity.

Inside, a complex system of telegraph lines, legal and illegal, brings the results to a shabby crowd of both sexes which watches the board with eyes that hold a greedy

MAD AMERICA

DAILY DOUBLE TICK
Week of
WEEKLY HIGH $10.00
WEEKLY LOW $5.00
HIGH 2.00
Wed. Thurs. Fri.
S Newark
T Montreal
U Baltimore
V Albany
W Syracuse
X Toronto
Y Rochester
Z Buffalo

glitter. Poolrooms flourish not only in the larger cities but in most communities of more than 100,000 population. You may even bet on ponies in roadhouses.

Poolroom proprietors have an understanding among themselves. In every racing center they support a clearinghouse, where an individual proprietor overloaded with bets on one horse may pass his risks around. Mathematicians with higher university degrees daily figure out the odds on the principle "Never give a sucker an even break."

However, such a process works perfectly only in a game that depends entirely upon mechanical factors, like roulette. In racing, you must deal with the uncertainties of human and equine psychology.

Probably such methods as doping horses and fixing jockeys are less common than in the old days of the racing game. They are practiced probably only by the crooked fringe of the game and are reserved for emergencies even at that. But the meaner and greedier sort of poolrooms are taking mortgages on household furniture in return for betting money, or have allied themselves with the loan sharks.

Behind the horses run the dogs. A few states have licensed this form of sport and encouraged it with permission for pari-mutuel betting. Every season the past three years it has increased its investment and its take.

So much for racing. Its gross receipts, however, probably aggregate less than that of the meanest game known to gambling—the one most nearly approaching a racket. I refer to that form of daily lottery known nowadays as "numbers." The difference between this and old-fashioned "policy" lies mainly in the manner of drawing. Once, the management drew the winning numbers out of a wheel in presence of a crowd. This was too primitive for city-wide or country-wide operations. You needed some universal method for notifying the bettors.

The Negroes of Harlem, it is said, showed the way to the new era. They settled their awards by the last three digits in the statement of bank clearings as published every day in the newspapers. When the clearinghouse heard of this, it tried to baffle the gamblers by issuing the totals in round numbers. But other large figures appear regularly in the newspapers—sales of stocks on the Exchange, for example, and the Federal Reserve statement. And the management may set as prize winners any three digits—like the middle trio in 826,*176*,000, or the second, fifth, and eighth in 3*7*6,7*6*5,3*2*2.

Since this is a poor man's game, it has generally no upper limit for bets. Its lower limit is one cent in New York and five cents in Western cities. And it amounts to a dirty swindle. What could one expect of a game owned solely by the big shots who managed bootlegging?

But even were it a fair game, the overhead would eat up most of the prize money. An army of agents takes the small bets—bartenders, barbers, hairdressers, clerks in candy shops, haberdashers, headwaiters, bootblacks. They must have their percentage. A squad of salaried underlings circulate through town collecting the money and paying out the winnings, if any. In cities where things are done that way, the racketeers must fix the police. Gunmen under high salary loaf round under call in case some one has to be shot.

Not only this: mathematics proves the high odds against the bettor. And when, by taking one of those long chances possible in this game, some humble favorite of fortune wins a big prize, the management can always manage to split it with shills. The percentage paid out to winners probably makes ten per cent look rich and bloated.

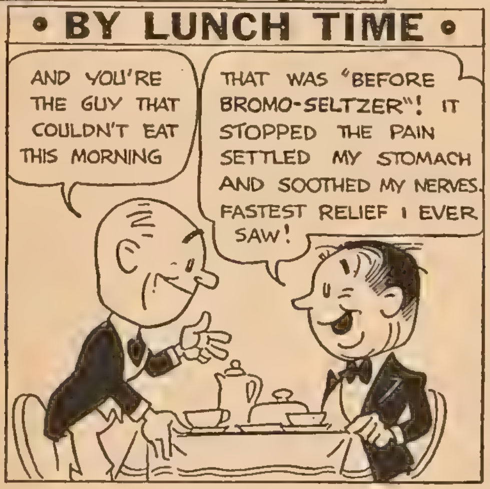
As for its take, the best informed men on the respectable side of society can only guess. But those who were preparing to try Dutch Schultz for evading his income tax—his sudden death in a general massacre unavoidably kept him out of court—estimated that he and his gang were turning over $100,000,000 a year in New York alone.

Going to the other extreme: The regular gambling houses, where one takes a whirl at roulette, craps, blackjack, or faro, have always catered to the prosperous; they are a rich man's games. And also riding on the crest of a flood tide. Like all the rest, these seem to be drifting toward syndication. The big gamblers have at least an understanding. Certain men or firms who never show their hands are coining money by financing them.

This business, followed by the class which can best afford to lose, is probably the squarest of all and returns to the players the biggest percentage of winnings. The big fellows behind the game—whoever they may be—realize that cheating with marked cards, fixed wheels, or loaded dice is poor propaganda. They prefer, like all capitalists, steady and sure returns; and they accomplish this end by purely mathematical means. The standard percentage to the house is about five per cent. That strikes the unthinking visitor as a light tax. He fails to

"GOSH—I ought to junk my head
it isn't worth the upkeep!"

THEN HELP CAME . . .
WHAT'S GOOD FOR HEADACHE—OR MAYBE I'D BETTER GET AN AX!
I'D ADVISE BROMO-SELTZER, SIR. IT RELIEVES HEADACHE FASTER—SETTLES YOUR STOMACH, TOO, AND SOOTHES THE NERVES


• BY LUNCH TIME •
AND YOU'RE THE GUY THAT COULDN'T EAT THIS MORNING
THAT WAS "BEFORE BROMO-SELTZER"! IT STOPPED THE PAIN SETTLED MY STOMACH AND SOOTHED MY NERVES. FASTEST RELIEF I EVER SAW!

DOCTORS have proved that Bromo-Seltzer relieves next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they've tested.

It soothes an upset stomach, too, and steadies jangled nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid over-indulgence causes in the blood—helps restore alkaline balance.

Ask for it at drugstores, soda fountains everywhere. Keep it in your medicine cabinet, too.

BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

notice that the percentage is calculated not on his total winnings or losses during the evening but on *every play*.

These rules do not apply to the small free-lance gamblers who have of late descended like a flock of cormorants upon the excursion boats of the Great Lakes, the Hudson, and the three seacoasts, who follow the county fairs, who fringe the tracks in racing season. They would not know how to play a straight game. Firms which make and dispense such devices as fixable wheels of fortune, shaved or marked decks, and sticks with hidden compartments in the handle for use at craps tables, merely struggled along through the boom period but rose to swollen prosperity in 1934 and 1935.

CONTRACT bridge has taken hold on the American people as no other game since the period after the Civil War, when euchre swept the country. The sums, enormous in the aggregate, bet at private play do not figure in the estimates of our financial experts, who are dealing solely with public or semipublic gambling. But the professionals have not overlooked this opening.

Faro Nell, the woman dealer, was an oddity of the old days. Bridge Betty has become a commonplace. She sets up in some big city as an "instructor." Probably, being an expert, she does a little teaching for a blind. To her place come women stricken with the mania for gambling at bridge. They play, at first, only with acquaintances. The "instructor" imposes a percentage on each pot for the house, and runs a profitable lunchroom, perhaps with a bar. These pay current expenses.

Her profits, however, come in the occasional trimming of a rich sucker. This victim is marked as weak-minded from the moment she enters. After letting her get thoroughly acquainted, Bridge Betty arranges a match wherein the other three players are shills for the house. Her partner, the most expert of the three, arranges things so that their pair loses heavily and in such manner that it seems the fault of the victim's bad bids or bonehead plays. "That's easy when you know how," says an expert gambler. (I say all this without even implying anything against the thousands of men and women who live legitimately by teaching bridge.)

Notice that the players in these houses are mostly women. Along with the economists, the gamblers have perceived which sex holds most of the invested wealth in this country. More and more, organized gambling of all kinds is playing for women.

American sport, both amateur and professional, has in the past five years drifted toward the state of a betting proposition. Baseball began its rise to a major industry when a few managers, disgusted with the gamblers who fringed the old game, organized the National League. "No gambling," was its motto from the first. Until recently, any one caught flashing a word or mentioning odds at a baseball game, whether in the major leagues or the minors, was thrown out on his ear. That happens yet in most of our baseball parks. Others have been more complaisant or less careful. In them, sharp-eyed gentlemen sitting behind first or third base will tap you on the shoulder and offer a bet, at odds, as to the chance of the player at bat making a hit or of the home team scoring in the current inning.

These, however, are comparatively only chiselers. The big and highly organized betting on baseball proceeds either in the poolrooms and horse parlors, which post odds and take wagers on the daily games, or in the baseball pools, which deal with weekly results. Baseball is a less uncertain game than most. When you know that Dizzy Dean or Lefty Grove is pitching, and that his opponent is mediocre, you are fairly safe in offering odds. The house—again using mathematicians — figures the odds and sets the commissions so that it stands only a remote chance of losing.

Professional betting on football games has during the past three years grown from a sapling to a sturdy tree. And the collegiate authorities, perhaps through inexperience, are less careful than the baseball magnates to keep chiselers out of the stands. Football being a somewhat uncertain game, the professionals have found a relatively sure way to protect themselves. In case of a tie score, all stakes go to the house.

There is no sign as yet that the miasma which surrounds baseball and football has infected the players. The playing field is still on the level. But imagine the sensation if we found that a varsity backfield had sold out! As the gambling craze rises to its climax and its crash, that may yet happen.

IN baseball betting, the easiest money of all—for the insiders—comes from the "pools." These amount to guessing matches on the big-league winners during a coming week, or on the total scores of each and every game. The bettor puts up twenty-five cents to win $2,500 if he makes a perfect score. Agents for the pool tell him that he stands one chance in 10,000 of hitting this mark. A mathematician has calculated that, on the contrary, his chance is one in several trillions. Somewhat the same rule applies to the smaller prizes. The payment to bettors is therefore only an infinitesimal fraction of the operating costs.

Professional boxing could hardly exist without betting. Aside from the large sums wagered in advance through commissioners, the lobbies at almost any big fight are virtually betting rings, with sharp-faced professionals taking money before the gong sounds, and paying off after the referee has lifted the winner's hand. The same phenomenon has begun to mark the indoor track meets and, in many cities, the professional hockey games.

None needs rehearse the furious success of the Irish and Canadian sweepstakes in the United States. These are, in themselves, square games. Professedly fifty per cent of the receipts go to the Irish hospitals or the needy Canadian veterans. Aside from that, the overhead is necessarily large.

But a business in forged sweepstakes tickets is running briskly; and now we have sweepstakes which exist only in the imagination of the crooks who dispense the tickets. Perhaps the statisticians take into account these crooked operations when they estimate the take of sweepstakes lotteries in the United States at a minimum of half a billion dollars a year, with only a few millions coming back in prizes.

THERE is an old-fashioned game called lotto in its parlor form and keno in the gambling houses of the mining camps. The players each hold a card with numbers arranged arbitrarily in rows of three or five. The dealer draws numbers from a wheel; the player checks them off as they appear on his card. Whoever first fills out a row yells "Lotto!" or "Keno!" and wins the pot.

Under various names, such as beano or bingo, this game has been appearing the country over. Usually the management hides its real purpose by pretending that it is merely a social game with a ham or a turkey as a prize just to make things interesting. Really, it is gambling for money, fixed by the very odds so that the house cannot lose. This is small gambling.

Other small-money games attract attention only when reformers go after them because they are corrupting children. Town after town has tried to suppress the slot machines; they are going stronger than ever.

We are facing, probably, a new national issue. The situation resembles that in the liquor business during the first decade of this century. Strongly organized and overgreedy, it was swinging on toward a clash with public opinion. There is this difference: the licensed liquor business always paid heavy taxes. Gambling, viewed in one light, is an amusement. In these days every other branch of the amusement business pays federal, state, or municipal taxes. Except for the betting at horse tracks and dog tracks, this business pays not a red cent.

If, as American Business asserts, the turnover is six billions a year—even if we deduct a third for safety and call it four billions—we could pay the soldiers' bonus from the taxes which our various governments are losing. That will be a factor in our calculations when we sit down to weigh human fallibility against abstract virtue and determine how many of these games we shall license and how many we shall try to suppress.

THE END

Floyd Gibbons Confesses

How Famous War Correspondent Strayed from Fold and was Re-converted

HELLO EVERYBODY: And make way, brothers, for a sinner. Confession is good for the soul. I was a barbarian taken into the fold, then a backslider that became lost in the wilderness and now stand here at the testimonial bench sincerely proclaiming my re-conversion.

Six presidential campaigns ago when Theodore Roosevelt was shot, I wrote a story about T. R. sitting on his hospital bed, placidly shaving with a Gillette razor, the while a would-be assassin's bullet was still imbedded in his shoulder.

The story won me my first safety razor. That first Gillette carried me through two rather tough bewhiskered campaigns in the Mexican revolution and was with me one night in 1917 when I was torpedoed in the North Atlantic. It still ought to be in Cabin 19 on the sunken Cunard liner *Laconia*, 200 miles off the Irish coast.

I landed in England with only a life preserver for baggage and in the rush to replenish toilet articles, a clerk in London sold me another kind of razor. I didn't like the substitute, but you know how people put up with anything in war time.

Well sir, I carried that chopper along with me through a series of wars all over the globe and even used it last year down in Africa when Mussolini's boys started their ruckus with Haile Selassie's subjects.

That hair puller was a hangover from world war days, proving that men are mostly creatures of habit and the habits are mostly bad. I had become accustomed to that scraper except for the fact that every year or so, I was forced to go beaver and grow a full crop of copper wire, simply to let my skin get back in shape.

Well sir, I'm reformed now. Several weeks ago I went through the Gillette plant in Boston and saw them turning out the new and up-to-date munitions of war for that every-morning conflict with man's greatest enemy, the stubbly chin.

I am back to the Gillette and the Gillette Blade after 19 years of dumb torture for which I have only myself to blame. I found the answer to painless shaves at the Gillette Safety Razor plant in Boston.

Here they take the world's finest steel, scientifically test and process it so that each blade is worth its weight in sheet platinum—worth more to me.

Apparently as much scientific care and skill are lavished on the Gillette Blade as in the production of a delicate spring for an astronomical chronometer.

And this blade is backed by years of experience, millions of dollars in research, and the reputation of an old-time pioneer organization, of which America can well be proud around the world.

Beavers of Habit, I give you Gillette.

Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Brass Monkey

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

THEY were building cruisers—long, thin-nosed ships with sleek lines that told of speed and power and eagerness in battle. Riveters' guns sent metallic music crashing about the Navy Yard. It lifted from steel skeletons of cruiser hulls, echoed against the walls of near-by shops, and mingled with the rasp of flame that came from a dozen welding torches. Sound and molten metal filled the air. Grimy men in work-stained overalls stood at forges on small wooden platforms and tossed flaring rivets to others who caught them. Hammers drummed on steel. There were curses and laughter and all the many sounds men make when they build a ship. And there was tension.

Skeet Stedman faced off a two-inch rivet, set the nose of his gun across a knee, and grinned at his bucker.

"How d'you like those apples, Tom?"

"Plenty fast," said Tom Brady, but he did not smile.

Skeet drew off a leather glove and dipped into his shirt pocket. He leaned forward, touched the tip of a cigarette to the still glowing rivet, and drifted smoke from his lips. For the past five years his gang had been hanging up records from Baltimore to California. Now, on this cruiser job, they were going sour. Why? Just because a flag-waving brass monkey in a blue uniform had been sounding off with a lot of patriotic hoop-la.

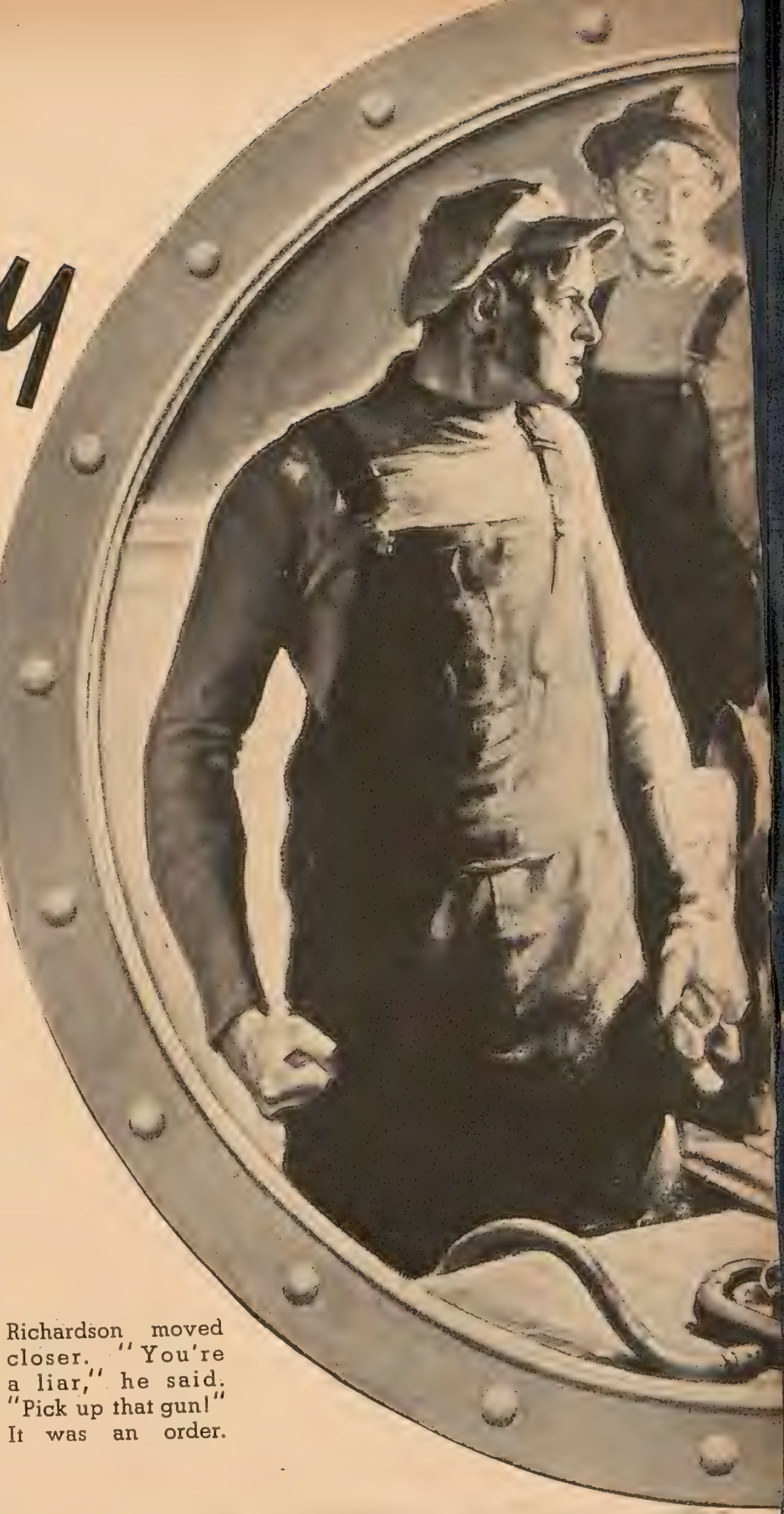
"You falling for Richardson's line?" he asked.

"I don't fall for any guy's line," said Brady. "But this is a battle cruiser and—"

Skeet laughed. "Sure it's a battle cruiser. So what?"

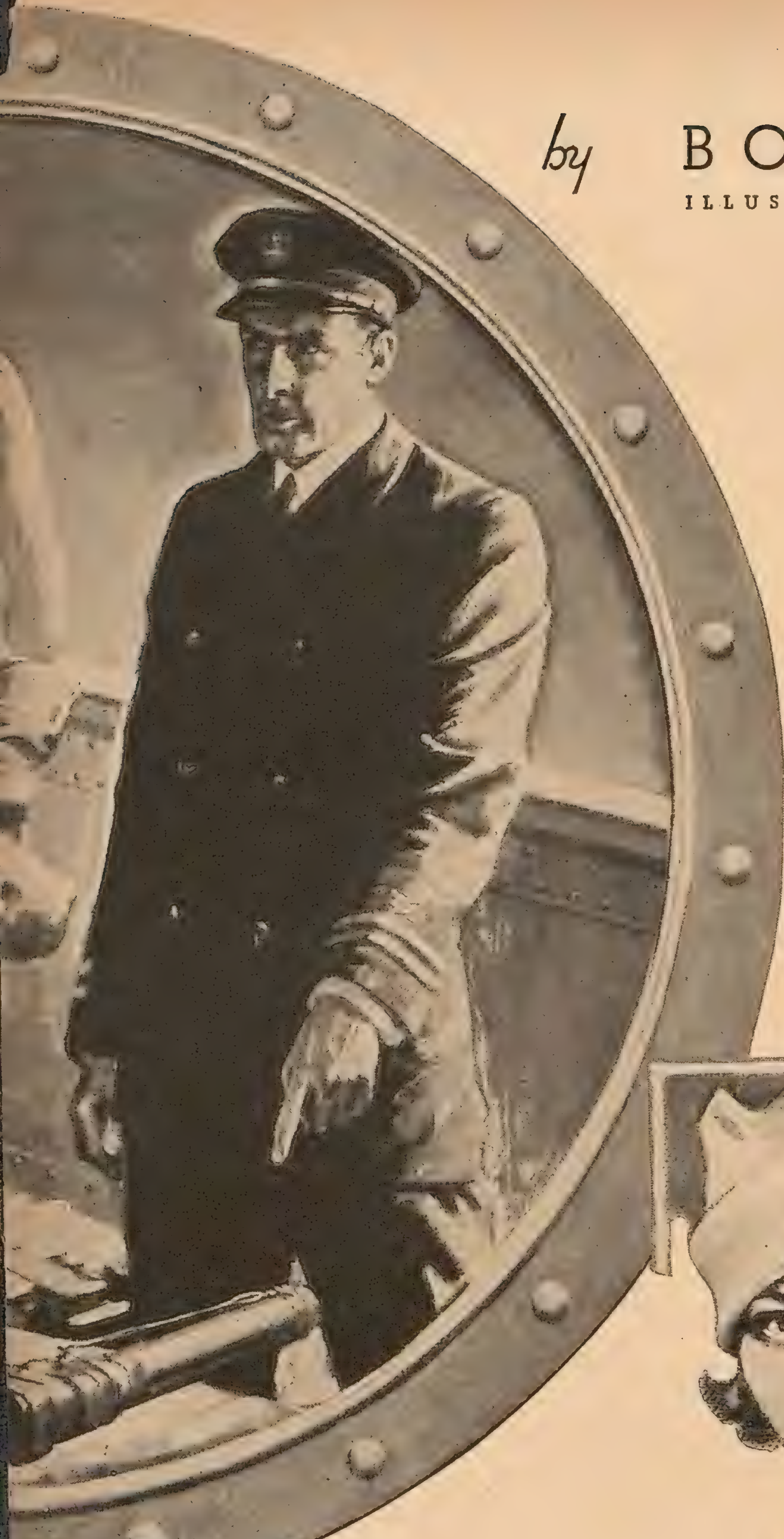
"Well, it's different. You know—different—"

Skeet's teeth worried a speck of tobacco from



Richardson moved closer. "You're a liar," he said. "Pick up that gun!" It was an order.

Virginia Frantz



by BORDEN CHASE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

Ships of Steel and Iron Wills, and the Things in Human Hearts . . . in the Lively Tale of a Girl and a Man and a Love that Found Itself

his lower lip. "It's a job, feller—just a job. And don't let those brass monkeys put any screwy ideas in your head. Especially Richardson. He's a great hand with that God-and-country stuff, but when you add it all together it spells nothing—see?"

"Yeah?" said Brady. "Why not tell it to him? He's coming this way."

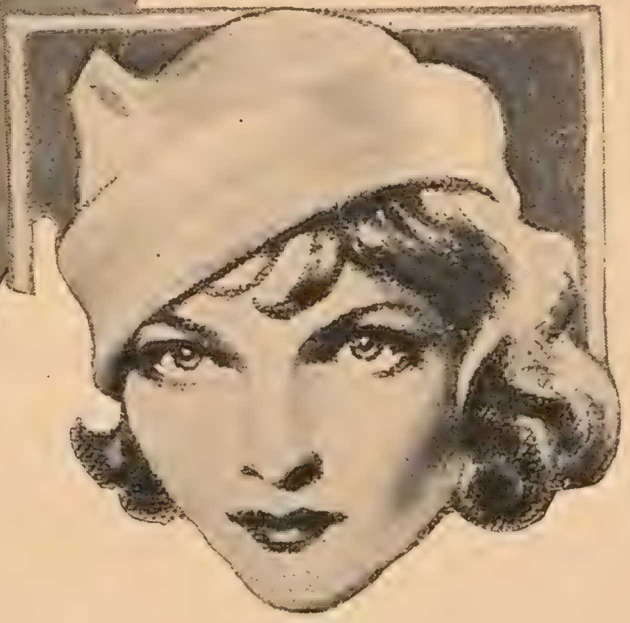
"Maybe you think I won't!"

Skeet put down his gun and kicked the air hose clear of his feet. He turned to watch Lieutenant Richardson inspecting the last line of rivets driven by Skeet and his men. There was doubt in the officer's eyes. After a time he turned to face the riveter.

"Sloppy work, Stedman," he said crisply.

Skeet's eyes met and held with the officer's. The riveter was an even six feet; his shoulders threatened the seams of his light shirt. There was a whiplike quality in his body that comes to men who work with steel. It was as though the metal had fused with sinews and created a strength over and above the normal. This same metallic quality was in his eyes; they were gray and hard and uncompromising.

"Look like good rivets to me," he said. "What's wrong with them?"



THERESE

“Nothing I can put a finger on,” said Richardson “They'll pass inspection—we both know that. But don't think you're kidding any one.”

“I don't get you!”

“Yes, you do. You're slipping over a few fast ones, Stedman. We don't want that sort of work in these cruisers.”

“Fast ones, eh? Maybe you can show them to me.”

Lieutenant Richardson smiled and lifted a small wooden box. He blew dust from the top, placed it to one side of the heater's platform, and seated himself. He was older than Skeet—years older. There was gray below the band of his cap. Sun and sea and wind had given a leatherlike quality to his face. There were lines at the corners of eyes equally clear as the riveter's, but also a softness that might have come with the years. They were blue—like sea water that is deep.

“How old are you?” he asked.

“Twenty-eight.”

“Missed the war by quite a few years, didn't you?”

“Yes, but that's O. K. with me.”

“Ever hear about the job we did with some of those old cruisers in the transport service?” asked Richardson.

“No; but I heard Pershing won the war—he and a few admirals.”

Richardson appeared not to have been listening. He was looking across the yard to where a slim destroyer lay moored beyond the dry dock. She was one of the old type—a fighting ship that had proved her worth in the North Sea. There was a time when he had seen her leaping across the water, a bone in her teeth and both bow guns throwing flame and steel at a twisting submarine.

Skeet turned his head to follow the lieutenant's gaze.

“I had an uncle on the Alcedo—his name was Riker,” he said.

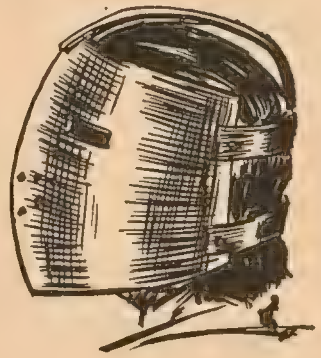
“The Alcedo?” said Richardson. “I remember her—one of the first ships we lost. A fine little ship.”

“Yeah. Riker was drowned. But you wouldn't remember him. He wasn't an admiral.”

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. Doan



THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK did not wear an iron mask. This celebrated but mysterious prisoner of Louis XIV, according to authentic information, wore a mask made of black velvet.

PRACTICE does not necessarily make perfect. If there is an error in the method of operation, practice of an action is apt to establish that error more firmly. The best way is to learn to do the things correctly at first—eliminating all errors before practicing the act.

VENUS'S-FLYTRAP is not the only plant that catches and devours insects. Although this plant is probably the best known of this type, more than 100 species of plants catch and devour insects. Some of these plants catch insects by means of a sticky secretion which acts like flypaper, others by means of snapping shut when an insect enters, or by a cagelike arrangement which permits entrance but makes escape practically impossible.

A METEORITE is not always hot when it strikes the earth. Most stony meteorites are cold, or only milk-warm, when they strike the earth. This is because the molten surface is stripped off as rapidly as formed by the rush of the meteorite. Iron meteorites, because of their better heat conditions, may become hot.

SKEET grinned, dropped his cigarette and ground it beneath the heel of his shoe. These brass monkeys, with their uniforms and buttons, were a joke. He could see by the set of the lieutenant's jaw that last shot had set him back on his heels. He'd probably do a little thinking before he tried any flag waving on Skeet Stedman again.

“Come on, Tom,” he said to the bucker. “Time to hit a few rivets—sloppy ones.”

“Hold it, Stedman,” said Richardson. “The rivets will wait.”

“Yes, but I won't. Neither will my gang's reputation.”

“So I've heard. They tell me you're the fastest in the business.” There was a moment of thought. “Ever been to sea?”

“No,” said Skeet.

“Too bad.” Richardson's eyes were turned toward the still water of the East River. “You might have learned something about ships.”

“I know plenty now.”

“No, you don't,” said the lieutenant. “A ship is a live thing, Stedman. She's nervous and proud. She takes something from the men who build her—from the men who make up her crew.”

Skeet glanced at the steel plates, the cross members and braces. “I suppose a few bad rivets would break her heart,” he said, and winked at Brady.

“Yes, I guess they would,” said Richardson quietly. “Of course you're too wise to know that she'll have a heart. All ships do. You're building one into her now, here on the ways.”

Skeet grinned and picked up his gun. A nod to the heater and a sparking rivet arced through the air. The shallow rattle of metal against metal lifted like mocking laughter. Skeet Stedman and his gang were building a cruiser. But it was just another job.

RED sunlight danced on the surface of the East River. From her bench on the footwalk of the Brooklyn Bridge, Thérèse Proctor could see tall derricks and the masts of ships that lay at anchor in the Navy Yard. A warm breeze had brought the sound of a blaring whistle that marked the end of a day's work. That was an hour past, and now she turned to watch Skeet Stedman swinging along toward her. Soap and water had given to his face the look of dark wood that has been rubbed hard with an oiled cloth. There was a crispness about his light suit, the blue tie that was knotted tightly above a clean white shirt. Everything about Skeet was clean and fresh. Perhaps it was one reason Thérèse had grown so fond of him during the past few years.

It was good to leave the artificially clean smells of a hospital ward, the stench of antiseptics and immaculate gauze. It was even better to meet Skeet here on the wind-washed arch of the bridge. His smile and the firm grip of his fingers made her forget the ache in her shoulders.

Her eyes laughed and she held out her hands. “Miss me?” she asked. “Miss me very much?”

“All day long,” he said, and kissed her.

For a moment he held her at arm's length and pretended. It was one of many little tricks that made Thérèse's throat grow tight. He studied the brown curls the wind was trying to pluck from beneath her straw turban. He touched one and tasted the tip of his finger, smiling. She smiled. He lifted her chin and studied the tilt of her nose, the soft curve of her mouth. At long last his eyes traveled over the slender line of her hips, then lifted and met with hers. Thérèse was the first to look away.

“Will I do?” Always this question.

“Till they make them prettier and give 'em better curves,” he said.

His answer was the only part of the routine that troubled her. She was afraid he meant it. And she didn't want Skeet to mean that.

Thérèse waited until his cigarette had been lighted and an arm was about her shoulders. They looked down and watched white smoke puffing from the stack of a passing towboat. Little figures that were men hurried about the decks or sat at the rails watching the water.

It was as though she were a child again and these boats and people were dolls and toys that moved across the floor of her playroom. They weren't real. And at times it seemed Skeet was another fantasy—something to put away when the day was over.

She wondered when that time would come. Thérèse didn't want it to come, ever. Each job that had taken him from the city frightened her. There were months when she thought she would never see him again. At such times she had promised herself to forget him—forget his smile and the thousand lovable things that were part of Skeet Stedman. But a telegram or a hastily written card sent her to the railroad station, to search the crowds with anxious eyes. And then his arm was around her and she was happy—or miserable. She often wondered which.

"I've got a surprise."

"Yes?" he said absently. His eyes were on the derricks of the Navy Yard, and Thérèse shook his arm.

"It's a big surprise, Skeet."

"I'll bet."

"Aren't you going to ask me about it?"

"Sure—sure." The words were flat, as though his mind were far away. "What's the surprise?"

"I get my cap tomorrow."

"Eh?"

"My cap," repeated Thérèse. "My nurse's cap. Tomorrow's graduation. Aren't you proud?"

"Oh, I get it." Skeet turned to face her. "Now you're a full-fledged nurse. That's great!"

THERESE tried for enthusiasm. Her lips smiled, but something in his voice had taken the laughter from her eyes. He should have yelled and thrown his arms about her. He should have kissed her and told her she was the most wonderful girl in the world—that he was happy.

"I—I get a new uniform, too," she added.

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"Oh, Skeet!" She drew her lower lip between her teeth.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Am I supposed to turn handsprings?"

"No," she said quietly. "Not that. But you could be glad. Dr. Harden told me I was the best nurse in the hospital. I can work for him when he sets up in his own practice."

"That silly-looking chump with the thick mustache?" asked Skeet. "Thought he was just an intern."

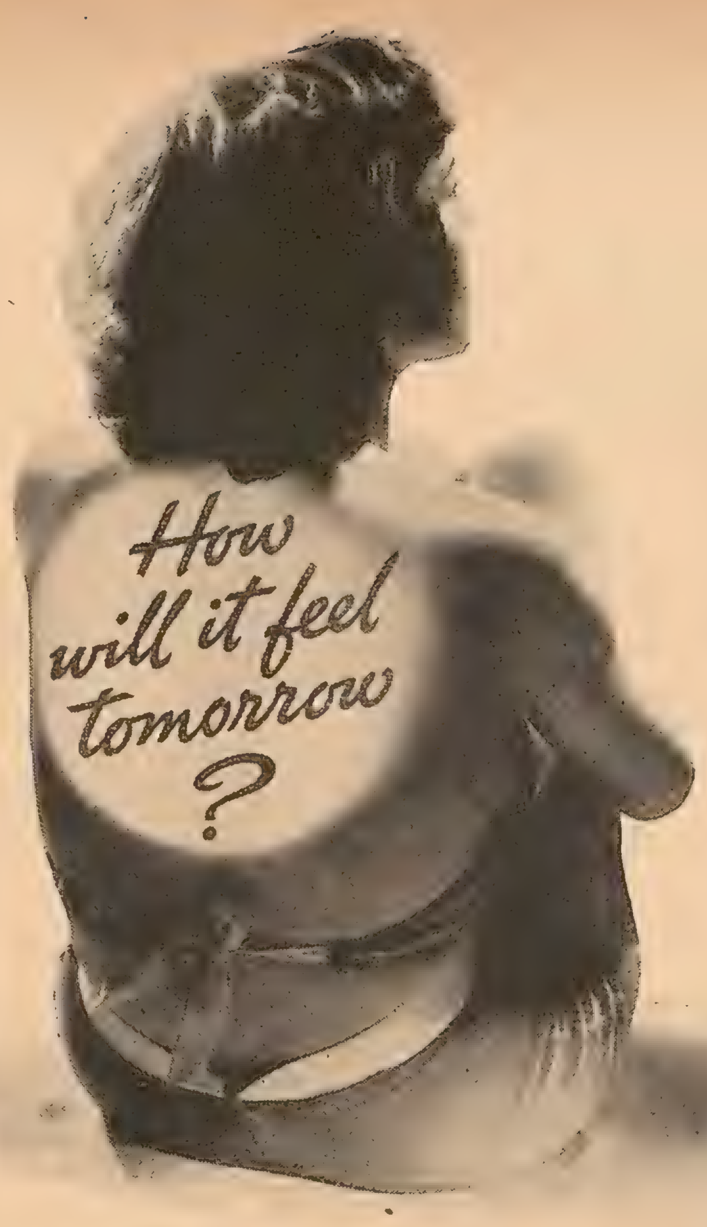
"He is."

"And I suppose he wears a uniform."

"All of us wear uniforms in the hospital."

"Well, I don't!" snapped Skeet. "I'm no brass monkey, and I don't like any guy that is. We've got one of those birds in the yard—he's in charge of construction on the cruisers. Today he started singing his song about the glory of the navy and he slowed my gang down to a walk."

"Did he?"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Just anoint those tortured skin surfaces with Absorbine Jr. How quickly the flame cools away. You can feel the soothing effect of Absorbine Jr. like a shady waterfall caressing those burned spots.

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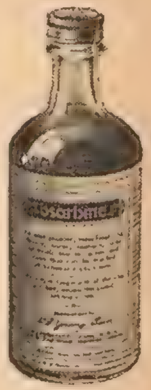

" Yes, the same old stuff. A ship is only as good as the workman makes her; a clean rivet can save a thousand lives and win a battle; the battle wins the war, and hooray for our side. Bunk! "

Thérèse thought the sunset had lost much of its fire. Probably it was smoke from those factories along the shore that spoiled it. She thought of ships and the men who built them.

" But they have to be good ships," she said.

Skeet flipped his cigarette across the rail and watched it sail in the twisting air currents. He took his arm from Thérèse's shoulder and rested an elbow against the back of the bench. There was amused patience in his voice.

" I know all about that," he said. " They feed it to the sailors instead of food. It's old—pay 'em off in glory and a dollar a day. Richardson's been living on it for years. They put two gold stripes on his cuffs, give him a few brass buttons, and tell the sailors to salute him. And he's happy."

" Yes," said Thérèse softly. " He's happy."

She had heard it so many times. Each night since Skeet had taken his gang of riveters into the yard there was some amusing story of the officers in charge of the work. To him they were fools, and he never had any hesitation in saying so.

Usually Thérèse agreed with him—verbally at least. This evening she did not answer.

They walked to the New York end of the bridge, and Thérèse had never before realized the distance. Night was in the sky above her shoulders, but the tips of the tall buildings of lower Manhattan were rimmed with fire. The gentle slope of the bridge lent speed to her steps and it was as if she were hurrying into the sunset.

GEOGRAMS

If A equals 1, B equals 2, C equals 3, and so on to Z, equaling 26, what state is represented by the number 112121131? What is its capital?

(The answer will be found on page 27)

" It's warm," she said. " Let's ride uptown on a bus—one with an open top."

" And wish it was our private car? " he smiled.

Thérèse squeezed his arm. At times he could be such an eager youngster. They'd live for hours in a world of make-believe where tall buildings became castles and the Hudson was a river in Spain. A group of tired dusty trees in Central Park were the broad acres of a country estate where she and Skeet could wander—owners of all within reach of sight and beyond.

Now he was asking if she approved of the bus driver. Was this chauffeur of theirs as competent as others they had employed in the past? Would she like one who drove more slowly? And the traffic—he'd have to do something about that; it was much too noisy.

He pointed to the spires of a cathedral, sharp against the sky.

" Not bad for a summer home," he decided. " They've been building it for thirty years or more. Think you'll like it when it's finished? "

" Let's see if we will," she said, and touched the signal button.

MAJESTIC arches lifted above them. Silent figures looked down and watched with eyes that were stone. Thérèse's heels were loud on the mosaic floor. At times a thin sound of distant music told of an organist thinking in melody. Others were there who prayed or talked in quiet whispers. Skeet fumbled with his hat and glanced about.

" Like it? " he asked.

" They're building a dream," she said gently. " I've heard so much about it, Skeet. Only the best men in each trade are employed in the construction. When they come here to work, the superintendent has a little talk with them. He explains that the cathedral is to live through the ages—for centuries. It's to be a symbol of man's devotion and an inspiration to all who follow down the years."

" Now isn't that nice! " grinned Skeet.

Pretense was gone, but Thérèse tried not to hear.

" Yes, it is," she said quietly. " A beautiful thought. There's no rushing or hurrying—each craftsman is asked to give his best. Each stone must be perfectly set "—she pointed along a slanting beam of soft rose light—" each window a gem of color and artistry."

" Who'd you say was building this cathedral? "

" Why, Bishop—"

Skeet's laughter stopped the name on Thérèse's lips. " A bishop! " he cried. " Say—I'd like to see a bishop on the back end of a riveting machine." His arm followed the curve of a giant arch. " The guys who set those stones and put in the gems of color—they're not building the cathedral. Oh, no! It's a bishop and a lot of men with money and class. *They're* building it—see? Their names get chiseled on the cornerstone as an inspiration to—"

He broke off and started toward the street.

Night had come, and they walked between walls of lighted windows toward the subway. Skeet was talking, but his voice was hard in Thérèse's ears.

" I'm tired, Skeet," she said. " Let's get something to eat and go home. I'll have to get to bed early tonight if I want to look right for graduation."

" Dr. Harden wouldn't want his little nursie to have bags under her eyes," he teased.

" No—I don't think he would."

THERE was noise in the subway, and people who pushed and crowded. They stood near a door and Skeet held her arm.

" You like this Harden? " he asked.

Did she like Dr. Harden? Thérèse wondered. Did she like him enough to be his wife? For months she had been secretly amused at his compliments. They were always about the work—stilted professional pats on the back that had been rather embarrassing at times. He was in love with her. And he had money.

Dr. Harden would make a good husband. There would be security, respectful devotion. Thérèse respected the doctor, too. But she loved Skeet—loved him, and hated herself for being a fool. Skeet wasn't a man to settle down to the routine of married life. That would be like wearing one of those uniforms he so thoroughly detested. Skeet liked to travel. New York, Canada, California—he had seen them all and would see them again. He was restless.

" I asked if you liked Harden? " he repeated.

" Yes, I do," said Thérèse.

" How much? "

" Oh, Skeet—I'm tired. Don't let's argue."

" My idea exactly," he grinned. " No one's looking. A little kiss to end the fight? "

Thérèse felt his arm about her waist. It was a strong arm and it held her tightly. She closed her eyes and lifted her lips. . . .

Skeet's gun lifted from a smoking rivet. He looked at the hot metal and frowned. A second rivet had spun through the air and smacked against the cup in the passer's hand. A long pair of tongs lifted it and passed it to the bucker. There was a splash of fire as Brady rapped the rivet against steel and placed it. He lifted and set a heavy iron bar against the glowing head.

" Right! " he said, and threw his weight on the bar.

" Knock it out," ordered Skeet. His eyes were still on the cooling rivet that had been driven.

" Eh? "

" You heard me! Knock it out and hand me a chisel."

Amazement drew a score of lines about the corners of Brady's eyes. He tapped out the hot rivet, tossed it into a can of water near the forge, and reached for a chisel. Skeet put the tool in his gun and the edge bit into the still warm metal.

" What's the matter with that one? " asked Brady.

" I don't like the head on it," said Skeet shortly.

"You don't, eh? And the last one was overcooked, another was soft—"

"Who's driving these rivets?" asked Skeet.

"Don't get hot. I'm just saying —that's all."

"Saying what?"

"Well," said Brady, "you're slowing down—too finicky."

Skeet nodded to the heater and a rivet came from the forge. He glanced at a gang working on the far side of the cruiser hull, and it was evident Brady told the truth. Skeet's men were but one move ahead and it was well along in the afternoon. He looked forward, where another gang shattered the air with the rattle of their gun. They too had driven nearly as many as he.

It was a lot of damn nonsense! Richardson and his talk had slowed Skeet's gang and set them to driving rivets that were works of art. And art belonged in a museum, not on an iron job. A rivet was either right or wrong. There was no half way about it. If the inspector O. K.'d the rivet, it was right—a good one. If not, it had to come out. But Skeet was too fine a workman to drive any that would not pass inspection. At times he might sneak past a fast one that had wrinkles at the edges, but it was a good rivet. You couldn't hang up speed records all over the country with sloppy workmanship.

Then why the letdown in speed? Richardson—Lieutenant Richardson —that was the answer. All that talk about ships that lived had knocked spots out of the work. Skeet rammed the butt of his gun against a smoking rivet and tightened on the trigger. The burst of sound drowned a curse. Red lead on the plate was smoldering, and the reek was strong in his nostrils. He lifted the gun and spat on the hot steel.

"NICE going," said a voice at his shoulder.

Skeet turned. It was Lieutenant Richardson, and he was smiling.

"Yes?" said Skeet. "Did you find any bad ones?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "I didn't bother to look."

"Well, look!" snapped Skeet. "And don't start any yarns. We're busy."

"So I see," said Richardson. "Keep right on going—don't let me slow you down."

Skeet rattled the gun and called for a rivet. That damn brass monkey was laughing at him!

"Cathedrals!" he growled. . . .

There was a frost in the air when Skeet's gang set up their platform for the last time. The slim curving hull of the cruiser was completed but for a single row of rivets near her deck line. Other gangs had been laid off—they had rolled their working clothes into bundles, presented their last pay checks, and were now on the way to Charleston. Soon Skeet and his men would be through. There was a place for them on the Charleston job—a place for many good riveting gangs. The heater, passer, and bucker were good men. They had built their reputations with years of fast work. Any riveter would be glad of the opportunity to hook up with them. But Skeet had lost his grip. Skeet Stedman the speed merchant had folded up on the Navy Yard job.

Now he stood a little to one side and held a kink of an air hose under his armpit as he twisted a wing nut hard against the gun. Lieutenant Richardson was coming along the deck, and Skeet watched him. There was a firmness in the way the officer placed his feet that was sure, steady, and relentless. For months Skeet had heard the hard-heeled shoes ringing against steel. Always he could look up from his work and find a leather-like face above his shoulders. Those blue eyes had met and fought with his. It had been a wordless battle toward the end; but never had it ceased to be a fight.

For a time Richardson had talked of ships and men—ships that had carried his country's flag, men who had given their lives for a mad ideal that brought them thirty dollars a month. He told of cold nights in the Bay of Biscay, of sudden explosions and torpedoes that smashed at the water line. And those were good ships. They had stood up under ter-

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She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid — with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like — use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

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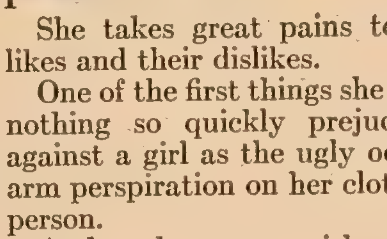

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ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

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rific beatings and men had trusted them.

But Skeet laughed at his stories, and one day had pointed to an admiral's flag on a tall ship that steamed past the yard.

"I'll bet he won a dozen battles," Skeet said. "But what are the names of the men who pulled the triggers?"

There had been less talking after that. Richardson often stood at Skeet's shoulder, but the conversation was usually about the work. And now, on the final day, he had come to watch again.

"For the last time, eh, Skeet?"

"Yes—the last time on this job," said Skeet. "Next time I'll be sure there's no brass monkeys around to spin yarns."

"Don't like officers, do you, Skeet?"

THERE was a sharpness in Richardson's voice that swung Skeet about. The officer was staring at him, measuring him with eyes that were cold and hard. The riveter put aside his gun.

"I don't like uniforms and the bunk that goes with 'em."

Richardson moved closer. "You're a liar, Skeet," he said.

There was a moment of silence.

"I'm not taking that from you, Richardson," said the riveter at length.

"Pick up that gun!" It was an order.

Skeet wondered what kept his fist from the officer's jaw. Always there had been patience in Richardson's speech—a toleration that goaded Skeet. And now, for the first time, there had been command in the lieutenant's voice. And Skeet obeyed that command. He picked up his gun and turned to the bucker.

"What's the delay?" he cried. "Let's go!"

The hammer jumped and throbbed against glowing metal. There was a savage pleasure in fighting the jolting, thrashing rivet gun. It usually gave Skeet relief from thoughts that bothered him. His eyes, his chest and hands were busy with the work before him. But lately it could not hold his mind.

Brass monkey! That's what Richardson was. A uniformed fool who had wrecked a good rivet gang. He hadn't fooled Skeet any—not at all. Brady and the others had gone overboard for those war stories and slowed down to a walk. But—had they? Was it the gang? It was the riveter who must set the pace. And suddenly Skeet wondered if he had been tricked. Those rivets he had cut out because they hadn't looked quite right—those extra seconds gone into rounding out a head that didn't need it—his arguments with the heater about good rivets—

"What's the delay?" mimicked Brady.

Skeet said nothing. The gun was silent in his hands. Truth was asking a dozen questions. That talk with Thérèse the other evening. Skeet had been bragging—telling her of his craftsmanship. Pride! Pride in his craft. It had been in every word. He remembered laughing at men whose names must be chiseled on cornerstones in a pitiful attempt for credit. Names on cornerstones! That was funny.

A riveter drove his name in slugs of steel that would live when weather and wind had worn smooth the writing on a cornerstone.

He had walked with Thérèse and pointed to buildings.

"That one—the tall one," he said. "I built that—me! It was my gun drove the rivets."

Thérèse had smiled and her arm was tight in his. "Your building," she said quietly. "You helped to make it."

"And that cruiser we're making. My name's on a thousand rivets—good rivets. Only the good ones, Tess."

"Yes, Skeet—only the good ones."

"When I drive a rivet, it's right! The rest of that ship could fall apart and my rivets would still be good."

"I know it," she whispered.

They had walked quietly for a time.

Now Skeet's fingers lost their hold on the gun. It fell to the platform. His gloved hand brushed across his eyes. Things were clearing. Richardson had tricked him. That brass monkey had taken him for a fool. Skeet Stedman—sucker! He'd known it for months, known it with every rivet he drove. He'd been hiding from it, refusing to admit it. But it was out. He was a sucker! And somehow he knew it could have been no different. He was proud—proud of his craft, proud of the work he had done so well.

It was a foolish thing, this pride. It caught in your throat and sent your shoulders back. He had seen it in Richardson's eyes when the flag came down at sunset, and in the eyes of the sailors who stood so rigidly until the last notes of the bugle had sounded.

This cruiser—it was his. Soon there might be war. Shells would hammer at her sleek sides. But those rivets would hold. They were good rivets, and Skeet was glad this was so.

"STEDMAN! Come down here a moment."

Richardson was at the foot of the ladder, looking up. The riveter stared at him for a moment, then grasped the rungs and climbed down. He heard Brady and others asking questions, but it was as though he walked in a dream. Richardson went with him in silence.

They passed the tall falsework of the ways, across the yard, and along a cobbled road that led to the Administration Building. White-capped sailors came smartly to salute, their eyes steady upon the officer. There was a bugle and in the distance Skeet heard the rhythmic tramp of feet. A flag whipped in the breeze that came from the river. And still Skeet walked.

They were in a long hall that led off into a railed office. A marine saluted and spoke with Richardson. A door was opened and the lieutenant pointed ahead. He took Skeet's arm and went with him into a wide room. There were more officers here. A dozen brass monkeys, thought Skeet, all puffed up with their own importance. One was heavy with braid—an admiral probably. Skeet found his heels had come together and he was standing rigidly, his shoulders were squared and he was facing a pair of hard gray eyes that peered out from beneath white brows.

"Howard Stedman?"

"Yes, sir," said Skeet, and he hadn't meant to say "sir."

"We've heard a great deal about you from Lieutenant Richardson," said the admiral. "He's been good enough to make an exhaustive study of your qualifications. The department is in need of a man who knows riveting from the ground up. More cruisers—you understand. We've not been able to commission a civilian for years; but under the new orders I'm sure we could arrange to put you in as warrant officer. You'd be the first, Mr. Stedman."

The first! Skeet's mouth was open but he could not talk. He heard Lieutenant Richardson answer for him. His hand was gripped firmly and a moment later they were standing in the yard not far from where the flag whipped at the head of a tall mast.

"All right, Stedman?" asked Richardson.

"I'm—I'm an officer?"

"In a day or two, when the order is signed." There was laughter in his voice. "Think you'll like the navy?"

"Well—it's—I'm—"

Skeet couldn't find the words. He looked at Richardson and then at the sleek cruiser that lay in the ways. His eyes lifted to a bridge that arched the river and he thought of a girl who would be waiting there in an hour. Richardson was saying something about a uniform—one of his that was too damn big and needed alterations. The stripes hadn't been sewn on—matter of a few moments for a good tailor. Skeet wasn't sure just what he was saying. . . .

He saw her standing by the rail at the center of the bridge. Her collar was turned up against a cold wind that came from the river.

It was late—hours later than the usual time of their meeting.

But she had waited.

Skeet glanced down at his sleeve. That tailor hadn't done such a bad job, considering the way Richardson rushed him. Skeet had protested—there was time, tomorrow or whenever the order came through. But the lieutenant smiled and yelled at the tailor. There had been a handclasp, a few mumbled words of thanks, and now Skeet was walking toward the center of the bridge, and Thérèse.

A gleam from a brass button touched his eyes. It brought a tightness to his stomach and slowed his steps. What would Thérèse say? What would she think of a big-money riveter who was being paid off in glory and gold braid? A warrant officer didn't make much—nothing like the amount Dr. Harden would be taking in at that Park Avenue office. It meant long years of work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard; no trips to Canada or California; nothing but work and plenty of it. And if war came—

He stood at her side and his hand lifted. It touched a single curl the wind had blown across her cheek. She turned and her eyes were wide.

"Skeet!"

"How do you like your brass monkey?" he asked.

For a time she did not answer. Her head was tight against his shoulder, and when he lifted her chin there were tears.

She caught his arm and started down the bridge.

"Tess — you're heading for Brooklyn."

"I know," she said. "They build lovely homes in Brooklyn."

THE END

ANSWER TO GEOGRAM ON PAGE 24

Divide the figure this way: 1 12 1 2 1 13 1

A L A B A M A; capital, Montgomery.

If you want the truth, go to a child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice.

But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

What Is This Thing Called Elstree? . . . A Close-up of England's Challenge to Hollywood

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR.

JESSIE MATTHEWS.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

Will BRITANNIA

THERE is so much money with which to make motion pictures in England that it sounds like the Ethiopian war debt.

Any time anybody wants to make a picture they stand in the middle of Piccadilly Circus and yell, "I want to make a movie! I want to make a movie!" And then they have to run like hell to keep from being trampled to death.

I went to England to find out about the British film industry because Hollywood has an enormous interest in this matter. Now, it takes quite a lot to make Hollywood sit up and take notice, because for a good many years they have had the world sewed up when it came to picture production. Suddenly they began to say, "You know, the English have *got* something."

After the appearance of Private Life of Henry VIII, The 39 Steps, The Ghost Goes West, and Things to Come, there couldn't be any question that some notice must be taken of our cousins over the sea.

In addition, Marlene Dietrich is making a picture for the great Korda at Elstree. Frances Marion, the greatest scenario writer in the business, is on her way for a six months' stay. John Monk Saunders, who made Wings and The Dawn Patrol, is shooting an air epic somewhere in England. And young Douglas Fairbanks, top as a leading man in Hollywood, has given it all up and gone to the British Isles for five years as a star producer.

I had been interested in English pictures for quite a while. That same something which disturbed the powers that be in Hollywood intrigued me. I am probably wrong but—it seems to me that there is a little too much of the factory atmosphere about Hollywood. They punch time clocks and blow whistles, probably necessary for business reasons but apt to be death to artistic endeavor.

It was a line uttered by young Doug Fairbanks that sent me to England. We met one afternoon by chance in New York. "What's all this about your going to England for keeps?" I said to Doug over a cocktail. "Seems to me you were doing pretty well in Hollywood. Top salary, top billing, all the work you could use."

Douglas, who has jelled as to personality and developed as to thought capacity, grinned in his most engaging way. "But I wasn't having any fun," he said. "You have lots of fun making pictures in England. You'd better come over and see. I'm sailing on the Berengaria Wednesday."

Well, when the Berengaria sailed on Wednesday at midnight I was on board.

In England I met the great Korda. I saw Jessie Matthews. In so far as I could, I went into the matter of finances. And I visited the British studios.

When my Hollywood friends found I was going to London they joined in one word: "Korda." They insisted that Korda had put British pictures permanently on the map, because with Henry VIII he had not only called our attention to pictures made in England but had opened up an entire new field of cinema endeavor—namely, the costume picture as it should be done.

Everywhere I went I heard about the vast sums of money which Korda had at his disposal. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were a mere bagatelle to London Film Productions, Ltd., which is Korda. The life of General Gordon—Chinese Gordon. People who told me $600,000 had been spent on research couldn't be right. Lawrence of Arabia. A great army of directors and cameramen scattered all over the map making ready for the shooting of that epic.

Not even the biggest companies in America thought in such gigantic terms of men, money, and film as Korda.

Korda and I lunched together and I asked him about it. He beamed benignly. "Money?" he said. "I am embarrassed about money. I am offered so much money to make pictures that it becomes embarrassing."

So maybe it was true that the great financial houses of England had put millions of pounds behind Korda. In fact, there doesn't seem to be much question about it. He is the man upon whom they have gambled to put England at the very top of picture production. "And hang the expense" is certainly the motto.

But Korda isn't by any means my own first choice for the top flight in British films. If I had five cents to invest in British pictures I would put it behind a young lady named Jessie Matthews.

Jessie Matthews is an English girl who has had several pictures shown in the United States. The pictures perhaps haven't been so good. That is because for a long time England didn't give its own people credit. They had a complex about Hollywood. So with stars like Jessie Matthews, Madeleine Carroll, and Nova Pilbeam in their own studios, they went shopping in Hollywood and acquired some pretty shopworn bargains.

All that, it seems, is about to be changed.

Because Jessie Matthews in her next pictures is going to have the works, and so she should.

I don't know exactly how to describe her to you without sounding at least slightly sentimental. There are a few women who have a quality that prose cannot seem to express. It needs the music and the beauty of poetry.

ALEXANDER KORDA.

NOVA PILBEAM.

MICHAEL BALCON.

RULE the FILMS?

Anyhow, I'm putting all my eggs in one basket and saying that personally I believe, with proper handling and the right pictures, the Matthews girl should hit the very top and be greater even than Ginger Rogers.

And I think she's going to have those things because back of her is a guy by the name of Micky Balcon.

Now, I suppose I should have heard of Michael Balcon. He has been the presiding genius of Gaumont-British for a long time, and Gaumont-British, until this new spurt of money and attention, has been the British film industry to all intents and purposes. But somehow I just hadn't. And while I had listened to reams about the great Korda, nobody had mentioned Mr. Balcon.

Also, I'm pretty sure that, being only human, all this Korda uproar has built a fire under young Mr. Balcon. He is what in ancient American salesmanship slang we used to call a "live wire."

NOW, I don't want to hint of a grudge race between Mr. Alexander Korda of London Film Productions, Ltd., and Mr. Michael Balcon of Gaumont-British. Not exactly, but—

Mr. Balcon made The 39 Steps. A swell job and one that set Hollywood talking. Mr. Korda made The Ghost Goes West, and that had the new quality of excitement they seem to be introducing over there.

Mr. Korda made Private Life of Henry VIII as the opening gun in the battle, and it was one of the most important pictures ever made. It convinced Hollywood producers that costume pictures can be as alive and as real and as human to audiences as modern pictures.

But in my opinion the person who took the best and greatest advantage of that was Micky Balcon of Gaumont-British. For upon a night in London I saw for the first time a new Gaumont-British production called The Private Life of Lady Jane Grey.

No advance notices had been given me on this. Nobody had touted it to me. I had never seen the star, Nova Pilbeam. But I happened to mention to Mr. Balcon that I had always wanted to make a picture about Lady Jane Grey, the nine-day queen.

So Mr. Balcon said he had just made one and would I like to see it. I said I would, and so we went over to the studio and he ran it.

Because it is my favorite historical story, because little Lady Jane is my favorite character and her love story my favorite love story, and because I had spent a lot of time and money on research when I hoped to do it myself, I was a tough audience.

I ended up in tears on my knees when Lady Jane knelt down and placed her joyous young head on the block and the ax of the executioner descended upon it.

My opinion is simply my own opinion, but I sincerely believe that Lady Jane Grey is one of the great pictures, that Nova Pilbeam's performance is as great as Janet Gaynor's in the never-to-be-forgotten Seventh Heaven.

After seeing and talking to Jessie Matthews, after seeing in Nova Pilbeam a new ingénue star, I asked Micky Balcon why they didn't concentrate upon such amazing talent and personality and stop digging up Hollywood back numbers.

"That," said Balcon, with a gleam in his eye, "is exactly what I'm going to do. Exactly. But the great difficulty is in getting the American public to go to see pictures with names which they don't know. I believe if we can get the theaters in America and get people to see our new pictures, they'll be great successes."

Of course a lot of that is true. But it is also true that the American public loves good pictures, and that somehow, when a really good picture comes out, we get to know about it and go and see it.

And I think it will be fun to watch this grudge race between Korda and Balcon. Things like that stimulate art. They'll do British films a lot of good.

There is also an added starter in the race: Young Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. Douglas has had a great deal of experience of picture making—and he loves it. And while he won't turn out the product in the quantity the others can and he hasn't the large plans in mind in some ways, he has a pioneer feeling right now about making pictures that may make them all sit up and take notice.

And that, really, is what British pictures have today, what I went to England to find out about.

They have enthusiasm and youth and fire and desire to get somewhere. They're pioneering. They have pep. The truth is, they're having fun. Douglas was quite right. They're having fun climbing up to the peaks that Hollywood achieved long ago. They haven't our workmen or our finished craftsmen in many departments, they haven't our wealth of material in writers and actors and directors to draw from. They won't have for many years.

But they have so much money that they will be able to experiment faster than we did in the beginning.

Of course it's sort of upside down to have staid and conservative England the youngster and wild young America the settled and accomplished fact about anything. But that makes it even more fun.

THE END

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Scales the Heights and Socko Plumbs the Depths—but Plans a Comeback

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

Vine Street,
Hollywood, Cal.

Socko O'brien,
The Cuban Sports & Carnage Club,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Socko:

The next time youre about to engage in the manly art of assult and battry, shoot me the name of the nearest bandage garage so my letters will reach you. The last epistle I wrote you bounced back marked: "Deseaced! Ring Sweeneys bell!" So what?

On the level, as a poke-peddeler, you couldnt fight off a sore throat. One sock and they drape you over the stools like a wet towl.

Lissen, while a plastic surgon is unbuttoning your pan, I'll just tip you off as to how *I'm* clicking them off out here in the land of grease paint.

Last week—after Jack and I had aisled them at the Glendale night club—we went to the White Spot to do a little selebrating of our own. On our way out to the curb, I picked up a shammy bag containing a handfull of blue ice which I knew belonged to Maizie Metcalf, the movie star who sat next to us. It being 3:30 in the ayem, I decided to take the rocks home and give her a bell in the morning. Yes, and if you dont think I had a party trying to give her back those things, give a lissen:

As soon as I got the Minsky Studio on the wire, I said to the operator:

"I wish to speak with Maizie Metcalf."

"She's busy on a set and cant be disturbed!" she snaped.

With that, she cuts me off and I had to wind the Big Ben all over again.

"I told you I wanted to speak with Miss Metcalf," I repeated. "Its *very important!*"

"So's the income tax!" she hurls back, cutting me off the second time.

Warm canine, was I steamed! I got so red headed I spilled the contents of my purse in the booth. After that, I made up my mind I would get her on the fone if I had to call out the cops and tell her her joint was on fire.

"Listen, operator," I said, turning on the ice, "this is the *third time* Ive asked to speak with Miss Metcalf and unless you connect me with her—"

"Whos *wrong number* are you?" she meowed. "I told you before you couldnt—"

"Now just a moment!" I bawled. "This is *Mr. Minskys daughter* and unless you get that lady on the wire, youll be peddeling buggy whips in Detroit, get me?"

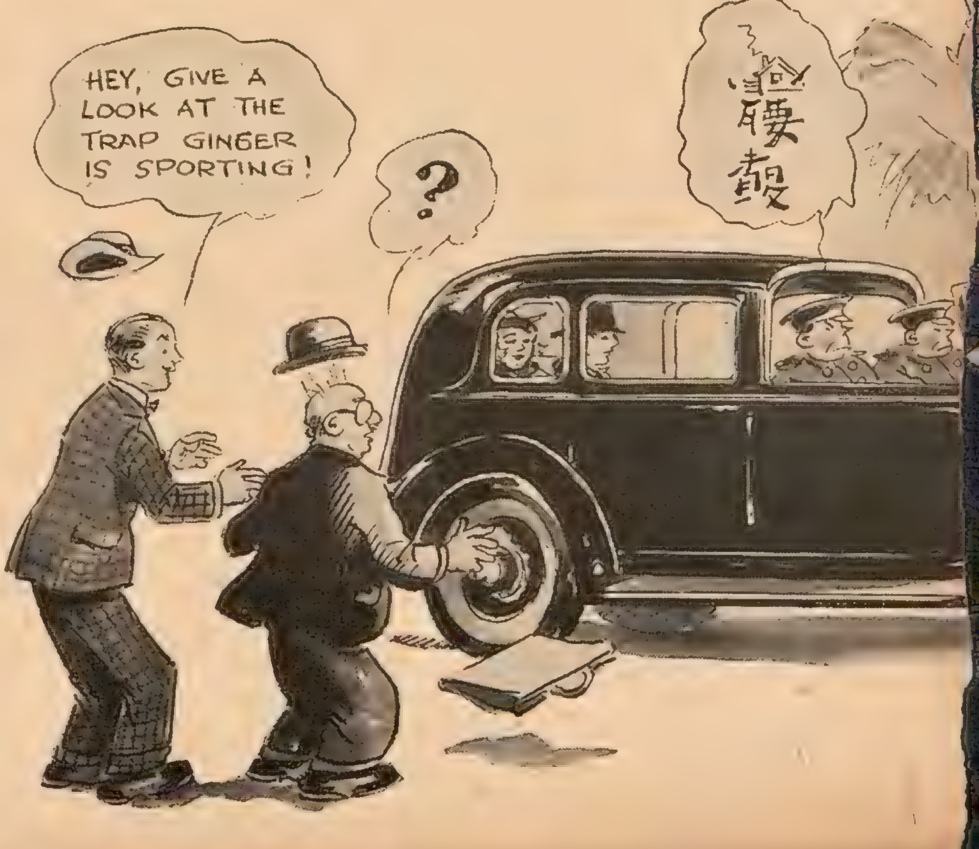
"Oh, Miss Minsky!" she gasped. "Just a moment, please."

A few moments later, on bounced the star.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Minsky?" she tees off in a very syrupy tone. "I'm *so* sorry you was detained."

"O, forget it!" I said—clubby like—trying not to gum the works. "It so happens I'm *not* Miss Minsky at all. I'm Ginger Ryan, a Hollywood extra. Ive called to ask if you—"

My agent Izzy Gold and my old flame, Rex Holmes, was dumbfounded by my sudden luxury.


HEY, GIVE A LOOK AT THE TRAP GINGER IS SPORTING!
?

extra!" she squarked, nearly blowing out my metal tubes. " How *dare* you interupt my work by—"

Well, after *that* crack, Socko, I blew up.

" Now you lissen to me," I retorted,—in a voice that would ground Admiral Byrd,—" I dont care if youre the mother of a Mexican chow-wow-wow, or the Queen of Siam. Here I am trying to do *you* a good turn and all *I* get from you and your half-baked switchboard operator is abuse. For two bitts I'd do a Dillinger with your *jewelry* and make you love it."

" *My jewelry!* " she gulped. " You dont mean to tell me youve found my rings, do you? "

" I dont know whos rocks Ive found, but I *do* know I'm getting ample fed-up beefing about them."

" But I really *did* loose my jewelry," she remarked serious as a fire in a skyrocket factory.

" Okay," I said, " if you can describe the hardware and convince me the loot belongs to *you*, I'll hurl them in your lap and fade out of the picture."

" Thats very sweet of you," she replied. " The stones were in a small shammy bag tied with a blue silk chord. I lost them somewhere between the White Spot and Beverly Hills. The bag contained a large dimond solitare, two dinner rings and a platnum bar of emerelds."

" Is that all? " I asked, gazing at the 5 & 10 bottle stopper *you* gave me.

" No," she continued, " there was also two black pearl pendants worth $10,000."

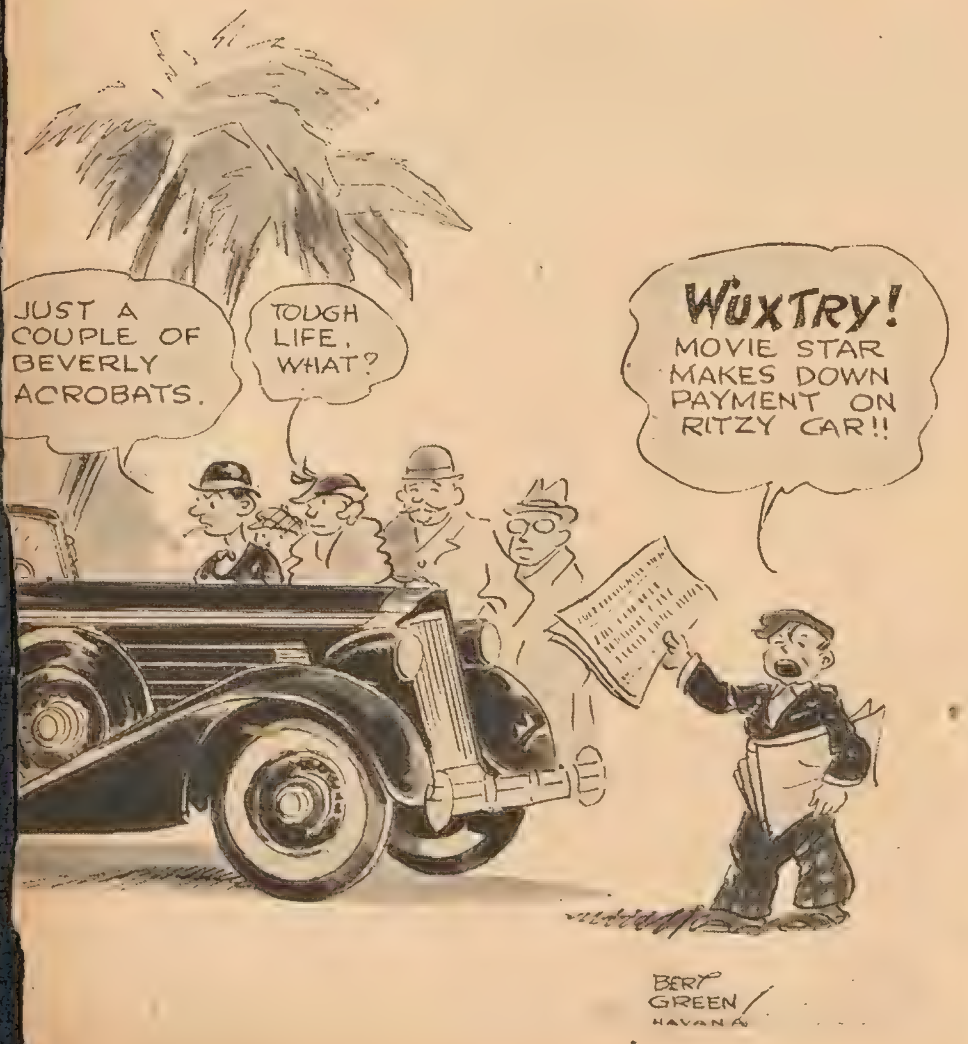
" *You win!* " I gasped, gunning my punch-board wrist watch. " All I ask of you is my expenses for their return. So far, its cost me thirty slugs to stay in this steam heated broom closet and when the operator gets through rapping me for ample overtime I'll have to carry my lunch for a month."

" O, dont worry about that," she chuckled. " I'll reverse the charges and see that youre well rewarded."

" Rewarded my eye! " I blurts out, without thinking. " I'm not looking for a *reward*, but if youll be good enough to go to the front for my talented dancing partner, I'll love you forever."

Heres how it ended, Socko:

At eight bells that night, what drew up to my Vine Street flea-bag, but a twelve cyllinder limaseen with white walled tires and enough chronium splattered over it to sink the navy. At the wheel was a laundryman in a gold plated uniform to match and leaning on my door bell was another chink with a broadtail rug over his arm.


JUST A COUPLE OF BEVERLY ACROBATS.
TOUGH LIFE, WHAT?
WUXTRY! MOVIE STAR MAKES DOWN PAYMENT ON RITZY CAR!!
BERT GREEN HAVANA

When I answered the door, I almost folded when the Orientel told me that " Mlyssee Metcalf wanted me to glo by Bleverly Hills as her glest."

Well, kid, if you could have seen Jack Dawson and I sitting in that snooty Pullman surrounded by vanity cases, engraved butt lighters, orkids and a flock of delux doo-dads, you would have swooned, no fooling. Honest to gosh, the seat was so soft it was like parking your hips in a jelly roll. All I could see of Jack was his mudguards sticking above the upholstry. A yell, what?

To make matters more intrigueing, we had to stop for a red glim on the corner of Hollywood and Highland and who takes a gander in the showcase but my agent Izzy Gold and my old flame, Rex Holmes. Honestly, they was dumbfounded by my sudden outburst of luxury—and so was I.

Well, Socko, it took four buttlers to get us into the stars mansion on Rodeo Drive—each was trying to do the other out of politeness. As for her Spanish chatteau, I never saw such a epidemic of Grand Rapids since I ankled through Mr. Waldorfs roadhouse. No fooling, to park on one of the orientels was like standing in a cornfield.

O, and when I met the beautiful star and handed over the minerels, I couldnt have been more popular if I had discovered a cure for wrinkles.

To shrink a tall story, Maizie not only promised to catch our dancing act, but she told her husband—Count Von Bungstarter—to write me a check for *two hundred bucks* as a reward. Brother, was I floating!

Yes, Socko, and heres the yell. When I got back to my rooming house, I told Mr. Watson and Mr. Twist his lawyer all about it.

" Do you mean to narate," stormed Mr. Watson—fumbling a lobster claw in his vest pocket—" that after you had gone to the trouble of returning a Kings ransom in jems, they had the collosal audacity to compensate you with the lowly pitance of two hundred dollars? "

" You said a trap-full," cut in Mr. Twist. " Lissen, I dont want to gum the fun or nothin, but leave me give you the low-down on that fony Count. When I first met that ham an egger he was fronting for a carnival and grind joint in Chicago. The next time I see him, he's in New Orleans managing a Greek bone-bender by the name of Popoloff. From him he cops a sneak and rods his way west as a pitch-man peddeling chin sharpeners to the wheat belt yaps. He no sooner hits Hollywood than he goes against a horse opry making faces at the dog houses. After that, he meets this Maizie, pours her a lunch and bows himself in as a Count, tennis champ, comedy relief and gigilo. Now I ask you? "

And that, Socko, is the works. I'll let you know what we do with the two hundred smackers in my next letter. Toodle-oo.

Your pal, GINGER.

Sans Souci Hotel,
Havana, Cuba.

Miss Ginger Ryan:
Hollywood, Cal.
Dear Ginger:

Listen, toots, theys no use you bellyaching about my loosing the last fight. The trouble was, *he* was full of bloodshed and *I* was full of Sloppy Joes bac-car-dies. Anyhoo, Jack Downey has me slated to step ten frames with another grease-ball by the name of Two Poke Lopez. This egg was run over by a piana truck a couple of months ago and his left aleron has gone democratic.

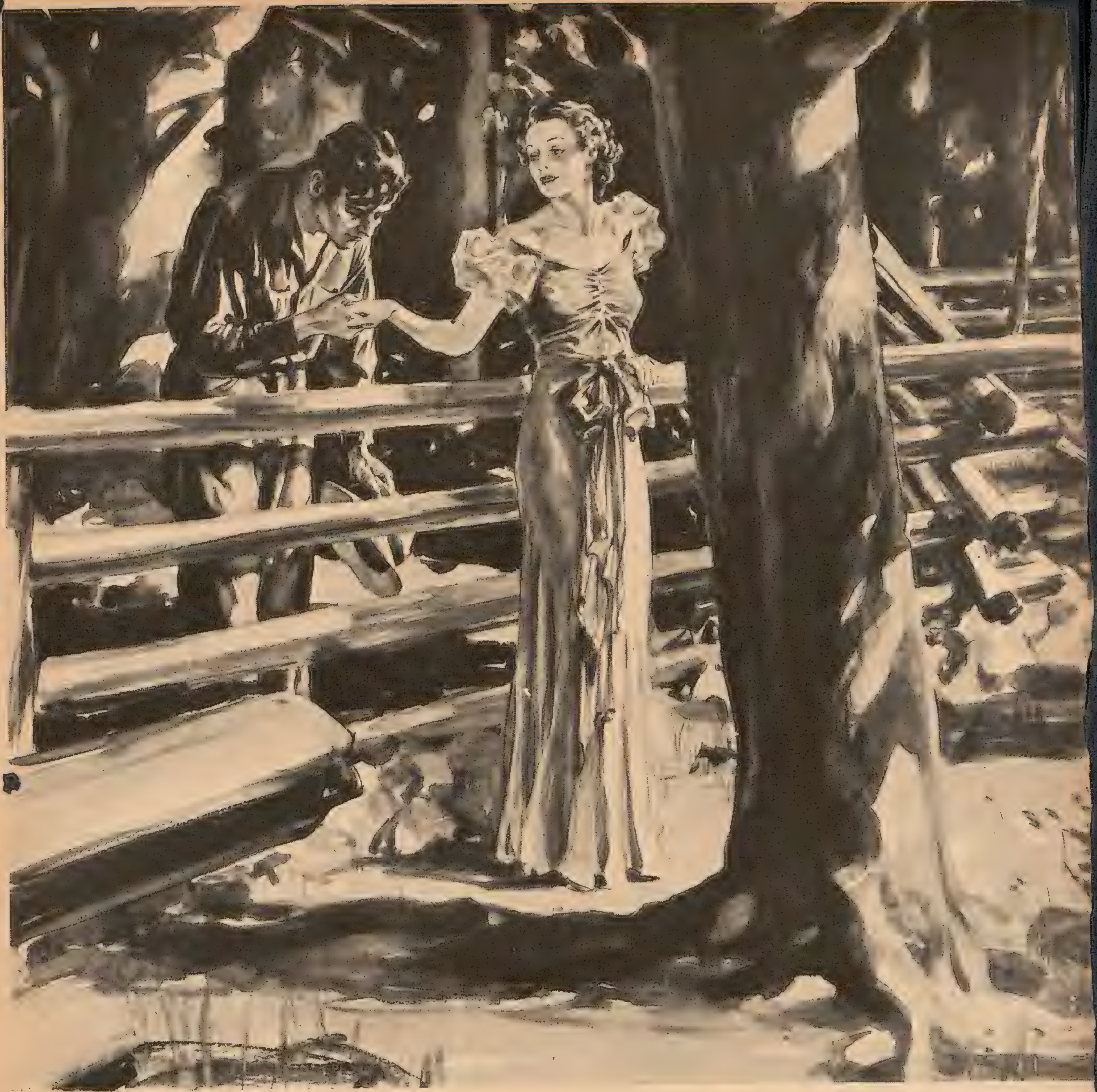
The other day I had my horror-scope read and the dame said the Moon would be in Cappricorn on the 16th what would add *fire* and *energy* and make me very *kouragious*. Thats the day of the fracas and I'm gonna WIN!!!

Another thing, what I do to that tomatoe is only a *sample* of what I'll do to that *hoofer* of yours if he dont lay off trying to beat my time, get me?

Your old sell mate,
SOCKO.

P. S. I love you so much it hurts all over.

Further details of the hectic romance of Ginger and Socko will appear in an early issue.



"It's been great to see you, even for a minute!" he said, then stooped gravely and kissed her hand.

UPON the sudden death of her mother, Shannon March, ambitious for education and refinement, is forced to join the cheap carnival racket in which her father, Big Ned, and his assistant, Jet Carmichael, are typical ballyhoo men. Against her better nature, Shannon acts as the come-on buyer of her father's magical soap and rejuvenating tonic, Pan-Uma.

One evening of the show in Shale Falls, Minnesota, the girl, doing her irksome stunt, is attracted by a tall, humorous-looking young chap who grins skeptically but buys the fake soap, pointedly following her example.

A storm stops the gay and raucous entertainment early. Shortly after midnight, Shannon, alone in her tent and not yet undressed, hears distant quarreling, then a shot. Big Ned dashes in to her and tells her to scram, to lie low, and gives her ten dollars. He and Jet have been in a card-game mix-up, and all of them will have to duck for cover temporarily. For the time being they can communicate through the newspaper personals column.

With her bag and her typewriter, Shannon goes into the wet night and on to the dark road. Automobiles pass her. The fourth one—a swanky car—stops, and its lone driver inquires if she would like a lift. Even in the murk she recognizes the young man who interested her during the carnival hubbub of trickery and laughter.

She is glad to accept his kind invitation. When he learns that she has no destination and needs a job of any kind in the worst way, he offers her one as his mother's secretary-companion! His mother, Susan Pryor, is working on a book of native flowers. He introduces himself as Byrn Pryor.

They drive into a beautiful estate and Shannon is given an exquisite room. And out of the window, just before dawn, she witnesses a sly and secret love tryst in the garden!

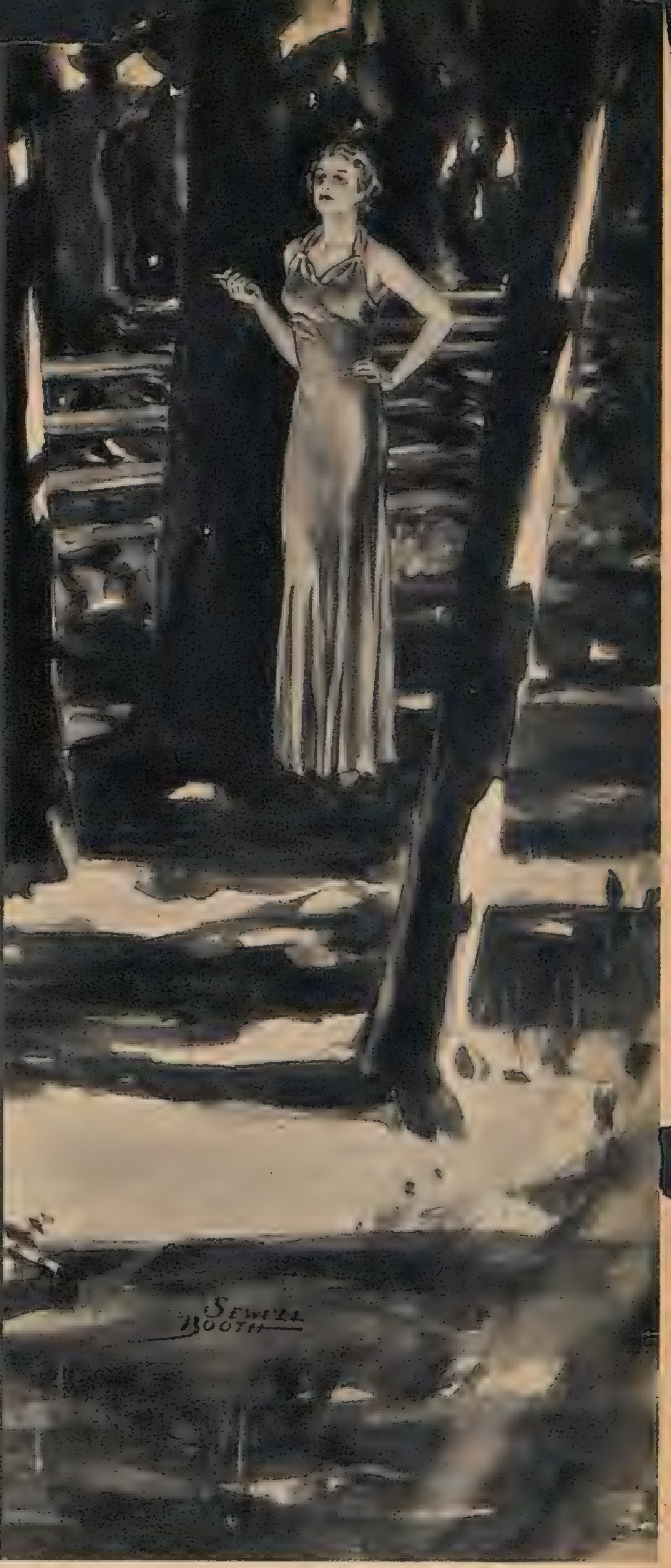
CARNIVAL Lady

A Girl Steps into a New, Strange World and the Breathless Secret Magic of Love in a Poignant and Colorful Novel of America Today

by MARTHA OSTENSO

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 12 SECONDS



And there in the shadows stood Donalda Sherwood.

PART TWO—A WILD, PITILESS DREAM

IT was noon. Old Mrs. Susan Pryor, neat and bright as a small gray bird, had for the past hour been walking with Shannon through the deep woods and sunny meadow spaces of the Pryor estate.

"Of course," said the old lady briskly, "I wouldn't put it past Byrn to cook this whole thing up for me! He probably knows all about you. Maybe he didn't pick you up on the road at all. I still hope he did! But whatever—you couldn't fake your feeling for the Indian paintbrush, my dear"—she caressed the flaming bloom in her hand—"and that's enough for me. We'll get along famously; famously!"

"I do hope so!" Shannon said warmly. "This is just—it's just heaven! Maybe I'm still dreaming—and maybe I won't be worth fifty dollars a month to you, with room and board. But I'll do my best to earn it!"

"I'll look out for that," Mrs. Pryor said with lively force. "Let's get back to the shore and see if they're up. I'm ready for something to eat, and I'll bet you are too."

They came to the edge of the dense woods, where Mrs. Pryor picked a late nodding trillium and a curiously cupped weed which Shannon had never seen before. Presently they came out upon a tawny stretch of shore.

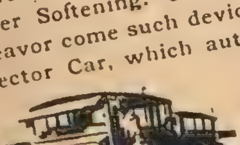
"There's Byrn—fishing off Bass Island," the old lady said, pointing to an emerald clump a quarter of a mile distant across the glittering blue of the lake. Shannon could make out the bright prow of his launch. "That's Senator Marston's place over there—that red roof." She nodded toward the southeast. "You'll meet him. Good man, Marston—a crank on labor reform and so on. And his daughter Ella is just about as big a crank as he is. Byrn is bringing

(Continued on page thirty-six)

"We're doin

ONEERING STILL
OES ON!

all the research ac-
vities carried on by
e American railroads
ere concentrated in
one huge laboratory
it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people, engaged in such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion, Water Softening. Out of such pioneering endeavor come such devices as this modern Detector Car, which automatically reveals unseen interior defects in rails, and simply by running it over the rails defects can be not only discovered but marked with a splash of paint, assuring immediate replacement.



OK, buddy !"

IN THESE homely words you hear expressed the self-reliant spirit of one of the foremost industries of the nation, the American railroads.

They're driving ahead to new triumphs in service and efficiency—going after business, and getting it, in a way to make any railroad man justly proud.

Of course the recent lean years have not been easy; they have been tough for the railroads just as they have for almost any other business you can name.

But in face of tough times these dependable carriers have made their bid for increased business by stepping up freight train speed by 43%, by cutting the running time of passenger trains, and by increasing their comfort by air-conditioning, which means greater cleanliness, restful quiet, safe agreeable travel at its best.

And at the same time there has steadily gone forward a vast program of improvement which only a man who works on the railroad could see and appreciate in full—$172,000,000 invested in the past six years in laying heavier rails—a third of a billion dollars spent during the same period in new track construction and *more than three billions* put into right-of-way maintenance—all of which make faste schedules possible with safety.

Yes, a lot has been happening to th railroads — astonishingly more tha most people realize—wouldn't it be good idea next time yo have a trip to make, to g by rail?

We believe if you'll loo about you with a friendl eye, you'll discover surprising evidence of how superbly the job is being done!

GO PLACES—NOW—BY TRAIN

Rates are low—Safety, Speed and Comfort higher than ever before!

NO other transportation in the world can match the American railroads for speed with safety. And every modern convenience contributes to your comfort when you go by rail. Practically all through trains are air-conditioned—cleaner, quieter, healthier. You have modern lighting, excellent food, comfortable seats, plenty of room to move around, and you get there on schedule. Yet with all the improvements railroads offer today, fares have been steadily lowered. When you plan a trip for business or pleasure—call the nearest ticket office for new low rates.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

HEADQUARTERS: Transportation Building, Washington. D. C.

(Continued from page thirty-three)

them over for lunch. You ought to like Ella. Not much to look at—a bit lanky—has a mission in life. You know the kind, eh? But she's a good woman—couple of years older than Byrn, but a better influence on him than his wife was."

Wife *was*, Shannon thought. She wanted to ask what had become of Mrs. Byrn Pryor, but thought better of it.

They walked up the hard smooth beach toward the boathouse and the pier.

On the slope to the beach ahead of them three grown-ups in bathing suits were playing leapfrog with a little towheaded boy who was screaming with delight.

"The auburn-haired girl is my niece, Donalda Sherwood," Mrs. Pryor explained. "The light-haired one is my daughter, Lucy, Mrs. Braddock. The tall bony fellow is Jay, her husband, and Tommy is their little boy."

Shannon's heart went dead for an instant. It was Lucy—Tommy's mother—who had fled through the rose garden at dawn, with that sly wild look on her face!

The expression on the face of Donalda Sherwood as she languidly acknowledged Mrs. Pryor's introduction was anything but heartening. But Lucy came forward impulsively and clasped both of Shannon's hands.

"Oh, but you're really beautiful!" she exclaimed joyously. "Byrn didn't tell us. And so young, aren't you? Mother—what's the mystery? Byrn wouldn't tell us a thing. Where did she come from?"

"I haven't asked her—and I don't intend to," Mrs. Pryor said placidly, and patted Shannon's shoulder.

Jay Braddock laughed in apology for his wife. "Don't let Lucy scare you, Miss March," he said. "She's *like* that."

"You've got nice big teeth," said little Tommy. "Like mine are going to be. I'm getting one now—see?" Proudly he indicated the gap that was beginning to fill up.

Shannon laughed. "Fine!" she said.

"He'll have tombstones, I'm afraid," Donalda observed lazily.

Shannon flushed with a sense of discomfort. Why had this handsomely built girl, with her milky skin and pale green-blue eyes, so evidently made up her mind to be disagreeable?

Mrs. Pryor seated herself upon a canvas-awninged bench and Shannon sat down beside her. The others sprawled about the sand.

"Lucy's grown so beyond me," the old lady said with startling candor. "It's nice to feel I have a young daughter again beside me."

Lucy laughed airily; but Donalda Sherwood's eyes narrowed behind the smoke of her cigarette.

A motorboat rounded the point to the left and every one started up.

"There's Edgar Kemp!" Jay Braddock said.

THE mahogany-shelled craft drifted to the pier and a tall man in a blue-and-white swim suit stepped out. He came up the beach with the studied lope of one who wants the world to know he keeps himself physically fit despite the encroaching years. He was handsome in a heavy-set, florid way and his laugh was confidently familiar as he greeted the family.

"Never liked him," Mrs. Pryor muttered to Shannon.

It was then that Shannon saw the expression in Lucy Braddock's face—a naked anxious look that watched Kemp's striding figure. Instantly Shannon knew. This was the man who had parted with Lucy at the garden's edge before sunrise!

She acknowledged Jay's introduction as casually as she could; but the deliberate sweep of Kemp's eyes from her hair to her slim ankles, and the subtle lowering of his eyelids again as his gaze returned to her face, were a severe strain upon her composure.

They saw Byrn's launch heading toward the shore then, and Mrs. Pryor called out to her son-in-law: "I wish you'd run up to the house, Jay, and tell Olga we'll have lunch served in the barbecue nook."

Shannon watched the lanky, awkward-kneed figure of Jay Braddock depart. There was something about his thinning sandy hair and his wistful hazel eyes between the hollow temples that touched her profoundly. Kemp and Lucy were exchanging a long eloquent look.

"Jay's a dear," Mrs. Pryor said softly. "He's an architect, you know. After the slump came he had a breakdown, and I made them come and stay with me. But if he doesn't get working soon again I don't know what will happen to him. He worries so!"

Little Tommy had waded out to meet the approaching launch. Lucy and Kemp strolled to the end of the pier and dove off. Donalda yawned and stretched a boneless arm toward Jay Braddock, who was coming with a cocktail tray. Two people were getting out of the boat with Byrn. In his dirty white canvas pants and old blue pullover sweater, with his short blondish hair curling over his brows, he looked boyish.

"Miss March," he said, "may I present Senator Marston? And Miss Marston, Miss March."

The senator and his daughter wrung Shannon's hand in turn with almost frightening cordiality.

"BYRN didn't tell us how very attractive his mother's amanuensis is!" Miss Marston exclaimed loudly. It was like the bark of a female mastiff, and although Shannon was taken aback, she warmed to Miss Marston immediately. There was something so honest and homely about the spare, long-jawed young woman. "We must see to it that this child doesn't get lost in our unscrupulous summer crowd, Byrn," she added; and in the light chatter that followed Shannon felt immature and defenseless.

Then, directly, they were at lunch.

Shannon began to wonder again about her father. Where was he on this bright Sunday—and Jet Carmichael? And would she, with what she knew now, be able to maintain her first conception of Dawn Haven as a place of dreamlike beauty?

Byrn Pryor's eyes moved suddenly away from Miss Marston and met Shannon's gaze. The impact was something more than two pairs of eyes meeting. Shannon felt herself trembling. She looked quickly away. . . .

The days fled, and now it was Saturday night again, and Lucy was "throwing" one of her parties—the kind that kept her from thinking too much, Shannon reflected.

Shannon had yielded to Mrs. Pryor's insistence to make herself "one of the family" to the extent, at least, of meeting Lucy's guests. She dressed in her only evening gown, a white chiffon of last year. While she gave her hair a final touch before the mirror, she noticed the shadows beneath her eyes. She frowned.

"Don't be such a fool!" she said aloud to herself. "He won't even look at you."

She came downstairs late, into laughter and cocktails and dancing to the radio. Lucy introduced her with abandoned gaiety as she led her from one to another of her friends.

Then, in a moment, she found herself dancing with Edgar Kemp. His vanity amplified by cocktails, he was holding her close, too close, and talking, his lips against her ear.

"And what does the young princess mean by keeping her beauty hidden behind closed doors for a whole week? Is the world so full of dragons, or is milady proud? I admit the cloak of mystery is alluring, my dear, but we shall never be happy till we find at least some clue to the solution. Won't you tell me who you are?"

Shannon looked about her in desperation. Lucy was out of the room.

"Cut in!" Byrn said shortly. He had appeared from nowhere, in white flannels and blue sack coat.

"Why—dammit—Byrn—"

But Shannon broke away and stepped quickly into the circle of Byrn's arms. He danced with a negligent ease into which she melted from sheer relief for a moment. But only for a moment. She grew tense, and knew with burning fury that he knew it.

"Look here," he said in his most commonplace tone. "Let's step out for some air."

A new moon was coasting like a shallop along the black margin of the pines. The dim roses were heavily sweet about them.

Byrn faced her. "I brought you out here to tell you that you're too young for that crowd," he said severely.

"I'm not quite a child," she said coolly. "What right—"

"We'll not discuss that," he interrupted. "I brought you here, and I'm not going to let Edgar Kemp hang over you—especially when he's drunk."

"Why is he a guest in your house?"

"He's not my guest—but that doesn't matter. The people responsible for his being here are old enough—and experienced enough—to keep him in his place. And anyhow," Byrn added with exasperating calm, "it isn't in your jurisdiction even to *ask* why he's a guest."

"You think I'm nothing—a nobody you picked up on the road!" she flared. "You're certainly right that it isn't in my jurisdiction—to ask anything! And if you want to know, I'm glad it isn't!"

His fingers were suddenly like steel clamps on her upper arms. His face was so close to hers that she could have raised herself and touched his lips.

"You ought to be slapped!" he said savagely. . . .

But he hadn't slapped her, Shannon reflected with some amusement that night as she lay in her bed and looked out of the window at the starry sky. Instead, he had taken her back to the house and had introduced her to Andy Wiggam, a good-looking young man with smiling eyes and a lunging handshake, who danced well and talked of a play he was writing during his stay in the North.

Byrn had not come near her for the rest of the evening.

In the cool Grotto Room of the Stafford Bar, Donalda Sherwood had taken refuge with Lucy and Edgar Kemp from the broiling July heat that lay white over Carthia. They were on their second mint julep and Donalda was once more on her favorite subject of the past ten days.

"OF course it's none of my business, Luce," she said plaintively, "but *I* think it's time some one was doing something to protect auntie dear against an ordinary pickup of Byrn's."

Lucy stared at her. "Don—you're being simply ridiculous! You don't think for a moment that Byrn—"

"I'm not thinking of Byrn, my dear. A little affair on the side would be good for him. His bringing her home wasn't very discreet, I admit, but that's none of my business. I'm thinking of Aunt Sue. If she's becoming irresponsible—"

Lucy's lips curved impudently over the rim of her glass. To her, Donalda was as a newly washed windowpane. It irked her sometimes to think that her cousin had to be one of the family—because she was the orphaned daughter of Mrs. Pryor's favorite brother—but she was useful to Lucy as a shield when she wanted to go out with Edgar Kemp.

"All you have to do to prove that mother isn't senile, Don, is to ask her to buy a new car," Lucy remarked innocently.

Donalda's eyes went paler with indignation.

"Now, girls," Kemp put in, "be nice or I won't let you have another drink." He signaled for the waiter as he spoke. "I think Shannon is a nice girl—honest as water!"

"She has the mind of a chambermaid in spite of her pose," Donalda said loftily. "She makes a dive for the morning paper every day—and spends her time reading the personal column. *What* is she looking for? You can't tell me that isn't odd!"

"You've been looking over her shoulder, Don!" Kemp said, with a shake of his finger. "I wouldn't think that of you."

DONALDA ignored the quip. "Have it your way," she said languidly. Frosted glass in hand, she gazed absently out of the window. Suddenly her eyes sharpened. "There's your angel now," she announced. "Bent on—what?"

Lucy glanced and saw Shannon March entering the telephone office across the street, a newspaper under one arm. . . .

Through the hot glare of the small-city streets Shannon hurried back to the restaurant in front of which Andy Wiggam had parked his car. She had found, in today's paper, the answer to her waiting, and had telephoned Jet Carmichael in accordance with his instructions.

The message in the city Journal had read:

SHANE: Telephone or write me Campbell House, Deer River. WILLARD.

Until the call had gone through and she had heard the voice at the other end, she was not sure whether that voice would be Jet Carmichael's or her father's. But the name "Willard" had informed her that it would be one or the other.

Cold with apprehension, she had asked immediately upon hearing Jet's voice where her father was. Jet didn't know. Plans were indefinite as yet; nothing had developed from "the party" so far, and her father was no doubt "resting" somewhere farther north. But Jet must see Shannon. She protested. She told him where she was and what she was doing, but begged him not to come to Carthia. He had been evasive on that point, and then the connection had been broken!

Now, with a fixed smile, Shannon entered the restaurant where Andy Wiggam was waiting for her.

Over tall glasses he looked at her gravely. "I caught an idea—sitting here waiting for you. There's a real play in Byrn Pryor, Shan. Take a man, a successful lawyer. Marries a good-looking heartless woman who lets him down on the eve of his biggest case—simply hoofs it off with a big shot from New York. Bang goes romance and love and all that sort of thing. My idea is to open the play where he's getting back on his feet—

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after the divorce. He's ambitious; wants to get somewhere politically. Hooks up with people who can help him get where he wants; finds a woman—a damned good woman but not very alluring—who is just the sort to boost him along. And when everything seems to be set for a good campaign, along comes romance in the shape of a girl who has what it takes, see? Maybe he grabs her, and to hell with politics; or maybe he has had enough romance to do him, and so to hell with love. Or maybe— Well, there's the problem in the play."

"It sounds good, Andy; but of course I don't know—"

"It would all depend on how it was treated," Andy said, warming to his subject. "What I mean is that the stuff is there—in Byrn Pryor. Diana was just the kind that cures many a man of romance. She was a stunner and Byrn was crazy about her. When she gave him the air, it nearly killed him—"

He stopped suddenly and put a finger to his lips as he glanced toward the door. Shannon saw Byrn coming straight toward them.

"Sit down, Byrn," Andy urged. "I'd like to buy you—"

"Sorry," said Byrn. "Have to talk to a man back here. I'll take a rain check on the drink. Another time, eh?" He bowed and smiled benignly at Shannon. . . .

After three days a cool breeze had come suddenly out of the northwest. Shannon walked southward along the beach toward the Pryors' boathouse. Mrs. Pryor, busy in the laboratory, had sent her for Turk's-cap lily buds, and was expecting her back now with a perfect specimen for the camera. Lucy and Donalda had gone off in the car earlier in the afternoon; but Byrn had come home and brought Ella Marston, presumably for dinner.

No fishing boats were on the lake today. It was vicious, with waves deep and olive-troughed, whitecaps scudding off their crests as though an invisible knife were scalping them. Shannon's eyes were suddenly arrested in fright. Tommy was out there in Byrn's canoe, standing upright, waving his arms frantically. He was calling to her. Even as she stared, the canoe rose and keeled, a white spume opening like a fan between her and the figure of the boy.

Shannon kicked off her shoes and slipped out of her dress. The capsized canoe was not far beyond her depth, but against the hurtling force of wind and water she seemed to be doing nothing but thresh about helplessly in one spot. When she saw Tommy's yellow head appear behind the crest of a wave about five yards from the canoe, she shouted to him. He could swim very well for his age—if only he could hold his own until she reached him! For an instant he was lost to sight in the trough of a wave, and Shannon, gasping for breath, strained her energy to the limit in a final desperate forward pitch of the body. And there suddenly he was, flailing his sturdy little arms.

"All right, Tommy—I've got you!" she cried as she seized him. In another moment they were clinging to the side of the canoe.

Tommy was blue-white, but his new tooth showed valiantly in a grin of reassurance as he shouted above the wind, "I'm all right—Shannon!"

SHE tried to call for help, but she feared the result was feeble. There had come a terrific pounding in her ears, as though hammers were crashing through their drums. The wild sky seemed to be blotted out by darkness, and her fingers gripping the bottom of the canoe were mechanical devices apart from her.

"They're coming!" She heard the boy's voice, tiny and far away, lost in the approaching drone of the launch's motor.

After what seemed an eternity she was lying in the bottom of the launch, her head resting against Byrn's shirt front. His coat was flung over her drenched underclothing and he was keeping the wind from her head and shoulders with the close embrace of his arms. Tommy, wrapped in a coat, was huddled close against his father, who was at the wheel. Shannon sighed, moved her head ever so slightly, and felt Byrn's arms tighten spasmodically about her. She held her breath and dared not look up at him.

The boat sputtered and slapped alongside the wharf. Byrn was murmuring something, lifting her to her feet.

Mrs. Pryor and Ella Marston had been waiting on the dock, and were staring down now with frightened pale faces.

"What happened? Are they all right?"

Jay was gray-faced. "Damned carelessness! Nobody to look after the kid—"

An hour later, after the brandy and hot milk administered by Mrs. Pryor had plunged her into deep restoring sleep, Shannon awoke in her own bed and glanced about her at the lovely shadowed room.

While she arranged her hair she remembered again those few moments during which Byrn had held her in his arms. What a wild, sweet, and pitiless dream it had been, after all—a fantasy springing out of her half-dazed state! Whatever Byrn himself may have felt during those moments was no affair of hers. He was going to marry Ella Marston—and become a great man.

HER own course, however, was clear. In another two weeks she would be able to send George Ellery the first twenty-five dollars on account. She would ask him how much, altogether, he considered he had contributed to her support and her schooling. Her lips trembled as she thought of it; but her courage stiffened, too. She would keep her place with Mrs. Pryor—Byrn or no Byrn—while that debt of honor hung over her.

The big comfortable living room, with its huge cobblestone fireplace and its grand piano and darkly polished beams, was empty. Still feeling shaky, Shannon stretched out on the deep divan beside the open French windows, through which only a gentle breeze blew now, with the clean sharp smell of pines and a fainter odor of mignonette and clove pinks from the rock garden on the west side of the house. With the quick about-turn of summer weather, the afternoon was ending in a hazy golden lull, as if no gale had chopped at it only two hours since.

From the porch, voices came abruptly to Shannon.

"It isn't so hopeless as it might appear at first," Ella Marston was saying in her forthright tone. "We're building the future, Byrn, on a class of young people that you, at least, see very little of. I'd see just as little if I didn't make it my business to get out and study them. In nine cases out of ten you'll find a working-girl ready to do what has to be done—and on the spur of the moment. We've had an example of that very thing here this afternoon. This child Shannon—my God, Byrn, your own cousin Donalda would have thought too much of her silk underwear to do what Shannon did!"

Byrn's voice sounded tired as he spoke:

"I'm not saying you're wrong, Ella. You're probably right. There's certainly a good work to be done, and I'll be glad to see you do it. But I've—"

"We'll do it together, my dear," Ella said confidently. "Just as soon as the elections are over—"

"We've got to clear that hurdle first," Byrn reminded her.

"I'm not worried about that," Ella replied brightly. "I'd lay my last dollar on your being elected. Merriweather hasn't a chance. Father says—"

What it was that Senator Marston had said Shannon at the moment did not discover, for Mrs. Pryor and Jay Braddock came into the living room.

"We're under a great obligation to you, Shannon," Jay Braddock said. "I wish there were some way we could really thank you. Lucy is lying down—she was shocked, naturally; but if she were here—"

"I wish you wouldn't think any more about it," Shannon interrupted quietly. "I'm glad I happened to be there when it happened, that's all."

Donalda Sherwood strolled indolently into the room.

"Well—and how is our young heroine feeling now?" she drawled.

"Are you trying to make light of what Shannon has done?" Mrs. Pryor demanded.

"Why—auntie dear! How could you think that of me? I'm simply amazed to see her looking so well after what happened."

Shannon felt a dismaying urge to laugh out loud.

Donalda's watchful jealousy was too fantastic!

After dinner, while the others were in the living room listening to Donalda at the piano—her Chopin was surprisingly good—Shannon slipped out upon the porch.

"Shannon!" Byrn spoke just behind her. She did not turn. "If you are going to stay out here, you'd better put something over your shoulders. You could easily catch a chill after—"

"I'm quite all right," she said; but he stepped back into the house and returned at once with a scarf which he threw over her shoulders. She thanked him as he stood for a moment, stiff and tall, looking down at her with bleak eyes.

"You're a good kid, Shannon," he said abruptly, and patted her shoulder in a way that made her wince and turn away.

But she knew he hesitated for a moment before he left her and went back into the house.

IN the long rectangles of light flung out from the French windows of the living room, a figure was moving slowly up the driveway—slowly, uncertainly. The figure was bulky, powerfully built. Shannon stood erect, her eyes dilating. It was Jet Carmichael.

"You shouldn't have come, Jet," she whispered nervously, her hand on his arm.

"I couldn't help it," he muttered.

"Is there some — some bad news?"

"Not that," said Jet promptly.

They stole away from the house and walked far up the beach. "I just couldn't think of leavin' you down here alone," Jet said, "so I came down to Carthia last night. Today I fell into a piece of luck. I went to the employment agency in town and showed them the letters I had from the man I worked for out in California. They asked me about tree surgery and such, and sent me out to see this big shot right next you here."

"You mean—Kemp?" Shannon was astonished.

"Sure! And, by golly, he took me on. I've got work to do, and a room over the garage and three squares a day. It ain't much, but it's a livin'—and that's something, these days!"

"I can hardly believe it!" Shannon said. "But we mustn't let them know about it, Jet. If Kemp or the Pryors found out—"

"Leave that to me. They don't have to know anything. We can meet, can't we—as if it was all accidental?"

"We've got to meet. I've been sick with suspense. Isn't there any news yet?"

"Nothin' from Ned."

"But what about the shooting?"

"I guess it didn't amount to much. The bullet nicked the shoulder of one of the local boys, but they got it hushed up. If we'd stayed, they'd have put it on us—you know the way it goes in these towns. We'll keep an eye on the papers. I put in another

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message yesterday. We'll get word from Ned sooner or later. Just sit tight for a while, kid."

Shannon glanced down the beach and said: "You'd better go now, Jet. I'm glad you came and I wish we didn't have to be so careful, but—I'm just nervous, I guess. I'll slip over to the fence once in a while and look for you. If you're working around, I'll whistle, eh?"

"I'll be lookin' for you," he told her, and gave her his hand. . . .

Byrn Pryor had not tried to deceive himself as to the real reason why he had accepted Judge Hauser's invitation to dinner at his house in St. Paul. The dinner was in honor of the governor and was a significant conclave of important politicians. But he had met the governor and his earnest supporters before.

The truth was, he would have seized upon any excuse to get away from Dawn Haven for a few days.

Something had been happening to him—a disturbing something which he had stubbornly refused to admit until he had held Shannon March in his arms that afternoon in the launch. Since then he had not known a moment's peace under his mother's roof. His very awareness of Shannon's sleeping in the same house, that night, only a few steps from his own room, had sent through him vibrations of such candid vigor as he had never experienced before in his life.

Every fiber of his being cried out for the earthly realness of her, the spontaneous warmth that Diana, he knew now, had never possessed. Simply ridiculous, he argued with himself, for a man of his experience to be on the way again to making a spectacle of himself with a woman of whose background he knew nothing! One false step now might mean the complete ruin of his career.

Judge Hauser asked him to linger a while after the others left. "Well, my boy, it looks as if we've got you headed for office," he remarked. "They're all behind you." The old man set his glass aside and leaned forward in his chair. "But there are things—this affair of your wife running off a couple of years ago, for example—"

Byrn felt the dull heat in his cheeks. "I've thought of that. I don't see how they can use that against me."

"I'm not saying they will—or even that they can. On the other hand, you ought to get yourself safely married. It would be a guaranty against your repeating the mistake you made when you hooked up with Diana Forrest. Once you step out into public life, your business becomes everybody's business. How old are you?"

"Almost thirty."

"That's what I thought." The old man's voice grew tactfully smooth. "How old is Ella Marston?"

"A shade over thirty—not enough to matter. She's a fine girl, judge, if that's what you're getting at."

"Ella's a damn fine girl! I don't want to preach to you, Byrn, and I'm not going to. But, damn it, I never had a better friend than your father, and I wouldn't talk to you like this if I didn't feel you were like my own son. I want you to do as much for this state as your father did. And I want to do all I can to make that possible. Do we understand each other?"

Byrn was deeply moved. "Certainly, sir—and thank you," he said. "I'll try to live up to your expectations."

"Well—I'll say no more along that line. Will you have another drink?"

IN Mrs. Pryor's laboratory at Dawn Haven, Shannon was cataloguing the perfect specimens that had been photographed, in color, during the past three days. The old lady was busy behind the locked door of her little darkroom, developing photographs. It was already late afternoon, and Byrn had telephoned that he was bringing Judge Hauser and the Marstons to dinner; but Mrs. Pryor had refused to interrupt her task even for a senator and a judge.

When a knock came to the door, Shannon left her desk. Edgar Kemp stood smiling down at her from the doorway, a small box in his hands.

"Something for the little lady—"

"Mrs. Pryor is busy at the moment," Shannon told him. "If you'll leave it with me, I'll see that she—"

"But it may be for you," he interrupted. "It comes from my estimable gardener."

Mrs. Pryor came out of the darkroom. "Oh—how do you do?" she greeted the visitor crisply. "What is it?"

Kemp stepped forward. "I'm being intentionally mysterious," he smiled. "The box contains nothing but a small flower, and a very homely one at that; but my gardener insists it's worth its weight in gold. He's a remarkable fellow in his way. He actually *sent* me over, urged me—*ordered* me to deliver it safely into your hands at once."

The box was opened and the plant laid out on the table.

"Why—it's the pitcher plant—the huntsman's-cup!" Mrs. Pryor exclaimed.

Mrs. Pryor set the plant carefully in a saucer of water. "Thank you for bringing it over," she said, "and please thank Mr. Carmichael for me. I asked him to be on the lookout for a good specimen. They're hard to find."

"Then you'll probably agree with me when I say the fellow is no ordinary gardener, Mrs. Pryor," Kemp said. "He knows his place, of course, but he loves to talk. The fellow has been everywhere—actually! He told me of places he had been—"

BUT Mrs. Pryor was not interested. She turned abruptly to Shannon.

"Now, my dear, you've done enough for today. You're going out tonight with Andy Wiggam, you said."

"He wants me to go and dance at Breezy Point after dinner," Shannon replied.

"Well, go along and rest."

She took her swim quickly and hurried back to her room to dress. Her white chiffon gown, though still foamy and gay, was beginning to look a little tired about the hips, she thought while she hooked its low back. It would be weeks before her conscience would permit her to buy anything new.

There was still an hour before dinner—time enough to slip over by way of the wood path to the zigzag fence that marked the eastern boundary of the Pryor land. Jet might be somewhere about.

In the deep fragrance of the woods, where the descending light lay now like powdered gold on the leaves, the sense of peace that had been lost to her for days stole back.

She leaned her elbows on the rotting gray fence and gave a low whistle. It was some minutes before Jet came toward her eagerly.

"Shannon!" His eyes glowed as he seized her hands. "Gosh, you look swell! Just like one of 'em, by Jove!"

"Oh, go on!" She blushed and laughed. "I made this dress myself, last summer, for seven dollars! But we're having company tonight, and Mrs. Pryor asked me to look my best." She studied his face. "Any news?"

Jet frowned heavily. "Not a word. I can't figure it out, either. I'm goin' to put another message in early next week. Anyhow, we'll know where he is as soon as he hooks up with Ruby and Mercedes. Did you get the flower I sent over this afternoon?"

"That's really why I came over, Jet," she told him. "You must be awfully careful about what you say to Edgar Kemp. He's already suspecting that you're not—not *only* a gardener."

"Sure—you're right. But you've got nothing to be ashamed of, kid, and I'd like to have a chance to tell 'em that some day."

"I'll tell them myself, when the time comes, Jet." She reached out and caught his hand. "I've got to hurry back now."

"It's been great to see you, even for a minute!" he said, then stooped gravely and kissed her hand. Without looking up at her, he turned and walked slowly away through the trees.

Shannon, moved almost to tears by the gallant resigned gesture, swung about to retrace her steps along the path. And there in the shadows, leaning idly against a tree, a cigarette in her fingers, stood Donalda Sherwood.

What an opportunity for the jealous niece of Mrs. Pryor! How will she make the most of it in her efforts to hurt Shannon? Can she ruin her in the eyes of her new friends and Byrn? The next issue of Liberty will give you a lively twist in the growing web.

Crash of the XYZ

Liberty's Short Short

by JAMES WOOLLEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ME? I'm just a grease-monkey out at Deevers' Aircraft; and you should have seen that hangar gang go bug-eye when H. T. Sparks, passing through our plant, stops and shakes hands with me. They just couldn't believe I knew him when.

Sparks was goofy on radio—a fair operator, but nuts. Every one connected with North-South Airways knew this. Every one, that is, except Pilot Joe Biggs.

" Give him a chance," Joe argues. " If Sparky can build a box to improve reception from the weak transmitters we carry on the planes, let's have it."

" No! You're both screwy."

I remember Lewis, divisional superintendent of operations, with headquarters at Central City Airport, saying that. I guess Lewis was all swelled up jumping from engine overhauls to a boss job.

But somehow the Big Boss gets interested and lets Sparks use a little room next Lewis's office for his experiments.

Well, when Sparks comes off watch that morning he knows there's a storm brewing in the mountains up the line. It's his first chance to give his circuit a really severe test; so after breakfast he goes up to that room. At nine o'clock the northbound plane, due off at eight thirty, is still on the ground, and Sparks hears a sweet row break out in the super's office.

" Listen," Pilot Burton's telling Lewis. " I logged a wing flutter on that crate last time in. She hasn't been touched."

" All right," Lewis snaps. " You know orders are to get the mail through. You know General Blank is a passenger with plenty drag. You know this is the only plane available. Take her out or you're through."

" O. K. by me," Burton laughs. " I'd rather pound pavement than push up daisies."

With that Burton slams out, and Sparks hears Lewis phoning Joe Biggs.

When Joe drives his car into the hangar, Sparks is there to meet him. He tells Joe what he's heard, but Joe's determined to go—bum ship, bad weather, and all—so then Sparky asks Joe to be sure and give him a test.

Ten minutes later the big ship's in the air, and twenty minutes after that Sparks hears Joe come in on his first schedule, reporting everything hunky and giving his position.

Next Sparky hears the operator at Wilmar, Joe's first stop, calling plane XYZ, and Joe reporting.

" I can't quite hear you," Sparks hears Wilmar say.

Well, finally, by taking it slow and with much repeating, they exchange reports—Joe saying the storm's closing in fast and he may have to turn back; and Wilmar advising it's all clear there, if he can get through.

Sparks's set brings every word in clear. And just then Joe's voice comes to him again, but not so loud as before.

" Hello, Sparky," Joe says. " I hope you get this. Burton was right. There's one hell of a flutter in the left wing tip. I'd sit down here, only there's nothing but mountains under us and it's snowing, so I can't see a thing. You should have heard General Blank holler when I told him we might have to turn back. Might as well go ahead—"

Joe's broadcast is interrupted by Wilmar cutting in. Joe was able to hear the powerful ground station, but the Wilmar receiver couldn't pick up his weak transmission, so Joe starts talking to his friend:

" If we don't make it, Sparky, you tell 'em it's 'cause the old bus just rattled to pieces. It wouldn't be a cinch in a right ship. Storm's closed in all around us. Can't climb above it. We've slipped off twice trying."

Joe's voice comes through in the same matter-of-fact monotone, which shows his nerve's holding. But immediately Sparks hears that sickening roar the props make when a ship spins, followed by a tremendous rending.

" Left wing snapped, Sparky. Good-by! "

For a second longer Sparks hears a swishing. Then silence.

Sparks races into the super's office.

" They're all killed! " he yells.

" Hell! " Lewis jumps out of his chair. " What're you raving about? "

" Joe Biggs—crashed in the mountains."

Lewis calls the radio shack. " Anything on Biggs? "

" Wilmar reported him O. K. on last schedule."

" Yeah! " Sparky screams. " I heard all that. I've been listening in since he took off. He tried to get through and couldn't. The wings started fluttering and that damn ship just shook to pieces. Left wing snapped off. They must all be dead, I tell you! I was tuned in on him for test. I heard them spinning—heard the wing go. He talked to me right up to the end."

Lewis picks up a prop blade leaning against his desk and starts into the next room. Sparks grabs the super's arm, trying to stop him. But Lewis kicks him sprawling into the hall.

" Get out of here! " he yells. " You're crazy. You're fired! "

Just then the Big Boss comes up the stairs.

" What's this? " he demands.

Lewis starts to explain, and the Big Boss looks past him into Sparks's room. Then he holds up one hand, listening. They all can hear a faint murmur, like the echo of a whisper, coming from the dangling earphones on Sparks's set.

The Big Boss puts them to his ears and listens.

" Sparky," he hears Joe Biggs's voice, " snow saved us. A jutting rock took the wing off as the ship plowed into a bank of snow. We're somewhere about eight thousand feet, north side of Pine Mountain, I figure."

By noon next day the forest rangers have rescued them.

Afterwards there's a new divisional superintendent at Central City, and General Blank takes Sparks East with him. I sort of follow his rise in the papers—it seems he's always doing something that others say is impossible, screwy. But I don't see him again until he comes out to Deevers' Aircraft the other day.

I'm fitting a fin to a new all-metal job and trying not to let on I know he's around when he spots me and comes over. I guess I get kind of red. But he's smiling friendly-like, and sticks out his hand.

" Hello, Lewis," Sparks says. " Imagine finding you here! "

THE END

THREE HEARTS and

Love Is Swept by the Storm of Battle
Temple Scores, and Some Others Act,

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ THE ROAD TO GLORY

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang, Gregory Ratoff, Victor Kilian, Paul Stanton, John Qualen, Julius Tannen, Theodore von Eltz. Directed by Howard Hawks. Screen play by William Faulkner and Joel Sayre.

CLOSE in title and similar in setting to Humphrey Cobb's biting novel, Paths of Glory, The Road to Glory can stand by itself as a powerful, completely engrossing war film. It just misses the simple greatness of All Quiet on the Western Front and Journey's End; but not since those two stirring masterpieces has there been anything to match this moving military document.

An original screen play by William Faulkner and Joel Sayre, The Road to Glory has more than it needs in the way of emotional display. In fact, it is the film's penchant for pouring on one big scene after another that keeps it from becoming as realistic as it is exciting.

The Road to Glory stands in the highly individual position of having too much suspense. Laid entirely in the war zone, it has the natural suspense of the horrors of battle, the everyday struggle with death. Then, on top of that, it treats of the eternal triangle, with two officers in love with the same girl. And, finally, there is the tear-drenched tale of a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War whose senile cowardice motivates the climax.

Despite all our petty bickering, this is a film that no one should miss. Beautifully photographed and superbly directed by Howard Hawks, this taut melodrama is savage and unrestrained and sweeps with undeniable vigor. Both Fredric March and Warner Baxter are excellent as the harassed officers. And June Lang, as the girl they love, plays with quiet sincerity.

The supporting cast is uniformly effective, with the dialectic Gregory Ratoff stealing about every scene he touches.

Because all the rest perform with such honest feeling, Lionel Barrymore's acting is shown up as no more than a bag of theatric tricks. But not even his parading of technique can stifle the strength and the intensity of The Road to Glory.

The eternal triangle in The Road to Glory—Fredric March, June Lang, and Warner Baxter.

VITAL STATISTICS: Joel (Saurian) Sayre and Will (Corncob) Faulkner transfilmed this from the French-made war picture Wooden Crosses. Faulkner was hired by Zanuck to put corncob touch to something already pretty horribly war-tinted. Sayre has been professional European collegiate, schoolmaster, footballer, Republican and liberal newspaperman, reformed thinker, father, lover, author of Rackety Rax, and Canuck soldier in Siberia. . . . June Lang Vlasek's the only dame used in the story. . . . Freddie March washes up with Fox after this; moves into free-lance field at $7,500 per week. Plans return to stage this fall with wife Florence Eldridge. In four Hollywood years he's been in forty films, all biggies, having started stagely as the Prompter in Deburau. March's stand-in, John Westwood, quits with this to marry into insurance biz. . . . Warner Baxter's gone realistic with grim gnashing of handsome teeth. Doesn't get girl for first time in years, so look for sad-looking women who have suddenly gone balmy with melancholy longing for a romantic fellow with curly hair and a toothbrush 'stash beneath his classic nose. . . . Last scene played in picture by Gregory Mickeymouski Ratoff was a death scene, symbolically also spelling end of Ratoff's movie hamming. Greg will put his string whiskers and divining cap in moth balls and meg heretoforward. . . . Julius Tannen Tannenbaum was raised in a Hebrew orphanage; was born a mimic in New York City; has had weather-beaten vodvil and musicomedy career as topical, gossip, news ribber; was called The Chatterbox. . . . All war sets (I've been in those marvelous chalk pits) by Hans Peters. German war officer. . . . Technician Special-Effectist Lou Witte had delicate job of timing war bursts so they would just miss blowing off a Hollywooden soldier leg. Used a blueprint and timetable, operating explosions from a keyboard like a train dispatcher's. Total casualties, extra Curley Dresden, who got a leg blighty which put him out only one day. . . . W. Baxter gave a chile-con-carnage luncheon for entire cast and crew. . . . Entire picture and cast examined and insured by Lloyd's of London at $1,500,000, move being made after illness held up Under Two Flags production many many $1,000s worth. . . . Ted Parsons, Lafayette Escadrillon, war-technicked. . . . Lionel Barrymore broke his kneecap in an accident early in his movie career (1909 on) and it's bothered him ever since. He's hard as nails, hates to comb those shaggy eyebrows. . . . John Qualen's a degreed dietitian; flutes and pianos; is really a Norskie—Kvalen; is the milkiest toast of the character bracket.

★ ★ ★ THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, Jack Haley, Michael Whalen, Sara Haden, Jane Darwell, Claude Gillingwater, Paul Stanton, Henry Armetta, Charles Coleman, Arthur Hoyt, John Wray. Directed by Irving Cummings. From the stories by Eleanor Gates and Ralph Spence.

WHILE The Poor Little Rich Girl is not Shirley Temple's best picture, it clearly shows that the producers have hit upon a formula for fully exploiting the varied talents of America's favorite performer. In this the narrative is condensed to allow ample time for those scenes in which Shirley sings and tap-dances as only she can. Since this makes for speedy storytelling and a plenitude of delightful Temple musical interludes, The Poor Little Rich Girl emerges as one of the most purely enjoyable offerings of the season.

Bearing little resemblance to Mary Pickford's silent film of the same name, the story opens with Shirley as a pampered child, bored with her toys and anxious for a peek at the outside world. She gets this peek when her father, Michael Whalen, sends her to a girls' camp. She gets a great deal more than a peek when her nurse is killed in an auto accident outside the railroad station and Shirley is left to make her way alone.

From there on, The Poor Little Rich Girl is sprightly with incident as it unfolds Shirley's adventures. The film follows her dancing footsteps as, first, she is taken in by a hurdy-gurdy man (Henry Armetta), and then as she joins a destitute vaudeville team.

Told with liveliness and garnished by two tunes that Shirley, a potent song plugger, puts over in her best manner, this is fetching entertainment. The amiable Jack Haley and Alice Faye score as the vaudeville team, while the rest of the cast, led by Henry Armetta, give enthusiastic support in making this another peak in the unbroken line of Temple hits.

VITAL STATISTICS: One-Take Temple knocked this out in twenty-eight days, her sturdy deftness and speed urging actors older than seven to step on it. Shirley's an Hon. Col. on Idaho Gov. Ross's staff; an official mascot of Chilean navy. Her new fad is "squares," of which she is national champ of her class. She's at last been allowed a bike, her Xmas tricycle now discarded as sissy; she modestly learned to ride in an hour, and wears out any one attempting to pedal with her. Has a craze for thank-you notes, writing them for least favor. Typical one: "Dear Mr. Seitz: Thank you for protecting my eyes from those strong lights. Yours, S. T." Has jumbo autograph book in which Gary Cooper calls her Wiggle Britches and Doug Fairbanks wrote: "Dear Shirley: I feel *so* important."

the HORRORS of WAR

in a Moving Martial Film — Miss in a Miscellany of New Pictures

by BEVERLY HILLS

In new blue-and-white portable dressing room with miniature furnishings, she points to pop bottles under washbowl, saying, "See my empties?" . . . Most of Sara Haden's fan mail comes from males but isn't the torrid type, mostly wreaths for her acting. Has lively sense of humor; is married to actor Richard Abbott; won't abide whistling in dressing room. . . . Alice Faye, now out of the Vallee of Love, and Michael Whalen bowled together after studio and got the rumor makers busy. . . . Instead of filling his hereditary Gaelic destiny as a super-hod-carrier, Michael Whalen's no longer Joseph Kenneth Shovlin of Wilkes-Barre, but a movie actor who hates lies and lying, is a vegetarian six days a week and a meat destroyer on the seventh. Infests dime-a-danceterias to check up on human nature. . . . Paul Stanton's favorite male is Chief Justice (Dissenter) Hughes; fears poverty, ill health; was once housebuilder after shortsightedly trying eye handling medically. . . . Jack Haley hates baby food because he had to eat quantities of it as an example to his infant son. . . . Jane Darwell lives with her brother, W. C. Woodward, in Hollywood; once owned a stable of trotters; likes to play the gee-gees; reads only biography.

★ ★ ½ PRIVATE NUMBER

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Loretta Young, Basil Rathbone, Patsy Kelly, Joe Lewis, Marjorie Gateson, Paul Harvey, Jane Darwell, Paul Stanton, John Miljan, Monroe Owsley. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. From the play by Cleves Kinkead.

PRIVATE NUMBER is Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model in modern dress. It's a banal overemotional account of the tribulations of a housemaid in the employ of a wealthy and aristocratic family. Because the lovely Loretta Young is the maid and the excessively handsome Robert Taylor is the heir of the estate, the film is as decorative as it is obvious.

Social inequality is one of the lesser obstacles that the maid and the rich young man must face. After a secret marriage, their domestic bliss is rudely jolted by a lecherous butler who makes passes at the girl and demands part of her salary. Other menaces include a weakling philanderer (Monroe Owsley) who perjures against the maid.

With practically all of Twentieth Century-Fox against her, Miss Young, asking no quarter, fights for her child and husband. Spotted with robust comedy from the irrepressible Patsy Kelly, and given a new high in suave skullduggery by Basil Rathbone, Private Number will be a devastating assault on the box office. Marjorie Gateson and Joe Lewis lead an able supporting cast. But neither assisting players, setting, nor story disguise the fact that this is but a showcase for the romantic wares of Robert Taylor, Hollywood's newest matinee idol, and his enchanting partner, Loretta Young.

Song plugger Shirley Temple in a scene from her latest success, The Poor Little Rich Girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: 'Twasn't a garbo-eyelash length of time ago that Robert Taylor asked for an M-G-M contract release because he was getting nowhere fast. Today he's in, preparing for Gablehood, a cherished and hazardous top spot on a pyramid of love-hungry women, at $1,500 a week. Taylor's of Filley, Nebraska, son of Dr. S. A. Brough, physician. Got a pep talk about his wardrobe and how to build up a new personality from Louis B. Mayer, resulting in coming out of the dumps into sunlight of success. Is pianist, cellist, collie-dog owner, theater fanatic, sun hound, curly-haired, hunch player, black-cat hater, and rather self-centered young man. . . . Home-coming picture for lately ill Loretta (Gretchen) Young. She rides, tennises, handballs, squashes, speedboats. As child she hated school; is keen on reading everything written about herself. . . . Marjorie Gateson has a clergyman brother; keeps a house at Kew Gardens, Long Island, to relax from Hollywood. Collects fine phonograph records, biogs of famous women; models her life after latter. . . . Bazz Rathbone's teddibly, teddibly Oxfordian in real life; is pretty democratic for an Englishman; shuns cricket; likes to sit before an open fireplace and read biographies. All Hollywood seems to be reading biographies. . . . Associate Producer Raymond Griffith was once screen high-hat comedian. Has no voice, so screen acting career is ended. . . . Patsy Kelly's not so bitter funny offscreen. She believes in Irish luck. Thinks being born in Brooklyn her first piece of luck—event, at first unnoticed, eventually unleashing series of breaks that landed her right on her own patio in Hollywood at about $2,000 a week. . . . All Hollywood bigwigs have private numbers and are always changing them and always forgetting them. . . . These dog days find the sets a place of waving palm fans, stars hiring fanners to keep them cool while relaxing between shots.

★ ★ PALM SPRINGS

THE PLAYERS: Frances Langford, Sir Guy Standing, Ernest Cossart, David Niven, Smith Ballew, Spring Byington, E. E. Clive, Sterling Holloway, Grady Sutton. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. Story by Myles Connolly.

IN Palm Springs the husky-voiced little Frances Langford is seen as an undisciplined student who, expelled from school, comes to California's famed desert resort to join her father (Sir Guy Standing). To her dismay, she learns that her indulgent parent is not the rich man he had pretended, but a part-time gambler. To give her father the sort of life to which she imagined he was accustomed, Miss Langford then plans a loveless marriage with a fatuous millionaire.

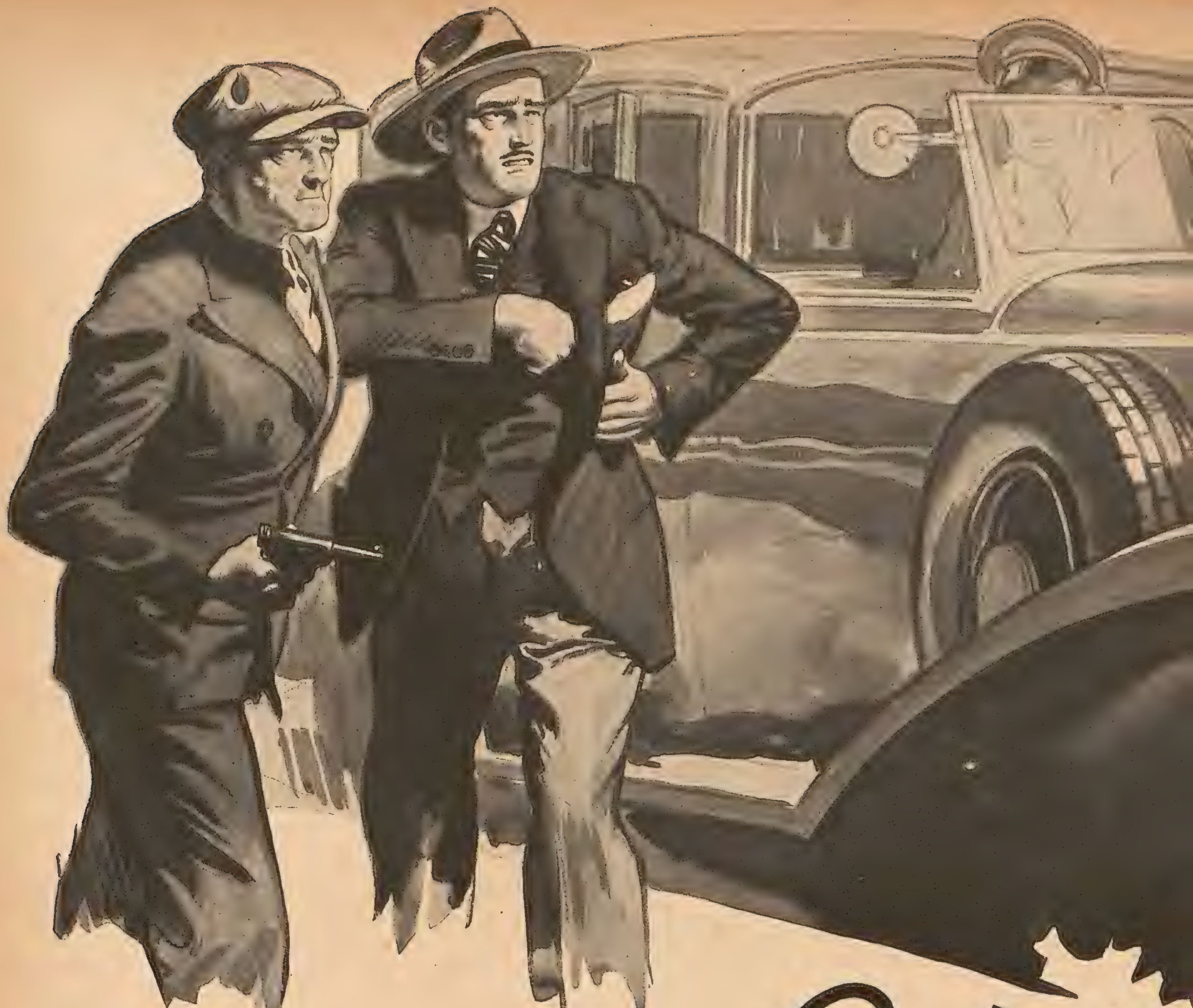
This meager, attenuated plot is never as important as the settings and songs. Miss Langford gives the picture its best moments when she renders I Don't Want to Make History, and Will I Ever Know? Other melodious flavoring comes from Smith Ballew, her song-and-soul mate, who intones a cowboy lament called In the Hills of Old Wyoming. Since these ballads are pleasantly sung before a picturesque background, Palm Springs comes as a harmless time killer that is just restful enough.

VITAL STATISTICS: They call it Itching Palm Springs. It is a bare spot in a bare desert, 110 miles from Hollywood, which goes there to relax in the early spring. In order to relax, there are $75-a-day hotel rooms; gilded gambling hells with $50 minimum bets; innumerable Waldorfian cocktail shops for cockeying oneself; tiled swimming pools for showing off $300 bathing suits; oil millionaires; boob tourists. . . . Spring Byington was born in autumn. . . . Frances Langford makes Palm Springs salad out of dates, cottage cheese, lime juice, oranges, grapefruit, cut up and stuffed like a shirt into halved avocados. . . . Frances Langford, the Florida Moonglow Girl, lost her tonsils, therefore her place in a church choir, and was forced to go into more moneyed singing, at which she's been very successful.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★—Anthony Adverse, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, Under Two Flags, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, The Great Ziegfeld, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities.



Alimony Baby

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

BY the terms of the divorce, Merrilee was to have a last meeting, a chance to say good-by to her baby. Big Anita had seen to that. It would sit better with the judge, she said. Show more maternal instinct. Justify the million that Merrilee was asking in return for giving up all rights in her child.

Not that the Staltonstalls couldn't afford a million—or five million. But still, as Big Anita had chuckled in that hoarse mannish voice of hers, a million smackers is a whole lot of money.

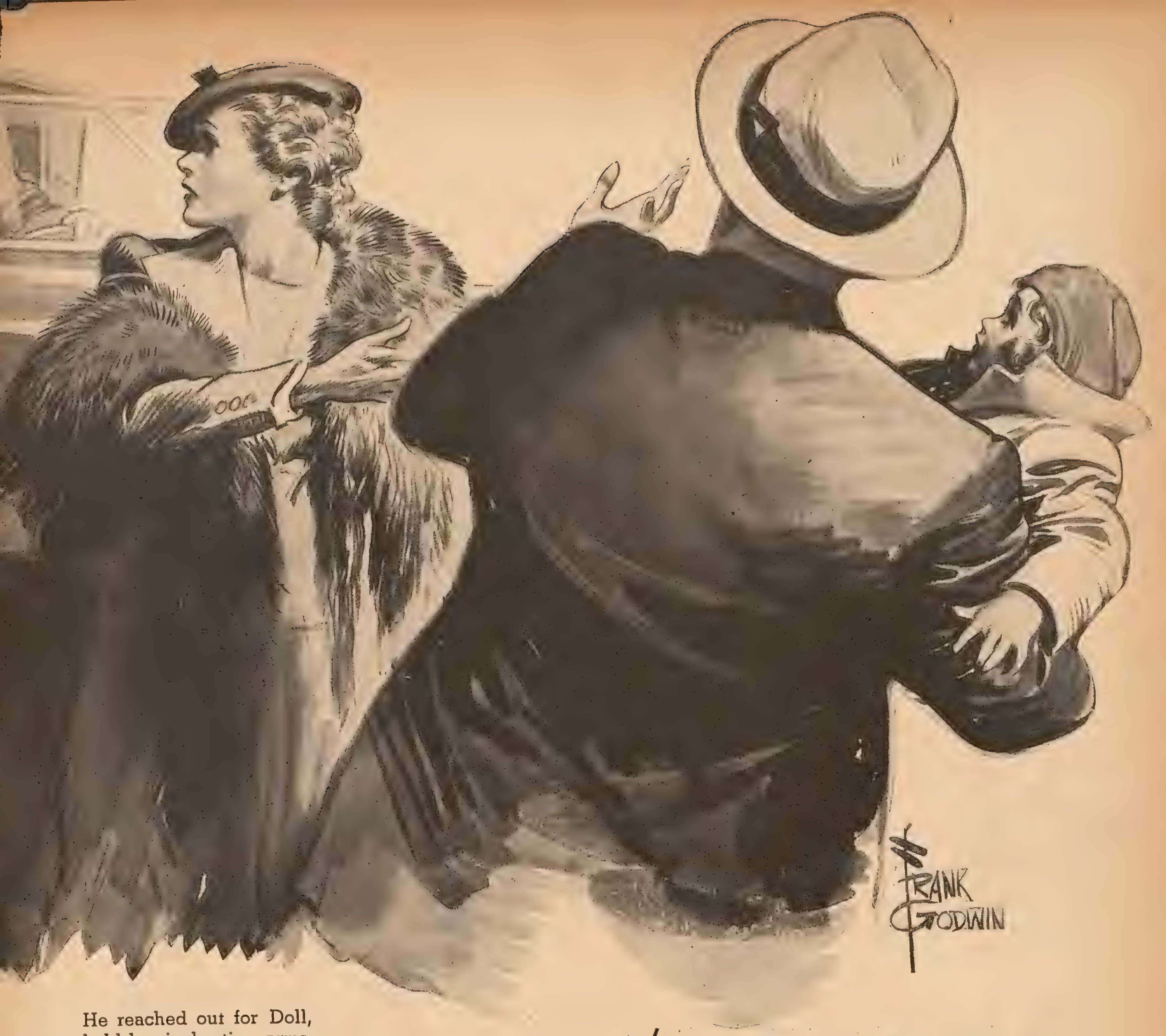
So Merrilee had come for the last time to that graystone mansion between Park and Fifth avenues where she'd once lived as the bride of young Billy Staltonstall. And she'd taken Steve Enders with her. She didn't feel quite right about this—saying good-by to her child in front of the man she was going to marry. But Steve, who had been very edgy the last few days, had insisted.

They were to take a plane at the Newark airport for Canada at four o'clock, and there was no sense running the risk of Merrilee getting sentimental over the kid, staying too long, and missing connections. Steve was sick of New York. He kept saying how he wanted to get out of it and never come back.

As Merrilee had expected, none of the Staltonstalls were at home; but Jepson, the butler, had opened the door, and had formally assured her that he was very glad to see her, and that she was looking very well indeed. Then he had turned her over to Miss Hatch, the nurse, who had led the way to the playroom.

This looked different from when Merrilee had been there last. The floor was cork now. Miss Hatch explained that was so if the child fell she wouldn't hurt herself. And there were no rugs, on account of germs.

Even the walls were not papered, but smooth-glazed and painted with pictures especially designed for Doll. Old Mrs. Staltonstall had certainly thought of everything. Or the people she paid had thought of it for her.



He reached out for Doll, held her in hurting arms, then noticed two men coming. "Ai-ai-ai-ai!" It was a scream of terror.

by AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

A Searching and Memorable Story of Love's Unpredictable Ways . . . of a Girl to Whom Nothing that Happened Ever Seemed to Be Real—Until the Day When One Amazing Adventure Came Along

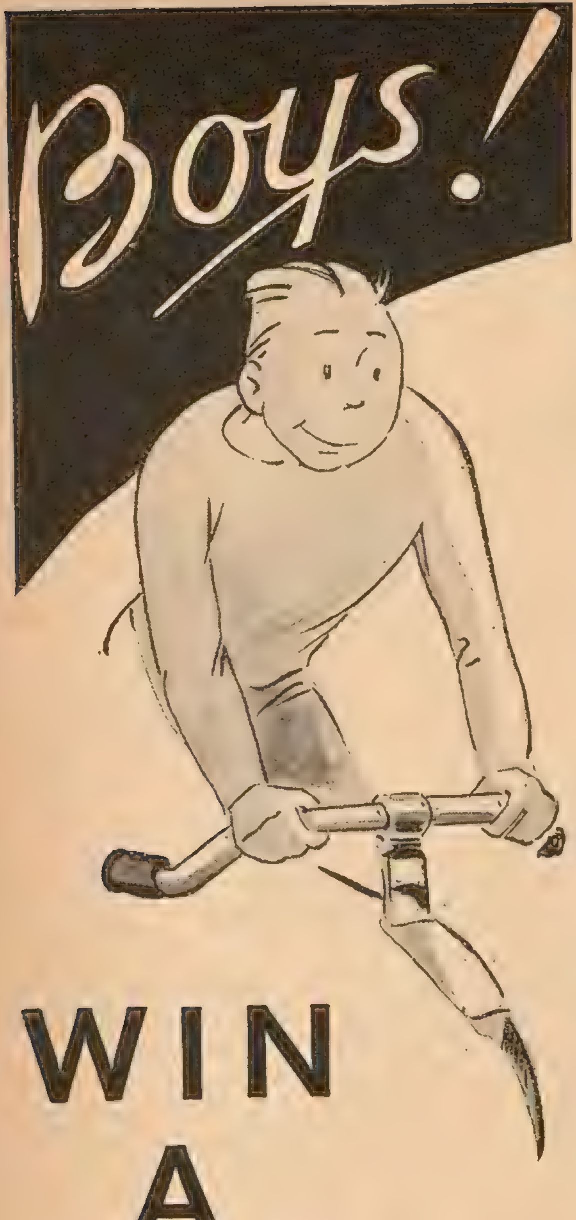
Bertha Ann was sleeping, Miss Hatch said, but she'd wake and dress her immediately.

Bertha Ann! How Merrilee had always hated that name. Why fasten two names on one child, anyway? Just so neither side of Billy's family would have their feelings hurt. To Merrilee, Doll was Doll, and always had been ever since the nurse had put the little bundle, too young to squirm yet, down on the hospital bed beside her.

It took Miss Hatch what seemed a very long time to get Doll ready; and Steve, who hated the waiting, shuffled around on his pointed patent-leather shoes. Merrilee just stared out on the quiet crosstown street where nothing seemed ever to happen. She tried to think what Doll would be like—what she'd say to the child when the nurse finally brought her in.

After all, she'd seen so little of her baby. Why, the whole of the past year she'd been in California, getting that good solid divorce the Staltonstalls had insisted on;

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN



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and before that there'd been the trip to the Argentine with Billy and his polo team; and before that India, and hunting, and a world tour. Would she even know Doll when she saw her?

But of course she knew Doll. That crisp gold hair, so exactly like her own; that half-frightened smile that hadn't lost all its babyishness yet; and those amethyst eyes that were like Merrilee's—or almost like. Merrilee wondered if, when she was four, her eyes had had depths like that.

Doll was dressed in a faint pink voile with faint blue smocking at the shoulders, and Merrilee sensed that Miss Hatch had warned her to be very, very polite. Almost on tiptoe the little girl came into the room, dropped a curtsy to her mother and Steve, then looked at Miss Hatch as though asking what to do now.

"*Embrassez votre mère, ma chérie,*" prompted the nurse.

Merrilee held out her arms; but Doll did not run into them—just offered her cheek. It was evident that some one had warned her kissing on the mouth was not healthful.

"She's making wonderful progress with her French," began Miss Hatch, when the kiss was over. "I talk it to her all the time. She understands almost everything, though of course she can't speak much herself. And what do you think? She's learning to ride. Tell your mother about your riding, dear."

Doll, it seemed, rode a big horse in a big round room; but it was a funny room, because it only had dirt for a floor; and she never, never fell off.

"They keep a horse especially trained for her at the academy," explained Miss Hatch. "She'll be able to go out in the park in the spring. And she's learning to skate, too. *Racontez à votre mère de votre patinage, chérie.*"

And that was the way it went. If Merrilee had wondered what she was going to say to Doll, she might have saved herself the worry, she thought. It was Doll who, coached from time to time by Miss Hatch, did most of the talking.

SUDDENLY Steve took out his watch and compared it with an electric clock, with the face of Humpty Dumpty, which showed time on the wall of the playroom.

"It's ten after three," he said. "If we're going to swing around by the Washington Bridge on our way to the airport, we ought to get going."

"Of course, dear," said Merrilee over her shoulder. "We'll go now."

That was just about the first thing Big Anita had taught her. Never argue with a man. At least, never argue unless there was something definite and important to be gained by it. And even then there were usually better ways—much better.

Nevertheless, she bent for a last look at her child. Even if Steve were in a hurry, he oughtn't to mind that.

So Doll was going to be just a memory. Funny how nothing that happened to Merrilee ever seemed to last or be real. Once, when she and Steve had been kids and Big Anita in money, they'd gone to a thing called a "cyclorama." You sat in chairs, as if you were sitting in a railroad train looking out of the window, and you saw the most wonderful sights and scenes. But Steve, who was older, had told her the things you saw weren't real—just painted pictures going by on wheels.

Life going by on wheels. Painted pictures. Not real! Certainly not those first years at Big Anita's. A back room in a back flat on Forty-sixth Street. She and Steve never having enough to eat, and Big Anita beating them when she was drunk or when their parents were late sending in money for their support. Steve's parents had been worse about sending money than Merrilee's, so he'd taken most of the beatings; but she'd had plenty.

NO, all that couldn't have been real! No more real than her unexpected triumph in that unexpected bit in an Earl Carroll Vanities. And her meeting and marrying young Billy Staltonstall. How Big Anita had guarded and bullied to put that over! Billy, with all the Staltonstall millions behind him. Why, on the honeymoon, Merrilee had been presented to the Queen of England. Presented, dressed in a gown of white satin, with white plumes in her hair, and making a bow with all the grace she'd learned from her dancing. And Billy had said the Queen had smiled on her as she'd smiled on none of the other Americans. All that couldn't have been real!

"A telephone call." It was Jepson, the butler, at the door. "A telephone call for Mr. Enders."

Steve's face tightened. "Are you sure it's for me?" he asked.

"Certain, sir."

"How did anybody know I was here? You didn't tell anybody, did you, Merrilee?"

"Of course not."

"Did they say who's calling?" Steve asked the butler.

"They told me, if you asked, to say it was Rosen."

Steve frowned and shuffled on his pointed patent-leather shoes. For a moment Merrilee thought he wasn't going to answer the call. Then, with a quick movement, he followed Jepson out to the hall.

Just a moment before, Merrilee had thought how much she wanted a longer good-by with Doll. A chance to talk—to hug and to kiss. But now she was actually left with the child a few minutes longer, she didn't quite know what to do. It was like saying good-by to some one at a railroad station and then having the train late in starting.

And she couldn't say the things she wanted to say, ask the questions she wanted to ask—not with Miss Hatch standing around and watching. Was Doll happy? What did she really think of all those lessons? French and riding and skating and God knew what else.

Merrilee knew all about lessons. One day, when she was eleven years old, a friend of Big Anita's had dropped in at the flat. And this friend had paid more attention to Merrilee than Big Anita's friends usually paid her. She'd taken her by the shoulders and turned her round and round slowly, looking at her all over.

"Say, Nita," she'd drawled, "you better watch out or this kid'll turn out a beauty."

After that there'd been lessons. Expression; dancing—ballet and tap. Plenty of lessons. Mostly unpaid for. Merrilee's parents had stopped sending money, or even writing, about the time the lessons started; so the only teachers Big Anita could get were broken-down "artistes," acquaintances from the days when she herself had been on the stage. And they were certainly hard and demanding. Practice, practice, practice. No fun out of the work, ever. Lessons were horrid things. Or at least too many were.

"Mrs. Staltonstall—" It was Jepson again. Merrilee had never gotten over a little surprised feeling when anybody called her by that name. "Mrs. Staltonstall, Mr. Enders says there's trouble with the connection. It may be a little while before he gets through with his call. He says will you please go wait in the car for him."

"Tell him I'll go right down," said Merrilee.

So the time had come really to say good-by to Doll! But had it? Wasn't there some way to keep things going a little longer? Merrilee turned to the nurse. "Can't she come out and talk with me in the car while I'm waiting?" she asked.

"It's cold. She'd have to put on a hat and coat."

"Well—" said Merrilee. And for a moment her gaze met the nurse's.

AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

sold Liberty the first short story she wrote. Since then many of her best stories have been published in this magazine. For years she has written stage and screen plays, but she says she has always looked upon fiction writing as her favorite indoor sport.

IT was the nurse who dropped her eyes. She turned away and went to a closet where the child's hats and coats were kept. Merrilee could hardly help smiling. If only she'd known before that you just had to look cross at a nurse and you'd get what you wanted done—the same as with a taxi driver or waiter.

Doll's small coats were hanging in a row, with the hats that matched on stands above them. There was the pink coat, the blue one, the white, the navy blue with brass buttons, and the woolly beige polo coat. The nurse was taking down the blue one.

Merrilee, giving Miss Hatch her look, said, "The pink one, please. She'll be adorable in pink."

And Doll was adorable. And they went through the upper hall, where the rich nap of the rug came right up to the top of Doll's tiny pumps, and at the head of the broad stairs Merrilee saw to it that it was her hand, not Miss Hatch's, Doll took.

Down the steps, one at a time, keeping pace with Doll's childish gait; through the lower hall, past Jepson, then out of the great front door to where Steve's car was waiting.

Steve's car was long and black and rich-looking. Just imagine little Stevie Enders having a car like that! They'd both come a long way, hadn't they? But Steve had always boasted he would. Nothing was going to stop him—nothing! And nothing had. He was in the money, all right. Whose business was it how he'd got there?

MERRILEE remembered how mad Mrs. Staltonstall had been at a magazine article which said the Staltonstall money had all started with some scandal about railroads. Merrilee had got hold of the article and read it herself. She was willing to bet that none of the things Steve had done were much worse than the stuff that had been pulled by the first Staltonstall.

As Merrilee came up to the car, Butch Kapuris, who drove for Steve, leaned out of the chauffeur's seat and opened the rear door for her. Merrilee was glad Jepson had gone into the house, so he wouldn't see how Butch did not spring out and stand by the door like a regular chauffeur.

Not that Butch wasn't a good scout, of course. Merrilee knew how he'd followed Steve from those early days when Steve didn't have any car at all, only a newsboy's little steel wagon, and he and Butch had fought all the other newsboys for the best routes and for a percentage on those they couldn't cover themselves. Butch had lost an ear in Steve's service. Actually, the lobe of his left ear was missing.

"Where's Steve?" he asked Merrilee. "If I've got to make that swing around by the Washington Bridge, we ought to get going."

"Steve's phoning," Merrilee told him. "I think it's Rosen."

"O. K.," said Butch. "That's a cute kid you've got."

He settled back behind the wheel. But as Merrilee started to get into the car, Miss Hatch came up and put a hand on her arm.

"You won't—" she asked, looking at Doll. "You promise you won't—"

Merrilee didn't even bother to listen to what Miss Hatch was saying. She swept Doll into the limousine with her and slammed the door.

Huddling close, she looked down at the child beside her. Doll was so small against the dark broadcloth cushions. Merrilee noticed that she held in her hand a toy she'd taken out of the house with her. It was a crazy toy, a puzzle called Pigs in Clover. There were three small leaded weights painted to look like pigs, and you had to shake and jiggle the box that held them until you got every one of them into the green-fenced square in the

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middle that was supposed to be the clover field. The only trouble was that there were three open gates to the field, and if you got one pig in, it was apt to roll out while you were jiggling the box to make the other pigs roll in. Hard to do. At least, hard for a child as young as Doll.

Merrilee took the box from her. Two or three deft jerks and the pigs magically went into their pens. Doll laughed with pleasure, turning her small round face up to Merrilee's. Merrilee did the trick for her again; and again.

Butch's heavy face peered in through the front window.

"What d'ya think's keeping Steve?" he growled. "I never knew him to hang on to a phone this long. Think there could be anything wrong?"

"What could be wrong?" Merrilee asked impatiently.

"I dunno. He's been hard on the boys these last few days—terrible hard."

But Merrilee didn't pay any attention. She didn't want to have to talk to Butch when she was having fun with her child. She wanted to see if she could teach Doll to do the puzzle all by herself. That *would* be something.

As she settled back in the car, she saw, through the window, Miss Hatch's anxious face. Suddenly it came to her what the nurse was worried about. She was afraid Merrilee was going to steal Doll. Steal Doll! How silly! Why, Doll was—Doll was a million dollars.

How had Big Anita put it before Doll was born or thought of even? "The judges are getting tougher and tougher these days, when it comes to alimony. They don't seem to know what a girl is up against. But a kid—it's having a kid gives a girl a hold on a guy. That makes it seem like she's really done something for him. Suffered. I'm not saying you and Billy will split, but if you do, and you've got a kid to show for your marriage, you can walk out of the courtroom with plenty."

So Merrilee had had Doll. Borne her in a New York hospital, in a private suite on the highest floor, with the three best obstetricians in the country holding consultation over her. And there'd been roomfuls of flowers, and young Billy looking scared, and old Mrs. Staltonstall giving orders to about a dozen nurses. And Merrilee, who hadn't been so strong, had gotten the idea that there'd always be nurses to do things for Doll, and that if she did anything herself it would probably be the wrong thing.

But would it? At least she could show Doll how to work puzzles. And that was more than Miss Hatch had done.

Miss Hatch—how she hated that dumb frozen-face! Wouldn't it be swell, putting something over on her?

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Suddenly a delicious tingling feeling ran through Merrilee. She hadn't felt that way since one time when she was fourteen and she'd run away with Steve. He'd been kicked out of the flat a couple of years back, and it was just luck bumping into him on her way from one of her lessons.

Steve was seventeen by this time, and he'd talked her into ducking Big Anita, who was waiting at the drugstore on the corner. They'd taken the subway up to where it wasn't a subway any more but an elevated. And they'd crossed the river on a ferry to an amusement park, where they went on all the rides there were to go on and ate all they wanted to eat. And, on the way back, Steve took her out on the back platform of the subway train and kissed her and kissed her. And had Big Anita been wild! How she'd screamed that the way Merrilee was going to turn out, she wasn't going to be for Steve or anybody like Steve!

That was the last time Merrilee had seen Steve alone before he'd come out to California while she was getting her divorce. But she'd never forgotten what fun it was stealing away with him that time.

Stealing! She put her arm around Doll and hugged her tight, the way she'd always wanted to, and poured kisses on her. Through the window she could see Miss Hatch looking on, scandalized. The old meanie! Grinding Doll with lessons, orders, all day long. Pretty soon she'd take all the spunk out of her. Having to do what you didn't want to do, year after year, did something to you inside.

What was it young Billy Staltonstall had said to her about a year or so after their marriage? "For heaven's sake, be alive, won't you! I get so damned sick of that smile of yours and your always saying yes to everything!"

Well, Merrilee couldn't tell young Billy about all those years with Big Anita. And if she had, what good could it have done? It was pretty soon after he'd bawled her out that Billy started drinking and going on whatever week-end parties Diane Alastaire went on.

The tingly feeling kept on. Merrilee hardly knew herself, her thoughts raced so fast. Weren't they going by plane straight through to Canada? There'd never be a chance like this again. What if the Staltonstalls did raise hell? They could have back their money. How would the lawyers catch up to them, once they were safe out of the United States? And she'd have lawyers, too. Hadn't Steve once boasted he knew a lawyer who could get anybody out of anything? And when she told Steve how much it meant, keeping her baby—

Looking over the child's head, she saw Steve coming out of the house. He was paler than ever, and worried. She guessed the telephone call had taken up a lot more time than he'd wanted it to. She'd have to hurry when she told him about Doll.

Steve started to get into the car, but stopped short when he saw Doll. Merrilee's heart sank as she saw his eyes did not warm to the glory gold of that young beauty.

"Get that kid out of here," he ordered.

"But, Steve," Merrilee pleaded, "can't we take her with us? It wouldn't be a bit of trouble. And oh, Steve, I'll never ask anything of you again. Oh, please, Steve! Let's take her—let's take her!"

"What a time to bring up a thing like that!" grated Steve. "Listen, you little fool. That call from Rosen was a fake—a stall for time—and you keep us hung up here talking about a kid."

He reached out for Doll, took her, held her high in hurting arms. Then, as he was about to hand her over to Miss Hatch, he noticed what, in the excitement about the child, none of them had noticed before. Behind Steve's car a gray limousine had sidled to the curb, and from this limousine two men were coming—two men with sharp bulges under their coats.

"*Ai-ai-ai-ai!*" It was Steve. A scream of pure terror, the first Merrilee had ever heard from a man.

His whole body—the arms that held Doll—trembled.

Perhaps that was why it was so easy for Merrilee to get out and snatch Doll from them.

It was good to hold Doll again. That was all Merrilee thought. To hold her, shelter her, through all the blazing, blinding moments that came after! . . .

Of course they had all the best doctors for Merrilee. And her hospital suite was full of flowers. More full even than when she'd borne Doll. And as the doctors said it couldn't make any difference anyway, she was allowed to keep Doll in her room all day long.

Also, she was permitted to see such friends as she wanted to see. The only two she asked for were Nadya Vanderbilt and Pearl d'Estain. Despite the grandeur of their names, these were show girls. They'd shared a dressing room with Merrilee during those days at the Vanities, and she'd liked the way that, no matter how tough the going, they'd always found something to laugh at.

But when they went out of the hospital suite and down the corridor they were not laughing. Yet they didn't look sad, either. It was hard to be sad after talking to Merrilee. . . .

"Can you beat it?" It was Nadya speaking to Pearl. "She was such a pretty little thing. But always before there was something about her didn't quite click—something that—"

"I get you," said Pearl to Nadya. "I saw it too. In spite of what the papers say about her dying and all that, it's just like she was alive for the first time in her life."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

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An informative analysis of food values with concrete recommendations for diet. The scientific approach to the subject is less interesting but more accurate than the usual food-fad book.

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An anti-New Deal book that has the advantage of liveliness and interest.

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A popular nontechnical answer to the question whether or not the acquisition and political control of colonial areas relieves population pressure, promotes trade and the economic welfare of colonizing nations. The presentation is supported by experience statistics of the leading colony-holding powers. Provides food for serious thought for all interested in World Peace.

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A musician's summer romance with the fisherman's daughter is soon over; but long years come after.

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Maybelline MASCARA

A CONGRESSMAN

Washington Matron Who Sublet Her Apartment to Congressman Zioncheck Tells Her Own Story

WRITTEN FROM HER BED OF PAIN BY

Mrs. BENJAMIN J. YOUNG

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I QUOTE a favorite ballyhoo of this man Zioncheck: "The problems of the United States today are fundamentally *moral* and humanitarian. Until we learn to live according to the Golden Rule, there is little use fooling around with the economics of the case."

I reply, Oh, yeah?

One evening last December a voice came over my telephone in Washington, inquiring if I would consider subletting my apartment in Harvard Hall to a bachelor Congressman. I said it was practically promised to a judge and his wife whom I knew and trusted. "Please let me come out," said the voice, "and look me over."

I pleaded an engagement. I was dressing when my bell rang. A short, somewhat flashy young man shoved by me and came in. "Well," he sighed, "that's a relief. I am Congressman Zioncheck and here are my credentials."

The telephone rang. It was the judge: they would like the apartment until July. I wanted to rent to October. This amazing young man kept saying, "Tell him it's taken—I'll pay you in advance until October—I'll pay you more," and went on raising the bid. When he finally left, he had given me a check for the entire period. In the morning his secretary came to plead his cause. A fellow congressman who lived in the same apartment building also urged that I rent to him. I still maintain it *should* be sufficient recommendation for any man to be chosen by his fellow citizens to represent them in Congress!

The secretary came back bringing trunks, innumerable bags, six or seven hatboxes, and his golf sticks. I permitted them to be stowed in a closet, and we took the invoice, and Mr. Zioncheck signed the agreement. About four o'clock the telephone rang. Was his secretary there? She was not. "Well, that is a hell of a note! Where are my clothes? I mean my bag. I'm at the station and my train leaves in twenty minutes."

No dice. But he cajoled: really he was in a jam and I had been "a peach." Would I *please* throw his razor, some underwear, some socks, and a shirt or two into his bag and bring it to the station? I ended by packing it and paying a messenger to take it to him.

Christmas Eve I returned from the hairdresser's and found him with his arms around an attractive young woman, sitting in my living room. He beamed on me. "Meet the future wife." I gasped, "How did you get in here? You can't stay!" Then the muscling began, and ended in my being packed and moved out by midnight.

The first week in January, two days before I was sailing for South America, I received an S O S by wire from the manager of the apartment. Would I come and dispossess Mr. Zioncheck? If not, they would have to dispossess me. I canceled sailings and went. In his office Zioncheck clung to my hand. "You won't put me out, will you? Promise you won't, when I'm in trouble." He pleaded like a child and, believe it or not, I went to bat for him.

He was permitted to remain upon agreeing to a document drawn up by the attorney for the corporation. He agreed to respect the rights of other tenants, to refrain from climbing over the porte-cochere, scratching himself like a monkey and hopping about the lobby, running his new car into some one's stall and then telling them to go to hell, etc. On that very day it happened that the fellow congressman who had so warmly recommended him died. Zioncheck asked to be named on the committee to accompany the body home for burial. He was named—and since then he has been cocksure. Within a short time he was arrested after a chase. He was again told to vacate the apartment and again he would not.

The climax came after he had gone into the private office of Harvard Hall at 3 A. M. and smashed a gorgeous Easter hydrangea plant on the floor. He went on up to my apartment, where he must have smashed every object in his path. In the morning he was served with a notice to move at once. He refused. My agent was notified, and cabled me at Santiago, Chile. I sailed for home.

Meanwhile Zioncheck had been "dated" by a stenographer in the PWA. They used my apartment as a trysting place, I am told. A day or two later they were married and he took her to it. Reporters say it was in almost as disgraceful a condition as I found it in when I arrived.

The bedstead in the bedroom was gone and the box springs were broken. A cigar had burned a hole in the rose-velvet rug. There was buttermilk spattered and caked on the dressing table and all over the walls and floor. Other valuable and treasured pieces of furniture were seriously damaged, and the general litter and filth were indescribable. The windows were open; sun and rain had completed the destruction. The dining room was a total wreck. But the kitchen was the worst of all.

Zioncheck loves to prattle about an "economy of abundance." Here, abundance of liquor—and expensive liquor—was the only abundance visible.

I quote parts of the letter I wrote to him on May 22, on the occasion of my third attempt at eviction:

"You signed a lease which stated that every article in my apartment was in excellent condition. Now, if a herd of swine had used my home for a pen for a year it could scarcely be worse. You must pay for the coffeepots and dishes you threw out of the window at passers-by. Mildewed linen will be included, as well as all breakage and my time and travel expense. Please settle promptly to avoid a lawsuit."

From my bed in Emergency Hospital—with a metal splint cutting into the bruised flesh of my right leg, and unable to move because of a serious sprained spinal column—my tortured mind goes back over horror. In New York I contacted him by phone to tell him he was dispossessed. He retorted that I was a —— —— so-and-so. He'd show me that I couldn't evict him! He would also break everything I owned and throw it out the window.

Arriving at Harvard Hall at half past one in the morning, he demanded the key to my apartment, and then something with which to batter down my door. Both being refused him by the night clerk, he managed to break in none the less. Before morning he was racing his new "bike" through the corridors with his wife on the handle bars. In the apartment was a truckload of liquor.

It was eight thirty when I arrived in Washington. He was now in Pittsburgh making a speech. Police sug-

IN THE HOUSE

gested I swear out a warrant for housebreaking. The bride let me come in and offered me the royal bed, still on the floor. But I preferred the davenport, which was near the broken door. The next morning I twice asked her if she would not prefer to go to friends, since I was leaving to have her husband arrested. She declined, but in the presence of a reporter she agreed to leave the door open for me.

When I returned there was a mob about it. A man opened it part way. I slipped partly inside. Whereupon he smashed it shut on me and held me there, suffering. Other hands inside shoved and squeezed me. I asked the Negro who had accompanied me to call the police. I was still pinioned when he left. The squeezing was so severe that I slumped forward and fell inside my apartment.

In a few moments I was able to seat myself in a chair. Two strange men and three or four girls were cleaning the place up. As I sat reading a letter I felt a sharp pain in my head, as though some heavy object had hit it. When I regained consciousness, two police officers called my family physician, who gave me a sedative, put me on the davenport, and said emphatically that I must be left alone. Even through the ribaldry I slept.

About ten thirty there was a great stir. It was Zioncheck's arrival. " You are practically in the hoosegow," he flung at me. Then two men, his bride, and he went into a huddle: how were they to get me out?

In he came again, this time to shake hands with me. His hand was full of live wet baby turtles.

For an hour the drinking continued—I being treated to a Zioncheck mixed drink for the benefit of the others present. Finally the bedroom door burst open and the bride came charging toward me with, " Get out before I throw you out! " She began clawing me. I clung to the davenport. From the bedroom door the congressman cheered her on. As I still clung, he came and heaved up the davenport and dropped it, toppling the lower part of my body to the floor. He sprang on me, twisted my legs, dislocated my hip, struck me, twisted my body and arms, kicked me in the side, and bit my hand. Every one who offered aid was threatened or chased. Eventually I escaped into the bathroom and locked the door.

Int. photo

Pictures, Inc., photo

Above: Zioncheck in Gallinger Hospital to have "his head examined"—in other words, for a mental test. At left: His bride in a frolicsome mood. Below: Mrs. Young being carried from a police court after her experiences with the couple.

Int photo

Toward morning he took out a window, crawled along the wall, and laughed at me through the bathroom window. After the police returned, his heart softened and he passed in a bottle of his imported gin to me.

In the morning I called a specialist to attend to my leg injuries. The pain was excruciating. Zioncheck demanded that I call an ambulance and " get the hell out of here." I refused. Result, a shower of filthy language. When he struck me with a broom I fainted and was dragged around by my head and flung into the hall.

After I was taken to the hospital, he was arrested for throwing my personal belongings out of the window. His fifth arrest since January 1.

At this writing he is himself in a hospital having his head examined.

THE END

ROLL CALL from on HIGH

A Chronicle of July Memories and a Pilgrimage to an American Shrine

by T. HOWARD KELLY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

EARLY in the morning of a recent summer day I said good-by to the hospitable French peasants who had put me up for the night in their old stone farmhouse several kilometers beyond Château-Thierry. A few moments later I was hiking to near-by Belleau Wood up the white tree-lined road over which we had once rushed into the Second Battle of the Marne.

I had a very special reason for my pilgrimage to the Bois de la Brigade Marine.

After the war, like many other American commands, my Twenty-sixth Division wished to perpetuate the memory and valor of our battle dead, and it was decided to raise a church in the land hallowed by our buddies' blood: a place for our warrior dead to rendezvous; for us a shrine of memories and faithful comradeship, and a place of rest and worship for the surrounding French countryside.

We chose to rebuild the war-broken *église* of Belleau, the ancient little village by the woods, and this church, our memorial, was the final object of my pilgrimage.

My two best buddies, Dave and Jim, were buried in the A. E. F. cemetery at Belleau; and I had the strong but inexplicable feeling that if I visited their graves and the church which we had raised I would somehow see or hear them again.

As I passed through the gates of the fence-enclosed forest, I passed swiftly back through the years and distances into my war world. For the Bois de la Brigade Marine has been preserved in its wartime state.

The night mists in the epic forest drifted through the black and blasted trees like battle smoke, clinging wraithlike to the old rusty machine guns which were standing in fighting positions. Trenches zigzagged through the woods and the ground was littered with the tragic debris of war—helmets, rotting clothes, molding gas masks, corroded rifles, rusty bayonets, and strips of machine-gun cartridges.

As I wandered around, reliving our experiences there and feeling that the Great Shadow was hanging over me again, an old *poilu,* employed by the Belleau Wood Memorial Association, came out of the woods like a war ghost. We talked—but in a whisper, because the place casts a spell over you.

I walked slowly along one of the paths the marines had used in their attacks. At its end I came to the trail marked "Yankee Division Road, July 18, 1918." We had gone forward over it to take Belleau village with the bayonet in accordance with battle orders. And now, more than a decade later, I had come back feeling that in this place of their sacrifice and memorial I would somehow see or hear my two buddies again. I hurried down our curving trail to Belleau, hidden by our brooding battle woods. Suddenly rounding a bend, before me was the poignant spectacle of white crosses growing row on row in our Aisne-Marne cemetery.

I entered with the feeling that I was in a sanctuary of the deathless dead, and drifting deeper and deeper among the marble crosses, reading many familiar names and remembering, I finally found Dave's and Jim's graves. Standing there, alive amid the dead who had been my buddies, I felt suddenly and strangely alone in life without them; and as my feeling of bereavement sharpened, I made my way to our memorial church across the road.

As I entered Mass was going on. The little edifice was crowded with French adults and children. The old priest was facing the altar as I went in and took a place. Completing the service a few moments later, he faced his congregation with a paper in his hands. Suddenly he saw me among his familiar peasant parishioners. Coming down from the altar to the sanctuary rail, he addressed himself to me.

"Monsieur is an American?" he asked in French.

"Yes, father," I answered, aware that the whole congregation had turned to look at me.

"Perhaps monsieur was here in the war?"

I said I had served in Belleau with the Twenty-sixth Division.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "today is your American remembrance day. At eleven o'clock great American and French generals and civil dignitaries will come here to our church, which is also yours, to pray for your heroic dead. They will then hold solemn services in the cemetery across the road; they will decorate your gallant comrades' graves with flowers from all of France.

"In our church at this moment you see four generations of my little commune of Belleau. This Mass is our own memorial service for our American comrades of the Twenty-sixth Division who gave their lives to liberate our homes from the foe. We are pledged to hold this service each year of God's grace as long as the memory and faith of men endure. And in my hands I hold the roll of honor of your martyrs. I shall read their names. And we shall pray for them and ask God to bless you and your living comrades," he said, turning and kneeling at the foot of the altar.

As the gray old *curé* called off the names of our battle dead, his voice rising and falling reverently as if he were reciting a litany of the saints, the feeling grew on me that I was listening to a roll call from on high. Emotion overwhelmed me and I could hardly breathe.

Both Dave's and Jim's last names begin with the same letter, and as he approached them in alphabetical order, I began to tremble all over. I shut my eyes and bowed my head.

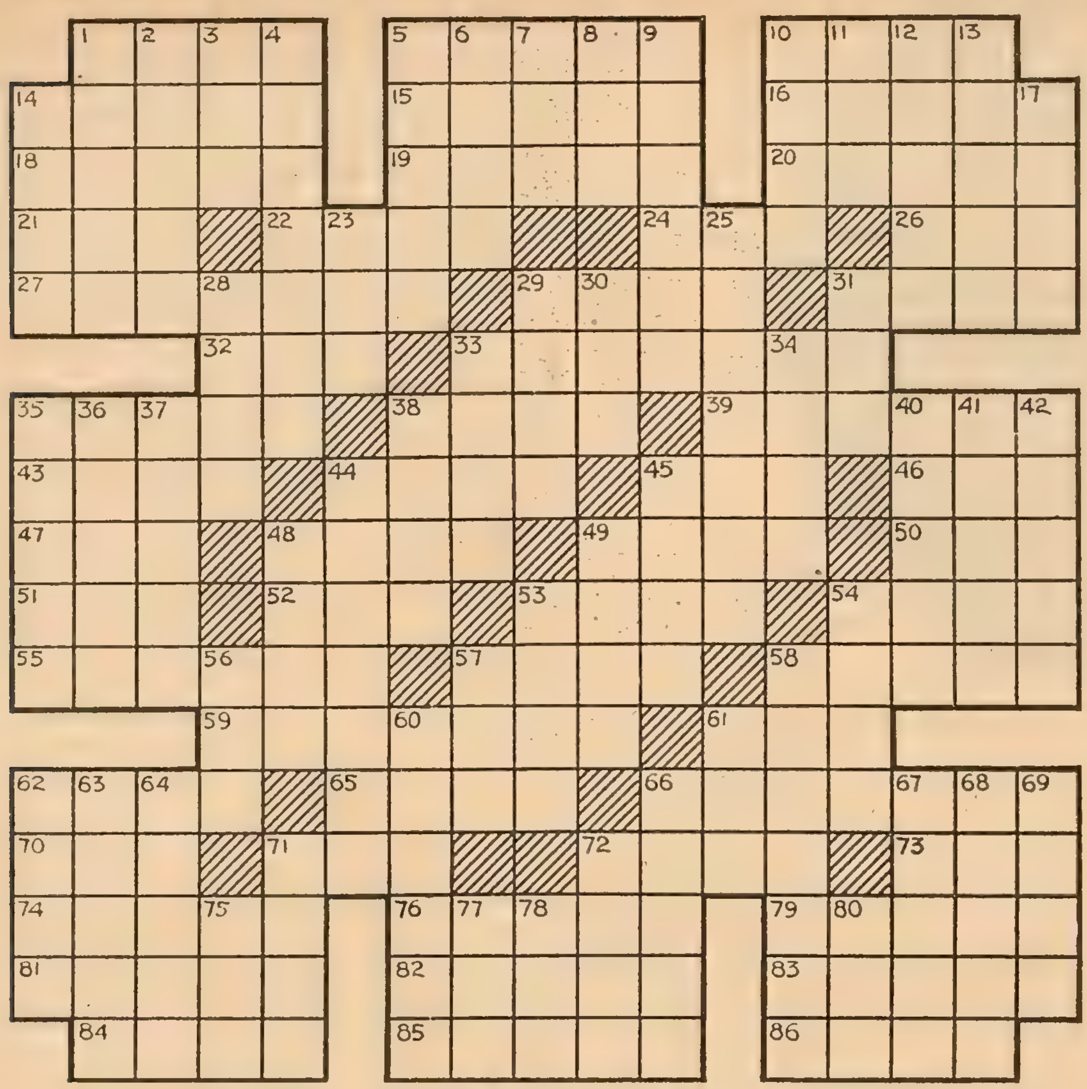
"Sergeant David ——," chanted the priest, hesitating over the pronunciation of Dave's difficult last name as all the officers had invariably done at roll calls.

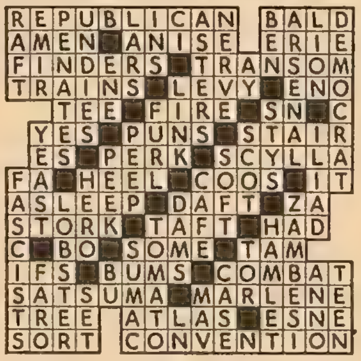
"Private James ——," he said.

You will probably say it was my imagination, or that my emotions got the best of me. But I am positive that as their names were spoken on that roll call I heard Dave and Jim answer from on high.

THE END

CROSSWORDS





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REPUBLICAN BALD
AMEN■ANISE ERIE
FINDERS■TRANSOM
TRAINS■LEVY■ENO
  TEE■FIRE■SN■C
 YES■PUNS■STAIR
 ES■PERK■SCYLLA
FA■HEEL■COOS■IT
ASLEEP■DAFT■ZA
STORK■TAFT■HAD
C■BO■SOME■TAM
IFS■BUMS■COMBAT
SATSUMA■MARLENE
TREE ATLAS■ESNE
SORT CONVENTION
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 A sheath
5 A flat fold
10 Man's name
14 A title
15 Large artery
16 Horses (female)
18 Correct
19 Potassium nitrate
20 Indisposed to move
21 Knowledge
22 Lingers
24 Large hole
26 A ruined city in upper Burma
27 One who exalts (plural)
29 Before long
31 River in Bohemia
32 Utility
33 Mingled
35 Part of the leg (plural)
38 Carry
39 Peaceful
43 Walking stick
44 A kind of vehicle
45 A fish
46 A constellation
47 Hail!
48 A bird
49 Utensils
50 Large container
51 By
52 Succor
53 Move from one place to another
54 A fruit
55 Whole
57 The succulent part of any fruit
58 Filthier
59 Old men pre-eminent for wisdom
61 Tibetan ox
62 So be it!
65 Carry
66 Revokes
70 Neither
71 Males
72 A proclamation
73 Hurrah!
74 Unaccompanied
76 Village in New York
79 Lessen
81 High tableland (pl.)
82 Weeds
83 Yawned
84 Puts in place
85 Blot out
86 Paradise

VERTICAL

1 Beast of burden
2 Amphitheater
3 Male offspring
4 Interminable
5 Violent sudden pain (plural)
6 Woman's name
7 Skill
8 Suffix: one of a party
9 A fish
10 Let forth
11 A conveyance
12 Districts
13 Tendon
14 Cook in an oven
17 Heavenly body
23 Form of to be
25 Natives of an Asiatic country
28 Give tone to
29 To shut violently
30 Over (poetic)
31 Chemical suffix
33 A vegetable
34 Strays from right
35 Part of a column
36 Refuge
37 Motionless
38 Brought up
40 Of vessels of war
41 Angry
42 Provide food
44 Italian seaport
45 To catch the breath convulsively
48 Pottery
49 Comrades (slang)
53 Free from moral defilement
54 A levee
56 Hotel
57 Kitchen utensil
58 Superior situation
60 An explosive
61 Yes
62 Asiatic country (var.)
63 Burrowing animals
64 Uneven
66 Wash lightly
67 A fruit
68 Consumed
69 Outbuilding
71 A state of disorder
72 Enemies
75 Man's name shortened
77 Etruscan title
78 Masculine name
80 Evil

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur writers and artists.

Once more a group of amateurs gains the honor of appearing on this page. To these I say, Make this just the beginning. The real writer, the real artist, does not rest with one laurel. He goes on and on!

That means work. It means being prepared for disappointment. It entails long hours of planning, writing, creating. But if you have talent and perseverance, you will win in the end.

To you, and to all the others whose work has appeared on this page, good luck, and may this be but the beginning of your success.

Each week a new group of poems, stories, and sketches appears. If your contributions have not yet been chosen, keep on trying!

Writers and artists are not born; they are made by their own hard work.

Major Edward Bowes

Divillow M. Robare of Syracuse, New York, sends in some original jokes. I have chosen one of the funniest. It is for you to decide whether or not it is deserving of a prize.

JUST OBEYING

OFFICER: Say, there! What do you think you're doing, digging up the street like that?

DRUNK: Well, officer, I was told to take this street home.

Mabel Newman of Oakland City, Indiana, writes: "They say perseverance wins, but I wonder! This is the tenth consecutive week I've sent contributions." It makes me very happy to announce this entry as one worthy of the page.

HOUSEWIFE

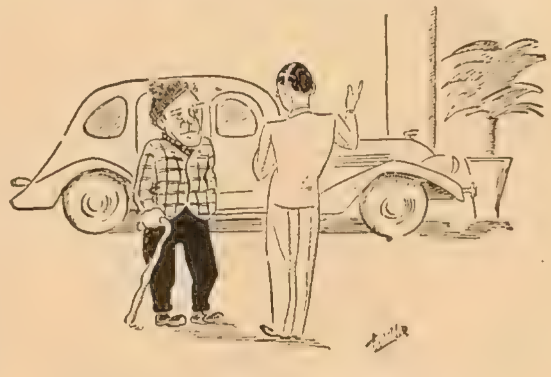
He was a tall lad
Who loved me long ago.
This little dress is finished—
I like to sew.

I must set the plates now,
And brew the tea;
Soon it will be suppertime.
He went to sea.

I have a good home—
Sheltered and warm.
I wonder how the sea looks
During a storm.

Has he forgotten?
What a loud din!
I suppose the children see
Their father coming in.

Floyd W. Love of St. Paul, Minnesota, submits this cartoon. A good entry, Floyd.



"Does she ha'e free wheelin'?"

John J. Heckman of Midland, Pennsylvania, proves he is not superstitious by submitting thirteen "sayings." Here is the best one:

In the expert opinion of a lot of wives the real dead-letter office is hubby's pocket.

A strange story—vitally interesting—is sent in by Florence L. Kreider of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

"There's room for one more, lady."

I was standing on my bedroom balcony, looking down upon the street below. I could see that the driver of the machine had a livid scar running diagonally across his right eyebrow. He beckoned to me invitingly.

"There's room for one more, lady."

Suddenly I froze with tingling terror. The machine which he was driving was a hearse!

I lay in bed stiff and still. Gradually the warm blood began to creep back. Then I realized it had been a dream. The driver and the hearse were but a nightmare.

I dressed and went to the city to do some shopping. On the third floor of a big department store I rang the elevator bell to descend. As I waited, I glanced at the clock. It was 12.14. The door opened on a crowded elevator. I hesitated, but the operator said, "There's room for one more, lady." I looked up at the man. He had a livid scar running diagonally across his right eyebrow. He was the driver of the hearse of my dream!

Suddenly I turned and, groping my way through fear-fog, found the stairs. Still dazed, I stumbled home and threw myself on the bed.

Hours later, in the street below I heard a newsboy shouting, "Read all about the terrible accident. Crowded elevator in department store drops to basement. Every one killed! Read all about the terrible accident!"

I rushed down to buy a paper. The accident had taken place about 12.15 o'clock. The operator had been identified by a livid scar running diagonally across his right eyebrow!

Droll lines about friends, and with a dash of sugar-coated sarcasm, are submitted by Gretchen M. Phillips of Valley Stream, New York.

ANTISOCIAL

Heaven protect me from each of my friends:
The evening-wrap borrower; she who descends
With chances to sell, or a touch for a dollar,
Or benefit tickets for some starving scholar;
From friends with a check and a "Will you endorse it?"
From those with a mother who sells me a corset.
Protect me from her who, way last December,
Borrowed my rubbers and in August remembers.
Nuts to the girl friends—I have them by dozens—
Who beg me to get them some jobs for their cousins.
Alack and alas, this tirade could be endless!
Suffice it to say, I wish I were friendless.

In sending her manuscript, Mrs. Mildred D. Casey of Ozark, Alabama, writes: "It will probably make it more interesting to you to know that this incident actually happened to my grandfather. It has always been a family joke." An amazing story!

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

Hurley had been plowing all day, and it was now almost three o'clock. He was a man of perhaps thirty-five with a strong well built body. His two sons worked in the field behind him—Tom dropping the seeds into the rich black earth; Bascom, behind him, covering the seeds up.

Hurley paused for a moment to look about him. He pulled out a handkerchief—not too clean—and mopped his face. Then he went on. The boys chattered foolishly—as boys of ten and twelve will—and now and then their loud laughter rang out across the field. But Hurley did not seem to join in the fun.

Every once in a while he would stop, look around him, and shake his head, then go on plowing.

Presently he stopped the mule. "We'll knock off for a spell, boys," he said slowly. "I don't feel so well."

Tom and Bascom never saw their father sick, and they came close to him.

"What's the matter, pa?" They peered anxiously up into his strangely tense face.

Hurley shook his head. "I don't know. It ain't nothin' much, I don't guess. Think I'll go in to the house and lay down." He started slowly across the soft ground, still gazing curiously around him and shaking his head.

Lizzie saw him coming and ran through the chicken yard to meet him. Lizzie had always thought Hurley was some sort of god or something. She was a pretty countrywoman, with a skin like rich milk. She had left the baby crying in the house.

"What's the matter, Hurley?" she cried. "Are you sick?"

He nodded slowly and sank down on the porch steps. "I guess so. Seems like it must be my heart, or something."

He began to pull off his heavy shoes and to lay them down on the steps beside him.

His face was ashen gray and his big hands trembled.

Lizzie had never seen her man like this before. He had always worried about his heart, but she knew that there was nothing really wrong with it. Only, if Hurley wanted to think so, she mustn't argue with him. Hurley must always be right.

She ran to get him a cool drink of well water in the dipper, and he drank it.

"I feel sort of like a fellow might feel when he was adyin', Lizzie." He held his head in his big calloused hands.

Lizzie sat down beside him and put her plump arm around his shoulders.

"You're not adyin', Hurley," she told him gently. "You just got too hot, maybe. If you'd lie down here on the porch and cool off, you'd feel better."

Hurley didn't answer. For a few moments Lizzie said nothing; then, thinking that it might get his mind off how badly he felt, she asked him, "Doesn't everything look dark and funny, Hurley?"

He raised his head and stared at her. "Does it look thataway to you, too?"

"Why, yes," she smiled. "You know the sun is in eclipse today. Didn't you read the almanac?"

Hurley said nothing for a few moments.

Then he reached down for his shoes and slowly began putting them back on.

"Well, seems like I'm feelin' a little better. Guess I'd better be gettin' back to the field."

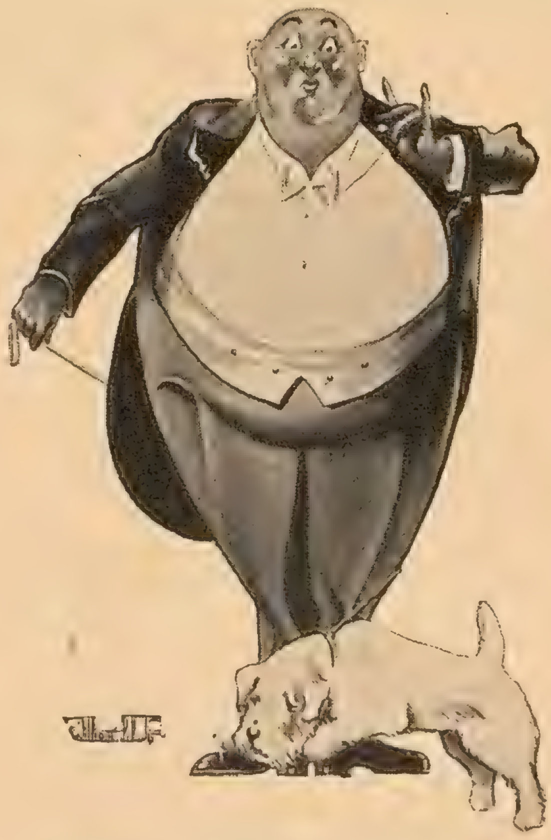
For its subtlety—for its charm—I chose Mack Herrick's Adoration. He is from Salt Lake City, Utah.

ADORATION

When first we met
I thought to bring you
Only stalks,
Only thorns and brier.
I little knew
That one day I should climb
High tortuous crags
To pick with bleeding hands
A single flower
To adorn your hair!

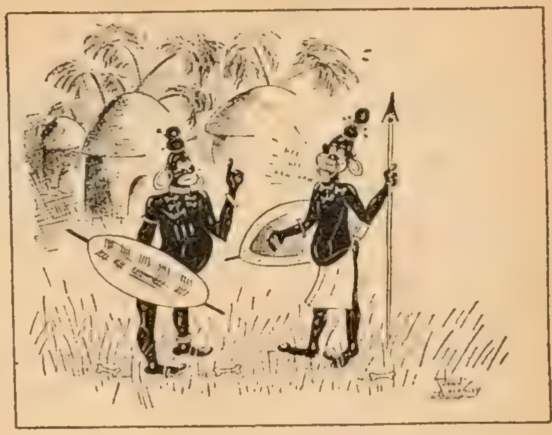
"I am a crippled youth—paralyzed in both arms and legs—but have enough use in one arm to do my painting. Yes, I have studied art through a correspondence course—but I will leave it up to you and the readers of Liberty. Do I get the gong?"

Not the gong, William Pitt, Jr., of Newtonville, Massachusetts, but a round of thunderous applause for your exceptional work. I am sure Liberty readers will vote you straight to the "top," and deservedly so.



"Who dared say 'Cats'?"

One of Philadelphia's sons—John Aldersley—stretches his imagination to a far-off land—and sketches a cannibal cartoon.



"I told the chief not to eat that grass widow! Now he's got a bad case of hay fever."

HONORABLE MENTION

The following short-short-story writers are nominated for honorable mention: Otho S. F. Smith, Anderson, Ind.; E. David Davidson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Boyce Wofford, Mountainburg, Ark.; Mary Austin Doran, Vancouver, B. C.; and Peter Allard Helfert, San Francisco, Calif. Of the poets, A. D. Daniel, Fort Myers, Fla.; Mrs. Raymond Dorr, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. R. D. Andrews, Tyler, Texas; and George J. Baumgartner, Toledo, Ohio, were chosen.

PRIZE WINNERS, MAY 23

Your votes this week give Edward J. Barge, Oildale, Calif., $25 for his clever cartoon. The cartoon of Emmett Glass, Chicago, Ill., gets second place and the artist receives $10.

For third place Joseph A. McCloskey, San Francisco, Calif.; John Taylor, Santa Barbara, Calif.; and Dorothy Mazlen, Bronx, N. Y., win the $5 awards. The voting for third place was very close. Congratulations to you all.

RULES

Contestants: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Plagiarism: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

Prizes: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

Keep Carbon Copies: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

Additional Awards by Readers' Votes: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS OF THIS OFFER!

$2,000

FOR PICTURES OF

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

Here's a picture that won cash in one of Liberty's Home Life Snapshot contests. Will you submit a winner this time?

ENTER TODAY!

223 BIG CASH AWARDS

THIS is the sixth consecutive week that Liberty has published this offer. $500 cash for a single picture! $200 for another! $100 for a third! And 220 other cash awards, the lowest of which is $5. Take advantage of this opportunity while there is still time. The closing date is rapidly approaching. Select an entry today and get it into the mail, together with the official registration coupon. If you do not have just the picture you want, take a snapshot. Think what your son or daughter, your brother or sister, can do if he or she receives the $500 cash prize. Think how proud you'll be if you are responsible for such good fortune. Send an entry today.

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.

2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.

3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.

4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of $500. Other awards will be: second prize, $200; third prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.

7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No pictures will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON

BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

Child's name ....
Date of birth ....
Boy or girl ....
Height ....
Weight ....
Color of hair ....
Color of eyes ....
Mother's maiden name ....
Father's name ....
Father's occupation ....
Home address ....
City ....
State ....
Signed ....
(Signature of parent or guardian)
Sender's name ....
Sender's address ....

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

DOROTHY DRAPER

DOROTHY DRAPER turns dingy old tenements into bright new apartments, she beautifies ignoble back yards, she transforms hopeless hotels. She's a real-estate stylist. Architects consult her. And landlords dry their tears when she comes along, for she specializes in making dud properties pay.

Out of her bag of professional tricks she gave me the following suggestions:

"A glossy black ceiling," she said, "makes any room look about twelve inches higher than it really is. . . . To get the effect of sunlight in a sunless room facing north, use lemon-yellow paint on the window trim. . . . Small rooms look larger when the floors are dark in tone and the carpets dark. . . . Fireplaces can best be modernized inexpensively by putting an eight-inch molding all the way around and painting the brick or stonework black or white."

As far as she knows, Dorothy Draper is the only specialist in her line. Women, she believes, are better at this work than men—have more practical ideas about kitchens and closet space and household conveniences in general. But she warns you to be no less businesslike than artistic if you try your hand at it. Don't forget, she says, that the point is to make the old dump pay.

● The Culbertson kids are the youngest bridge players I know of. Joyce is eight years old, Bruce is seven. They have been playing for about six months. Ely Culbertson tells me he started their bridge education by teaching them old-fashioned whist. Then the rudiments of bidding. Now they play contract, but only no-trump hands. Joyce plays a little better than Bruce, which probably proves, says Ely, that Mrs. Culbertson plays a little better than *he* does. He and Mrs. Culbertson take the children on for a few games two or three times a week. He has dedicated his new Golden Book of Bridge to them as "future champions."

Do you know any younger bridge babies?

● Try *window shopping* to improve your memory.

A salesman in New York is said to have the most efficient memory in the world. Just for practice he once memorized every name and number in the New York telephone book. He wasn't born that way—he trained his memory himself. Asked how he started training it, he said, "By window shopping."

"I'd look at everything in a shop window," he explained, "then I'd walk around the block and try to remember each item. When I came back to the window I'd check up. I soon found my memory getting better."

Here, at last, is the *perfect* memory-training method for us girls! The next time your husband or boy friend grows impatient while you gaze at a shop window, you can say, "Hush, dear, I am training my memory."

● In an old New England town I recently discovered odd connections between the spread of nudism and the prosperity of the optical-instrument business. The town's natives are of Puritan stock, traditionally prim. A summer school for smart young ladies has been established in their midst. The smart young-lady students shock the natives by walking through the town clad in fashionable shorts. At school they even go sun bathing in a daisy field *without* their shorts. The local optician is profiting handsomely from this. All the respected elders of the town are buying smoked glasses to wear on the streets as an indignant protest against the immoral shorts.

But the optician is also enjoying an unprecedented trade in powerful binoculars!

NUDIST CAMP

● "Her lips are purple. Her face is oyster white. She paints the lids of her eyes as green as grass. My dear, she looks just marvelous!"

It sounded crazy to me.

How can a woman look marvelous with purple lips, an oyster-white face, and eyelids as green as grass? It wasn't as crazy as it sounded. The girl in question happened to be the first engaged professionally for television work. And it now appears that television technique will need special make-up even more outlandish than that required by the movies.

To look marvelous televistically we must be oyster-faced, green-lidded, purple-lipped. I hope it will be worth our while.

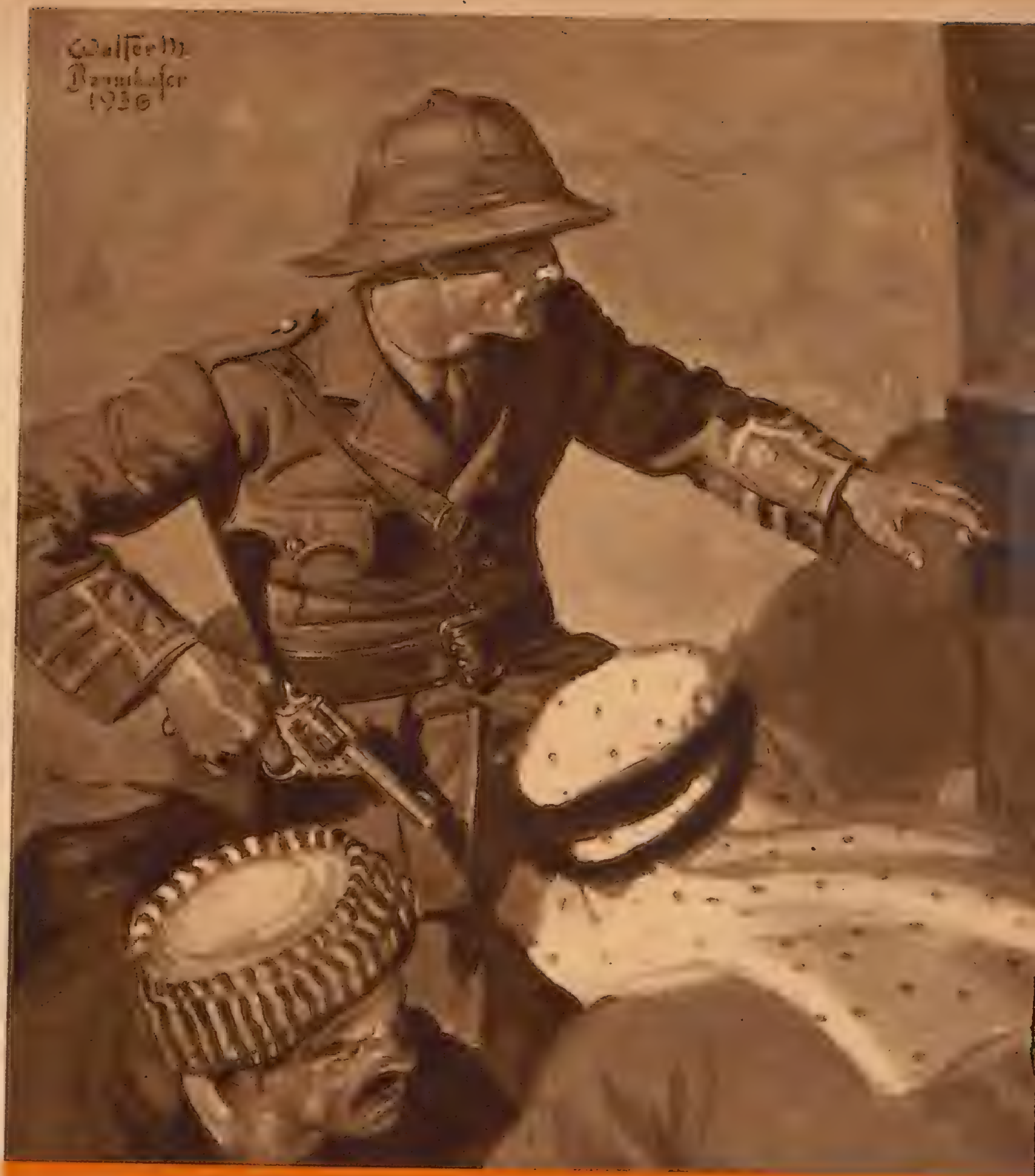
● Fondly have I clung, since childhood, to recollections of a cherry custard pie made for me long ago by an Alsatian governess. Thanks to Irma S. Rombauer and her exceptional book, The Joy of Cooking, I now know the recipe for it.

Mix 1½ cups zwieback crumbs with ¾ cup sugar, ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, and ½ cup melted butter. Pat crust into shape in 9-inch pie dish. Chill crust well. Fill then with 2 cups cherries, pitted and drained, mixed with 3 eggs, ½ cup sugar, and ¾ cup sour cream. Bake in moderate oven until custard is set. Serve hot or very cold (I'll take mine cold). Irma Rombauer's The Joy of Cooking is one of the most comprehensive cookbooks I have seen.

An ideal gift for any bride. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

by
LOWELL
THOMAS
with
KENNETH
BROWN
COLLINGS

ILLUSTRATION BY
WALTER M. BAUMHOFER



HELL

An Arsenal of Death;
Defeat at Gaza — New
witness Story of the "Last

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IN this story of Allenby's Palestine campaign, ever-glorious as the Last Crusade, the events that led up to the campaign proper are being narrated by Todd Gilney, British liaison officer and Secret Service agent, just as he narrated them to Mr. Thomas in Jerusalem on Christmas Day of 1917. At the beginning, during the defense of the Suez Canal, it was Todd who found out by which route the Turks were coming, and more than once he took part in the fighting that repulsed them. Kitchener now changed commanders in Egypt and gave orders to move eastward and attack. That necessitated throwing a railroad line across the Sinai Desert and piping the Nile across it to Judea.

Todd was ordered to look up in Port Said the self-styled Russian Countess Warbuta, who was suspected to be a most dangerous German spy. When he found her she was friendly, informing him that she was leaving Egypt at midnight but meanwhile would dine with him. At midnight he saw her aboard her steamer—and, immediately afterward, had to shoot his way out of the clutches of native cutthroats.

In the course of reconnaissance work he found himself at Duedir when the Turks made a night onslaught on that oasis, and at Romani when they attacked in force, endeavoring to cut the canal. He accompanied an air squadron in a heroic bombing raid on the enemy flying field at El Arish.

From London to Port Said came the inspiring official word: " We are going to chase the Turks from the Holy Land." As Todd was rejoicing at this decision, he caught sight of the Countess Warbuta on the street in a disguise that did not deceive him. How could she have got back, and what was she up to? It was his business to find out.

PART THREE—"SEND US A SAVIOUR"

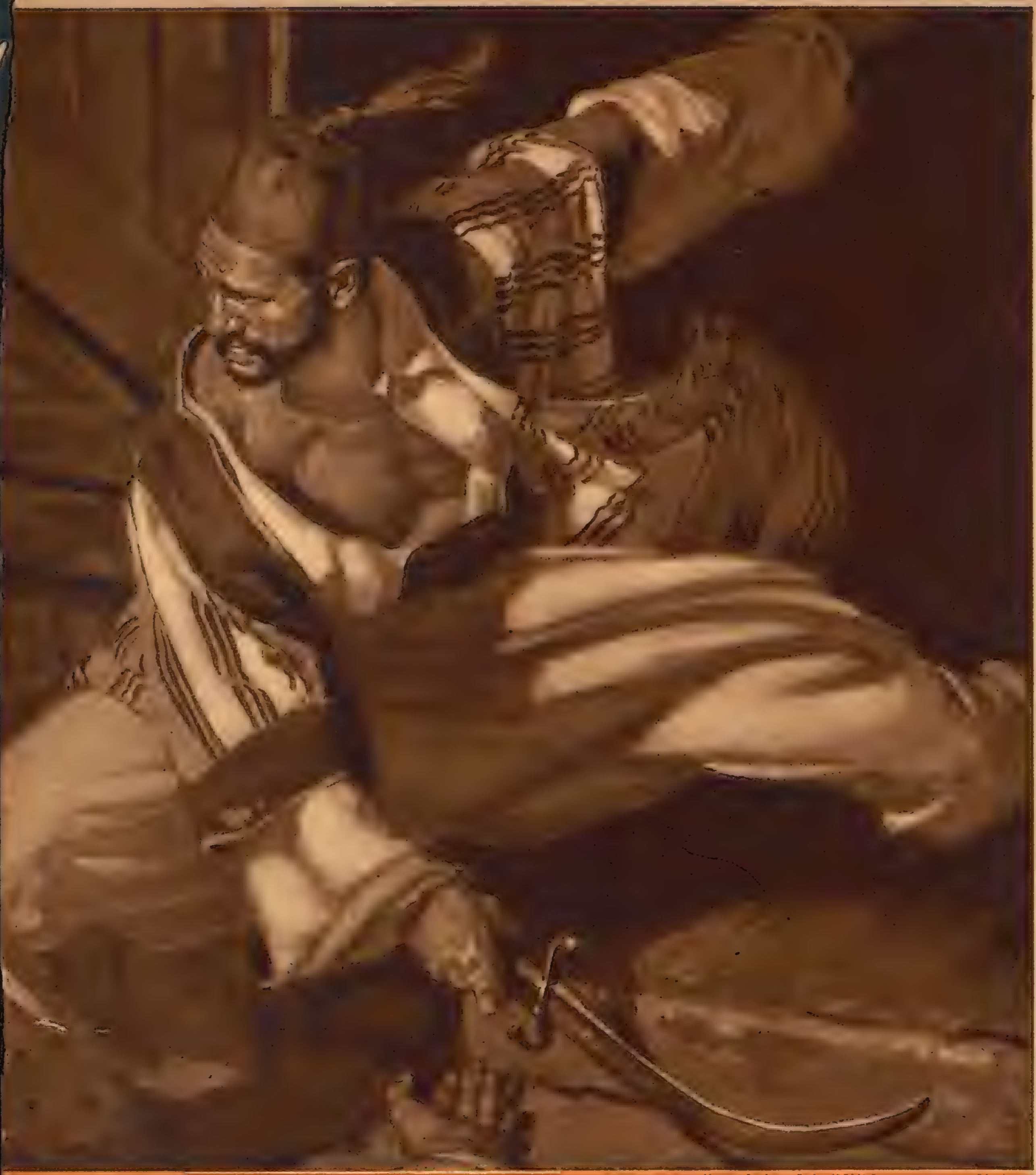
HAD the countess recognized me? (Todd Gilney continued.) Probably. But, more important, did she suspect that I had penetrated her disguise? I doubted that. Luckily, startled though I was, I didn't think that I had given any sign whatever of my recognition.

Besides, she undoubtedly had faith in her disguise; she wouldn't dream that I had spotted her in one glance. That should give me a little time to catch her, and this time I had no intention of letting her get out of Egypt without explaining her activities.

I couldn't *afford* to let her slip away, Lowell; there was too much at stake. Our army was far out in the desert now—getting farther away from Egypt all the time. Its position was critical—for more reasons than one.

We had sensed for a long time that our ultimate goal was the Holy Land, but until now it had been unofficial. Now Lloyd George was Prime Minister. He made it official and we *couldn't* back down.

Kress von Kressenstein was no fool; he knew that the best way to protect Judea was to keep us busy in Egypt. After the Turkish defeat at Romani he probably despaired of doing it by force, so he resorted to subterfuge and



A knife the size of a meat cleaver slashed down on Ali's head, and an enormous man jumped over his body, bellowed "Allah!" and swung at me.

IN THE HOLY LAND

Victories; Ghastly Thrills in a Stirring Eye-Crusade" to Jerusalem

spies. If he could start a revolution in Egypt, we might have to withdraw our army from the desert. If we did that after all the publicity given to Lloyd George's announcement, every newspaper in the world would herald our "defeat" in screaming headlines. It would give new heart to our enemies not only here but in France. It would be disastrous. It must not happen!

All of those things were running through my head that afternoon and night as I laid my plans. I had temporary living quarters and office—all in one—upstairs in a building facing the canal. A steady stream of my agents filed in, received instructions, and went out. When I was at my busiest, there was a timid knock at my door.

I said, "Come in." I thought it was another agent. I looked up to see a little stoop-shouldered man in the uniform of the Army Service Corps.

"Who are you and what do you want?" I growled. "And I'm busy, so make it snappy."

The little man hesitated. "I'm—I'm Private Peleg Benson, sir, reporting for duty. I'm assigned as Captain Gilney's orderly. Can—can I polish the captain's boots and press his uniforms, or is there anything else the captain wants?"

The interruption irritated me. I snapped at him, "Get out of here! I don't want anything—unless you're the genius who can find out what's become of a green-eyed woman who calls herself the Countess Warbuta—sometimes."

Of course I was only thinking out loud. But Benson said, "Yes, sir," and was out of the door before I knew it.

I didn't see him any more that night. By morning I had forgotten him. But I had woven a fine-mesh net that would start at one side of Egypt and drag across the country so thoroughly that I would have bet my bottom dollar that before many days the lady would be caught.

Early next morning Ali Fareesh came into my room. Ali was a ragged ordinary-looking Egyptian dealer in goat and camel skins—but the cleverest of my spies. And he seemed to like me personally—why, I never found out.

He reported that he suspected the occupants of a house over at the back of the city. The neighbors—who were Ali's friends—told him that for several days there had been mysterious comings and goings at odd hours of the night; an unending stream of bulky packages had been carried into the house. None of them had come out, so by this time the place must be a veritable warehouse.

Full of what?

That was what bothered me, and I meant to find out before it was too late. I slipped on my tunic and followed Ali Fareesh out of the door.

Private Peleg Benson—my new orderly—came up the stairs just as I stepped outside.

"Captain Gilney—" he began, but I didn't wait for him to finish. He probably wanted to polish my boots and I was wearing the only pair I owned.

"Don't bother me now," I said. "Clean up the room; make yourself useful; I'll be back when I get here."

We found the house. It was ideally located for traffic in forbidden arms and ammunition. It sat flush with the last street in town and faced the camel market. The place was a bedlam. It was an ideal spot to unload contraband and within twenty feet of the suspected house.

The door was locked; the blinds were bolted. I knocked twice and three times. Nothing happened; there wasn't a sound from within.

"All right, Ali," I said in Arabic. "Break it down."

A jabber of voices broke out inside the house at my words. The door flung open; a motley collection of natives tumbled out.

They all talked at once; they all swore by Allah that they were innocent of all wrongdoing: they were only

Another
1000 PAIRS
McCALLUM'S
SILK STOCKINGS
Free!
What did
Pee-Chee White say?

"I'M SAD! I'M MAD! I'VE GOT THE BLUES THERE'S MUD ALL OVER MY BEST WHITE SHOES."
SAYS PEE-CHEE WHITE, "NOW DON'T YOU FRET!"
PEE CHEE

Here's All You Have To Do—

1. Fill in the "last line" telling what Miss Pee-Chee says about PEE-CHEE White Cleaner. Write it on a separate piece of paper and attach this ad. Give your name, address and stocking size.
2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof, to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, Ohio."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. SAFELY cleans ALL White Shoes RIGHT.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST CLOSES at midnight Wednesday July 15th. Awards will be made for the best "last lines," in the opinion of the judges, whose decisions will be final. Duplicate awards in case of ties. Entries become the property of Pee-Chee Cleaner Mfg. Co. Winners will promptly receive prizes by mail.

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humble workmen who had done as they were bid.

Maybe they were, and I wasn't after small fry; it was the countess that I wanted.

I was convinced that hers were the evil brains behind all this.

"Arrest this mob, Ali," I said. "Hold them for questioning; I'll have a look inside."

"Sahib!" hissed Ali. I didn't know what he wanted but I hesitated with my foot on the doorstep leading to the darkened interior.

Ali Fareesh ducked around me; he stepped into the room. A knife the size of a meat cleaver slashed down on his head, carved it into two pieces, and an enormous man in a red fez jumped over his body. He bellowed "Allah!" and swung at me.

I jumped back. The knife missed me by a hair; it sliced the front of my tunic. The fanatical Arab swung so hard that he was carried off balance. He half pivoted, and before he could recover I jammed my pistol into his ribs. I pulled the trigger once, to kill him, and twice more for Ali Fareesh.

Poor Ali—he had sensed the danger. When those first men tumbled out and surrendered he knew it was a trap. Ali—who would argue for hours over a difference of five centimes in the price of a goatskin—had jumped to his death without a split second's hesitation to save my life.

"Greater love hath no man than this," Lowell, "that he lay down his life for his friend," and Ali Fareesh, the lowly trader of camel hides, was *that* kind of a friend to me. There were tears in my eyes as I looked down at his mutilated body.

That house was an arsenal. We found nearly six hundred German rifles and more than ten thousand rounds of ammunition, and it was lucky we found them in time. In just two or three more days the countess might have distributed the guns to the "faithful"; then it would have been bad news for us.

AND just where was this precious countess? I walked back to my quarters racking my brains.

"Captain Gilney—" Private Benson began all over again.

"Listen!" I snapped. "For the last time, I haven't the time to talk to you about my dirty boots and unpressed uniforms. If I'm a disgrace to the service I'll stay that way until I find this green-eyed countess."

"You won't find her, sir," said Benson quietly. "That's what I've been trying to tell the captain. She is on a Spanish boat headed for Barcelona. I saw her go up the gangplank last night about seven o'clock."

"You what?" I roared, and then I realized what she had done. That woman was the cleverest spy I had ever met and I've run afoul of plenty. She was clever because she knew when she was beaten and didn't hang around for post-mortems—not even a single day. I saw her about six in the evening; she *knew* I recognized her, and she caught a boat an hour later. Fast work! But how had Benson found it out? I asked him.

He seemed bashful; he didn't want to tell me at first.

"Well, sir," he hesitated, "it's—it's like this. I'm afraid I have what you call a criminal mind. I—I used to be an anarchist, and when the police were after *me, I* always left town. I thought maybe she would do the same thing; that's why I watched the boats. And I couldn't mistake her when I saw those eyes."

It was absurdly simple, and the joke was on me.

I said, "Good work, Benson—but are you still an anarchist?"

"No, sir. I reformed a long time ago and joined the church, but I still remember a lot about bombs. If the captain ever wants anybody blown up, Private Benson can do a neat job."

"You never can tell," I said. "I'll keep it in mind. Anyway, I'll have you promoted to corporal and keep you on as orderly and take you with me when I start for the desert." That was pure hunch but it was to save my life.

SEVERAL things delayed me—including an airplane trip into Arabia to see a man named Lawrence. That chap has a history; I'll tell you about him later—but I probably won't need to; you'll meet him here in Jerusalem before long. When I was finally ready to start for the desert, rail and pipe heads were beyond Abt—about sixty miles into the wilderness. This time we rode out on the railroad—Benson and I—sitting on top of a towering flat-car load of ties. Other cars were buried under cargoes of the pipe and rails which were to extend our twin life lines toward Judea.

Little crosses were studded along the side of the tracks. They marked the graves of British soldiers—but not for long. Already the drifting sands of the desert were sweeping over the markers. I couldn't help thinking that the only permanent monument those boys would ever have would be our work . . . *we had better do it well!*

At railhead the grueling work began. Rails, ties, and pipe were unloaded; they were dragged into position. The pipe sections weighed half a ton each. Sometimes the sizes were wrong, and after the sweating troops wrestled them into place, they wouldn't fit. Engineers made them fit and the work went ahead.

The place was a beehive of activity and a babel of strange tongues. Just listing them staggered my imagination, Lowell. Think of it! Gathered in the Wilderness of Sin were English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Australians, New Zealanders, and Maoris. There were South African farmers and Ceylon planters. There were at least four races from India alone: Sikhs and Punjabis, Bikanirs and Gurkhas. There were troops from the West Indies—Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica, Trinidad, and Barbados; and from Hong Kong and Singapore came a battalion of artillery.

Sinai was hell for all of them.

Tents had been left behind at Romani. From there clear to Jerusalem the tired troops lived in holes in the sand; baked in the daytime and frozen in the night. And Sinai hadn't changed an iota since the time of Moses when, "there came flies and lice in all their coasts."

The Turks had all the advantage: they knew far more about our movements than we did about theirs. I hate to admit it, Lowell, but right then—and for a long time to come—they controlled the air. Their planes were better than ours, and they still had the advantage of the interrupter gear.

But we pushed them back! The Light Horse, the Camel Corps, and the boys from Hong Kong and Singapore drove Johnny Turk out of Mazar.

Sir Philip Chetwode—one of the heroes of Mons and the Somme—arrived in Egypt and took command of our "striking force," called the "Desert Column." His command and that of General Chauvel moved on and surrounded El Arish. The town is only a mile inland and the navy anchored offshore and gave us a hand. There is a fort in El Arish; it once fell before the guns of Napoleon at a range of only a hundred yards, but our sailors demolished it at two miles—*and without hitting a civilian.*

WE occupied El Arish just before Christmas—a year ago. Two days later the Desert Column hit the Turkish garrison at Maghdaba. The Turks fought like demons—and lost. We suffered a few casualties but we took more than a thousand prisoners.

After Maghdaba, the advantage was all ours—except in the air—but we couldn't follow it up as quickly as we should. The eventual deliverance of the Holy Land depended on the railroad and pipe line; we had to slow down and wait for the construction gangs to catch up. That gave Kress a chance to get his forces together. We had to chase the Turks from Rafah—in the most amazing battle I ever witnessed.

Rafah was like something out of the crusades, Lowell. It was the kind of battle that just doesn't happen any more—but did!

Cavalry wheeled in the open. Artillery—Turk and British—galloped into action, placed their guns, actually *saw* their targets dead ahead, and fired at point-blank range. And, strangest of all, *there was a gallery full of spectators!* Bedouins came out and sat down on the side lines; shepherd girls and cowherders pushed their animals aside and remained to watch the show; they might have been castle retainers of old watching knights battling in the lists for nothing more serious than the favor of some fair lady.

But it was a lot more deadly than that. The New Zealanders made the final assault on the Turkish machine-gun positions; the Turks rushed up reserves—but too late. Rafah was ours!

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It was a grand victory; but that alone couldn't account for the cheerful faces on our soldiers that night. Rafah was more than a victory: it was the last stand of the Turk in Sinai. Chasing him from Rafah marked the end of the first stage of our journey. Gone now were the desert horrors of sand and sun! Behind us was the Wilderness of Sin.

And the Promised Land was in sight!

From a ridge to the east of Sheik Zowaid we saw it. Companies, troops, and batteries marched to the crest of the ridge; they saw the rolling meadows, the fields of maize, the flowers — flowers everywhere. The soldiers tossed their helmets in the air; they burst into thunderous cheers!

The scene was indescribable. The men yelled, slapped each other on the back, danced with glee. And I—I am afraid I cried. Somehow I couldn't help it; but they were tears of joy.

Then a Taube droned over and laid its eggs, "to humble us, and to prove us, and know what was in our hearts." One bomb landed on a limber; it tore three Tommies to bits and scattered pieces of men and horses all over the ridge. No, we had *not* taken the Holy Land yet. The Turk had served notice that he was still far from surrender.

In the days of Samson and Delilah, Gaza, capital of the Philistines, was a metropolis with a hundred thousand inhabitants. When I passed through after the battle described in this installment of our story—and after the very different events that were to follow—Gaza was in ruins. Even the domes and minarets of the modern mosques had been demolished. The only sounds in the echoing streets were the howls of the jackals by night and the clatter of British cavalry by day.

Thinking of those ruins, I have been wondering what will happen to the Biblical landmarks that still stand and awe pilgrims and tourists in the Holy Land itself if this gathering storm of Arab unrest there does break as a wholesale demolishing rebellion!

Eighteen years ago, to an American, the comic relief of the war in the Holy Land was afforded by listening to Tommy Atkins against that Scriptural background. Tommy either changed or garbled the names of all the places, if he couldn't pronounce the old Biblical names.

Historians and archaeologists have never agreed as to just where it was that Moses got his one and only glimpse of the Promised Land. Some say Mount Pisgah is near Gaza. Some say it is across the Dead Sea in the Hills of Moab. At any rate, one day I climbed the particular Mount Pisgah which is just south of Gaza. Lo and behold, the Tommies had changed its name to Raspberry Hill!

—LOWELL THOMAS.

We had to kill time at Rafah—as usual—while we waited for the pipe line and railroad to catch up. There was a big bowl south of the town—a natural amphitheater. Benson kept telling me that it would make a grand race course.

"Here we are, sir, with thousands of horses and plenty of time on our hands. Why can't we have a race meet?"

I laughed. "Ask General Chetwode." Damned if Benson didn't do it. And doubly damned if the general didn't say, "Yes—why not? A little clean recreation will do the troops good."

The boys took to the idea with a whoop of delight. Entries were opened for the Sinai Grand National, the Promised Land Stakes, and four or five others. There were too many entries; every trooper in camp was positive that he had the fastest horse in the army, and he was ready to back his judgment with money.

On the night before the meet I found Benson walking over the course.

"Which way is north?" he asked.

Benson was bright enough to know that without my help, but I told him.

"I thought so myself," he said. "But I wanted to make sure; a lot depends on it."

I wanted to ask him why, but just then an orderly ran up and I had to go and see the general. I didn't think any more about it until the next day—after the races. The meet was a howling success, and Benson, the promoter, was absolutely filthy with money that he had won on a long shot: a coal-black nag that nobody conceded a chance. It had beaten out the favorite—Major Bond's white Arab—in a five-furlong straightaway dash. I suspected dirty work at the crossroads. Who wouldn't?

I said, "Benson, you'd better stick to your anarchy. These soldiers will kill you if they catch you double-crossing them on a horse race."

Benson was highly insulted. "Sir," he said, "I'll have the captain understand that there was no foul play; it was quite the contrary. As soon as I found out that the race was being run from south to north, I knew it was in the bag, and I got the winner from unimpeachable sources."

"What sources?"

"The Scriptures, no less. They say, 'The black horses go forth into the north country; and the white go forth after them.' That's plain enough for anybody."

The new Turkish defenses in Palestine were concentrated around Gaza, ancient home of Samson and Delilah and one of the five cities of the Philistine alliance. Alexander the Great captured Gaza; so did Saladin and Napoleon.

Now we were about to make the attempt, and, Lowell, I only wish that I didn't have to tell you this part of the story: we took a whipping at Gaza, two of them, ghastly whippings.

The first battle of Gaza should be called "The Battle that Fog Lost." It started in a fog of nature's making; it ended in a mental fog—and don't ask me whose fault it was. I don't know; no one knows; they are still arguing about it. We actually won the fight—but nobody knew it. Our troops were called off when victory was in their grasp.

But the obstacles *were* terrific. The hill of Ali Muntar protects Gaza; so does an interlocking maze of cactus hedges. Their spikes are more terrible than any barbed-wire entanglement that man could construct.

I wanted to get a look at the defenses. I hopped over in one of our Martynsides—but it didn't do much good. The motor had never been built for Palestine; it overheated before we had been up half an hour. It quit cold; we just slid over the lines to safety.

"Just as well that it quit," said Elton, who was again my pilot. "See that?"

I did. A pair of Halberstadts circled overhead; they must have taken the air to drive us off and prevent our getting any pictures. We wouldn't have had a chance in the Martynside against those planes with their fixed guns up front. If we hadn't been forced down I figured that we would have been shot down.

And we would have, no doubt about it. Those two Halberstadts turned out to be all the air force the Turks had that day but they were plenty; too much! I might plead an alibi—motors overheating and all that—but you know the saying: "There is no excuse in the military service."

I'm not going to make any excuses. Everybody has their black days and that must have been ours. With twenty-five airplanes in the air against two Halberstadts, the Turks killed one of our observers, wounded two pilots, and shot down two planes. They damaged six more so badly that they had to limp down, and capped off the show by chasing the rest right out of the air.

It was a nightmare that I can't explain; it was just one of those things—and I'd rather think of the days from Gaza on, when we still had inferior planes but shot down five Turks and Germans for every plane we lost. But I'll say this: I'd be mighty proud to have those two Turkish aviators—or maybe they were Germans—who mopped us up at Gaza in *my* army any day! Enemies or not, they were grand pilots!

Sometimes I act as a liaison officer. They grabbed me for the job on that disastrous day at Gaza. I was detailed to handle incoming phone calls and telegrams at headquarters, so I know what happened. Or rather, I don't. The messages didn't come through; that was one trouble. If they had, we might have stopped the calamity. But everybody was working at cross-purposes; everything was balled up all over the battlefield.

"We rode out sitting on top of a flatcar." British troops on the "life line" railroad built across the Sinai Desert.

The cavalry started the show; they jumped off before daybreak to surround Gaza and isolate it so that Turkish reinforcements couldn't get through from the east. The mounted divisions did their work well; they even cut across the Beersheba road and captured the new Turkish general who was en route to Gaza to take over the command.

That Turk must have been the most surprised gentleman in Palestine. He was sedately riding down the road in his carriage, escorted by his staff. He didn't know that the British were attacking; he didn't even suspect that there was a British soldier within fifteen miles. Suddenly Australian troops bobbed up all around him.

"Good morning!" beamed the sergeant commanding the patrol. "Where are you going so bright and early?"

"To Gaza," sputtered the general.

"Slight mistake on your part," answered the sergeant. "You're going to jail."

You would naturally think that the general's capture was good news. It wasn't. It scared headquarters pink. He was the commander of new Turkish divisions; his arrival at Gaza proved that his troops were close behind. They would reinforce the garrison of Gaza within another twenty-four hours.

By noon the infantry assault on Ali Muntar was under way, at least an hour and a half too late, on account of the fog. But those lads were veterans of Gallipoli; they knew their stuff. They didn't pause until they reached the "cactus forest" near the crest; they didn't delay very long then. The Welsh Fusiliers carved their way through the thorns and into the Turkish trenches.

Back in the hut where I had my headquarters, everything had gone haywire. We didn't know the cavalry had surrounded Gaza and were ready to enter the town. We didn't know that the infantry had stormed Ali Muntar.

All I knew was that I was out of touch with most of our troops, and the ones I could reach were out of touch with their neighbors. Then one of the Halberstadts dropped a bomb, and I was out of touch with everything.

It was dark when I regained consciousness. Good old Benson was swabbing my forehead with a wet rag.

"Please, captain," he begged, "are you all right?"

Yes, I was all right. My head ached—horribly—but it was only shock. The bomb had landed beside our shack but the fuse must have been slow; it had buried itself so deep that the explosion was dampened out by the earth.

"Benson," I gasped, "tell me. Did we take Gaza?"

He shook his head sadly. "The general—if you'll pardon my sayin' so—got panicky about the Turkish reinforcements and called off the attack. They do be saying now that the troops were already in the town when they got the orders to retire."

There was nothing we could do except try again, and this time it would be harder. The Turks had been surprised by our first attack; they would have every warning of the second; ample time to bring up reinforcements and prepare new defenses. Before, Gaza had only been a Turkish outpost. Now it would be different.

I knew, because I hopped over with Elton and had a look while he dumped some bombs on Huj. What I saw made me feel sick. The Turks were digging in from the Mediterranean to a point far up the Beersheba road. Gaza was now the pivotal point of a long line of fortifications, built to withstand a long siege.

Headquarters didn't—or wouldn't—realize what we were up against. The situation demanded the leadership of a Wellington or a Washington, and here we were making routine reports to London that, "fortunately the weather is favorable and the health of the troops superb." Bah!

Why drag the story out? We got whipped again.

A lot of fine boys lost their lives; but that second defeat at Gaza startled the War Office into action, so perhaps they did not die in vain. I had prayed night after night that they would "send us a saviour, and a great one," who should deliver us. And they did!

When I heard who it was, I shouted for joy. The dark days were over! The nightmare was finished! Allenby—the mighty victor of Arras—was being transferred from the western front to Palestine.

And I knew that when Allenby "set his face toward Jerusalem, and uncovered his arm," nothing would ever stop him!

So Allenby is in command!—"Bull" Allenby, "unafraid of man, the devil, or the War Office!" How will he set about breaking through the formidable Turkish line? Read next week's installment—which will tell you also of the amazing adventures of an airman shot down in the sea, and of Private Benson's wily ways with assassins' bombs!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 13

1—Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the Gibson Girl.

2—The ruby.

3—Twenty-five cents.

4—In 1878 by the New Haven (Connecticut) Telephone Company.

5—The average weight of a cord of red oak (3,255 pounds) is greater than that of a cord of white oak (1,870 pounds).

6—Walter Johnson, former pitcher for the Washington baseball club.

7—All were born in Toronto, Ontario.

8—The sundial.

9—Isaiah. "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock." Isaiah 65: 25.

10—They are respectively the names of the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

11—On March 21, 1890, when the State Court of Appeals declared legal the bill ordering the electrocution of murderers.

12—Yes.

13—Hawaii.

14—Quo Vadis?

15—Fifteen to twenty gallons.

16—Rexford G. Tugwell.

17—Yes.

18—William Howard Taft.

19—Christy Mathewson, pitcher; Johnny Kling, catcher.

20— C. H. Mackay.

Vox Pop

Row on Hitler Planning to Be Kind to Jews

SW41 106 52 EXTRA NL LOSANGELES CALIF 22
EDITORS LIBERTY MAGAZINE
WE PROTEST THE INSIDIOUS PRO NAZI PROPAGANDA CONTAINED IN YOUR CURRENT ISSUE ENTITLED HITLER PLANNING TO BE KIND TO JEWS STOP THE RECORD OF HITLERS BROKEN PROMISES INDICATES THE COMPLETE UNTRUTH OF THE IMPLICATIONS MADE BY YOUR WILLIAM STIDGER STOP THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE WITH THE AMERICAN PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL FREEDOM (SIGNED) HOLLYWOOD LEAGUE AGAINST NAZISM DONALD OGDEN STEWART EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER DOROTHY PARKER GLORIA STUART SAMSON RAPHAELSON FRANK TUTTLE EDITH EVANS ALAN CAMPBELL VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE ARTHUR SHEEKMAN RAY MAYER H S KRAFT FELICE PARAMORE LIONEL STANDER HERBERT J BIBERMAN CHARLES J KATZ BERNIE BERNARD GALE SONDERGAARD.

BOSTON, MASS.—In reply to the telegram protest from the Hollywood League Against Nazism, I would like to say that that article which I wrote for Liberty and which appeared in the May 30 issue is an honest piece of reporting and has nothing to do with propaganda.

The truth of the matter is that events which have happened since I got my interview have proved that the Hitler regime is greatly modifying its Jewish persecution. I honestly believe this is the intention of the Nazi government.

I, too, believe that there can be no compromise with the American principles of religious and political freedom. I agree absolutely with the Hollywood League Against Nazism. I do not condone Jewish persecution by Hitler.

I was simply reporting the facts of the interview for Liberty, and not in any sense condoning the unfair or unjust treatment of any race.

—*William Leroy Stidger.*

TOP KICKS AND DOG ROBBERS

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—In May 30 Vox Pop Shavetail has a piece in which he makes a slanderous remark, that is, "dog-robbing top kick."

I resent this as probably coming from some imbecile. I got all my grades the hard way, starting as a buck in 1898 and ending as a major of field artillery with foreign service three times.

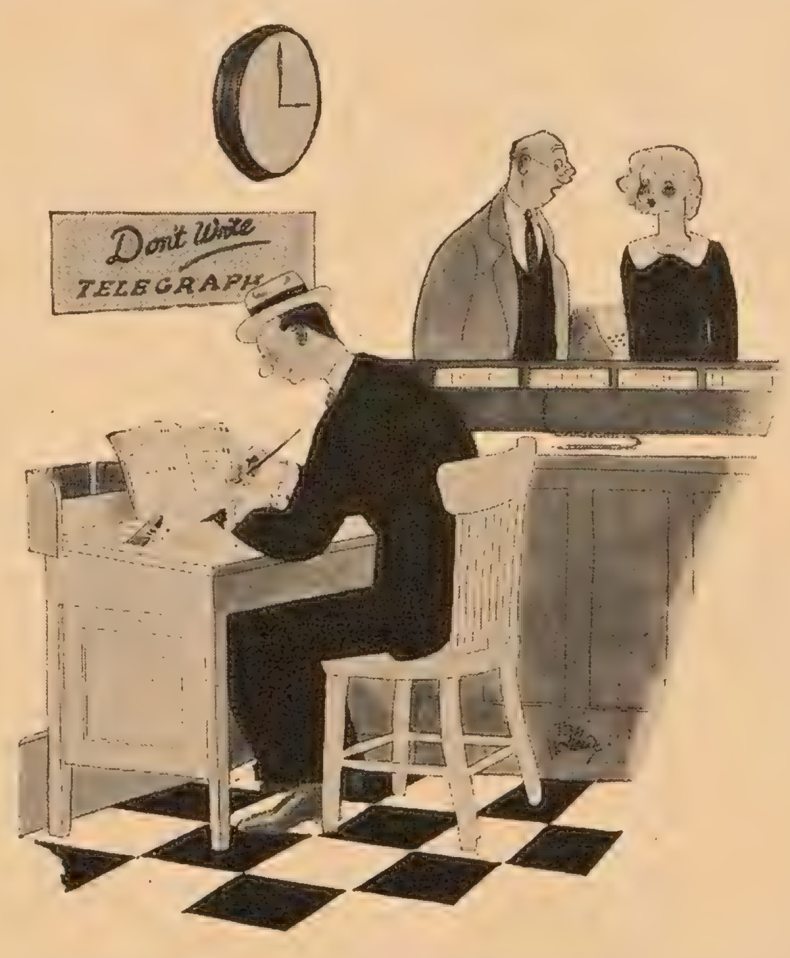
I was a top kick, and I gleaned more pleasure from that grade than any other. Shavetail evidently knows little about "top kicks." They are not, never were, and never will be "dog robbers." —*J. H. F.*

MEN, GET ON THE JOB!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Will you ask American men, via your pages, to please cultivate their manners and their sex appeal?

Foreigners have Americans beat in regard to these two traits. The consequence is that we American women fall in love with them.

Then we find out they are bossy, overbearing tightwads. Now, I really think the American men are to blame for this and should get on the job.—*Disillusioned Sue.*



"I think we should wire the head office for instructions. He's using all our sentiments on post cards!"

THE G. O. F. P. O. P. RESENTS KEYHOLE KARTOON

NEW YORK, N. Y.—On page 56 of May 30 Liberty an artist, John W. Elliotte, under the caption Keyhole Kartoons, presents a pix of Will Hays pumping a pipe organ. (1) The picture is grossly in error. (2) The handle slot is in an impossible position—so is Will. (3) The organ itself is an absurdity—showing an utter ignorance on the part of the artist of the fine details of our one-time profession.

It is probably up to Will to resent what has been done; but, as Will's modesty might prevent, I want to call your attention to the matter. I might also ask by what right the picture was drawn, and printed, without at least the courtesy of first consulting this organization regarding copyright protection? It is this sort of publicity that makes the task of us Former Pipe Organ Pumpers all the more difficult.

And I believe you owe an apology to the Guild and its members—certainly for permitting such a bad representation to appear in your pages.—*Chet Shafer, Grand Diapason of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers.*

"SLATS" HARDIN'S RECORD

BATON ROUGE, LA.—In Bob Musel's Olympic Forecast (May 30 Liberty) the author states that the United States will be weak in the 400-meter hurdles. Perhaps he doesn't know that there is a fellow down South named Glenn "Slats" Hardin who officially tied the world record of 50.6 seconds in that event at the 1932 Olympic Games.

Musel states that the record is 52 seconds and that the best United States time turned in this year is 53.4. Well, I would like to tell Liberty readers that Hardin ran the hurdles in 52.9 on a comparatively slow track and around two turns on May 9. So it seems that Uncle Sam will be well represented in the 400-meter hurdles by either Hardin or any one that can beat him.—*W. W. H.*

COP AND CANAL

NORWICH, CONN.—In May 23 Liberty, Twenty Questions says the word "cop" is the abbreviation of Chief of Police. The Book of Familiar Sayings says: "'Cop,' in reference to a policeman, is English dialect or English slang, although the exact origin is not known. It is probably an abbreviation of 'Copper,' one who arrests or takes into custody."—*Pat Vitelle.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Say, you editor bloke, on that question No. 8 in May 23 Liberty, you are up in your pajamas! There is no such thing as the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. Guess again, and I'll bet you can't get it right on the second guess. In fact, I'll bet one year's subscription to some *good* magazine.—*Charles Lamareaux.*

NEVER GIVE IN TO MENCKEN'S AMERICAN LANGUAGE

DECATUR, ILL.—Help! Help! Help! Don't never, Liberty—don't never give in to this American-language fad that H. L. Mencken is spreading over the land. Hold to your plain and simple style—one that a person can read without being conscious that he has suddenly gone back to the stove in the general store.

Every reader who is a friend of good grammar and a fine simple English please give this old magazine a good word by letter, because this new fandango is spreading like fire and editors are not going to resist it long unless we readers rally round them.

So—rally, boys, rally, and give a good magazine a boost!—*Keep-It-Up Carl.*

"A NEW CABINET POSITION—"

GALAX, VA.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial of May 30 is the best yet. *If* such a thing were possible, I would, *for the first time in my life,* canvass the community for votes to elect him Secretary of Business Management. To say we need him is only putting it mildly!—*George S. Cox.*

WACO, TEX.—I see Mr. Bernarr Macfadden is endorsing himself for Business Manager of the United States of America, Incorporated, at one dollar per year, as he says he has made enough money and doesn't want any more.

Mr. Macfadden, you are away behind the times! The United States of America has been run by business men (the bankers) for years.—*O. A. Grant.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—"Secretary of Business Management."

A distinguished publisher and health expert, Bernarr Macfadden, expresses himself on a subject which he obviously does not understand. He engages in the expression of a splendid idea which in fact is a political absurdity.

Were he to cause the creation of such a post and get it himself, he would crucify himself to no good end and would simply cause the creation of a new department and more bureaucracy. His successors would simply be politicians.—*Hamiltonian Conservative.*

SPOKANE, WASH.—To Bernarr Macfadden:

Say! I like the cut o' your jib!
And I like the words o' your pen!
You are right! What we need
Is a little less speed
And more real, public-spirited men!

More souls like yourself, say for inst,
Who strike a true chord now and then!
You may take this *ad lib.*,
But I still like your jib,
And I still like the words o' your pen!
—*Clare McCann.*

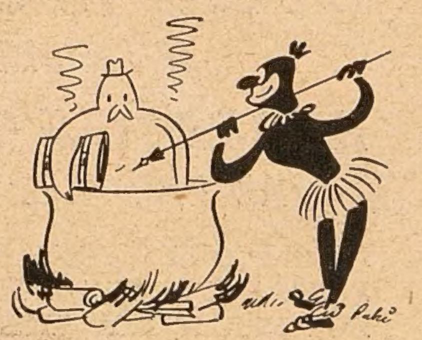
O Lindy, Come Back Home!

By John F. Condon

Some people say I failed, Lindy.
It was not in my power
To find the little baby
Stolen from your bower.
His curly locks, his bright blue eyes,
His toys I cherish so
Bring back my mind to that dark night,
Remembered long ago.
March the first in 'thirty-two,
In the crib he lay asleep
In his nursery, in his blankets,
Wrapped in slumber deep.
The scoundrel snatched the baby,
But vengeance claimed its toll,
And then the ladder cracked and broke
Before he reached his goal.
I planned and plotted to bring back
The darling little boy
Whose parents doted on him
With joy without alloy.
I wrote to have the snatcher
Meet me where he would.
One thousand grand I offered—
I thought I could do good.
Through every state in our Union
I traveled to find the child;
Canadian hills, Cuba's swamps,
And jungles fierce and wild;
The sandy plains of Panama
And Costa Rica's brush;
Over Morgan's murderous trail,
Through heat and rain I'd rush.
Deep in the Everglades I went;
Through Georgia's Indian mounds—
Those braves fell facing their front line,
They held forefathers' grounds.
I searched the pines and dismal groves
And great De Leon's well;
I drank the waters to keep young;
Went in the Spanish cell;
Traversed the Biscayne Highway,
Trod dear Miami's shore.
Jack Field's and Al Capone's
I visited to implore
To help me get the baby,
His parents' joy and pride.
But May the twelfth the news was spread—
The baby boy had died.
What a crime! What a deal!
Beside a sacred grave
I handed out just fifty grand,
While people thought it brave.
Each night and day I traveled on,
Both confident and sure.
Sometimes I thought I'd lose my mind.
It was hard to endure.
At last I saw the man I sought,
His picture before my view,
A face I could not fail to know
In a thousand or a few.
The law was truly carried out:
The man went to the chair;
The juries gave one hundred straight—
They put the culprit there.
J. Edgar Hoover and his men,
Dear Schwarzkopf and the rest,
Searched every corner, nook, and haunt—
They knew the game the best.
So now, dear Lindy, foreign soil
Is not the place for you.
Come to our land, your native land,
'Mid folds red, white, and blue.
Millions of stanch and loyal men
Are watching o'er the foam.
Your trials, tribulations past,
O Lindy, come back home!
Foreign soil is not your place,
In any land on earth.
The spot for you is here with us,
The dear land of your birth.
Let no mean scoundrel drive away
Our hero, bold and brave.
Dear Lindy, come back home to us
Across the surging wave.
—JOHN F. CONDON.

CANNIBALS BOILED HIM

LINCOLN, NEB.—Many stories are told about the ability of American newspapermen abroad to take care of themselves in any situation. This one comes back from Abyssinia via England.



An American free-lance correspondent decided that the Italo-Ethiopian conflict was too tame, and journeyed southward into the heart of the wild country, and was captured by cannibals.

After they had boiled him several hours, he began insisting that the party was too rough. Then, when one of them stuck a spear in him to see if he was getting tender, he lost his temper and climbed out of the kettle and cleaned up the whole bunch single-handed.—*John L. Mattox.*

DAUGHTERS IN HALTERS AND TRACK PANTS

COCONUT GROVE, FLA.—Why not, in this day of missing girls, rape, and domestic upheaval, a Society for the Prevention of Underdressed Adolescent Girls? Isn't it hard enough on teen-age girls to endure the years of sex awakening without parents increasing the strain?

You parents invite at least unfavorable comment—at most you invite rape—with your young daughters clad only in halters and track pants.

Anyway, the beaches are the places for such garb—also the tennis courts and track meet.

It's unfair, when girls invite men and excite their imagination, for the law to punish a man who has insulted such a girl. Punish the girl. She is aware, even if vaguely, of attracting more attention than she ordinarily would if clad for the street.—*Mrs. V. Rainbow.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Isash Morgan, a Negro, complied with his brother Sam's deathbed request that cheerful music be played at the funeral. Isash led the band in I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A former government clerk sued the United States for $10,032,000—charging that former President Hoover and Ogden Mills appropriated his ideas for ending the depression.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The detectives who arrested Leo J. Curtain said it came about like this: Curtain stole a bottle of whisky at a Loop department store, drank it, and grew remorseful. He decided he should repent, and that to repent he needed a Bible. So he went to another department store and stole a Bible. A detective seized him.

VISALIA, CALIF.—Mrs. Olive Conley has asked divorce on the grounds her husband compelled her to say "Yes, sir," each time he addressed her. When she forgot, she says, he made her stand in a corner and say "Yes, sir," five hundred times.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Nudist Queen Tanya Cubitt, of the San Diego Exposition colony, looked with disapproval upon the shaggy appearance of some of her male subjects, and sent this telegram to the Tampa, Florida, nudist colony:

"Will trade one woman nudist stenographer for one male nudist barber."

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—He wanted a refund on his marriage license. Nothing doing, said Lynnie Clayton, clerk. "Well," said the young man, "I guess I'll go ahead and get married, then."

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Speeding at fifty miles an hour was the charge against Mrs. Laura Gallup—but she insisted women can't drive that fast.

"You mean women are not as skillful drivers as men?" asked the judge.

"That's right,' replied Mrs. Gallup.

"Dismissed," said Judge Holland, explaining later: "Didn't she pay us men a fine compliment?"

MEMPHIS, TENN.—A colored minister told State Liquor Control officials, when getting a permit to buy sacramental wine for his church, that "If it's all the same to you, my congregation would like to take out gin instead of wine. We all voted that way."

GIN
SACRAMENTAL WINE

CONTENTS

Short Stories Brass Monkey..................Borden Chase 20
Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra
Bert Green 30
Crash of the X Y Z—Liberty's Short Short....James Woolley 41
Alimony Baby..................Agnes Christine Johnston 44

Serials Beginning—
Who Killed Kent Grinnell?........Elaine Sterne Carrington 6
A thrilling new novel of love and a crime of passion—The story of a world flyer and a sinister mystery
Carnival Lady—Part II...................Martha Ostenso 32
Hell in the Holy Land—Part III...............Lowell Thomas 58
with Kenneth Brown Collings

Articles Will Hitler and the Mikado Plunge the World Again into War?..........Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N. 14
A veteran American naval officer warns of a startling new peril that threatens peace among the nations
Gambling-Mad America?.....................Will Irwin 16
What chances have you to win? $6,600,000,000 last year; more in 1936! The dismaying fact-and-figure story of a record-breaking racket
Will Britannia Rule the Films?.......Adela Rogers St. Johns 28
What is this thing called Elstree?....A close-up of England's challenge to Hollywood
A Congressman in the House......Mrs. Benjamin J. Young 50
Washington matron who sublet her apartment to Congressman Zioncheck tells her own story
Roll Call from on High....................T. Howard Kelly 52
A chronicle of July memories and a pilgrimage to an American shrine

Features Editorial.......................Bernarr Macfadden 4
Twenty Questions.. 13
'Tisn't So...................................R. E. Doan 22
Three Hearts and the Horrors of War—Movie reviews
Beverly Hills 42
Good Books...............................Oliver Swift 49
Crossword Puzzle.. 53
Liberty's Amateur Writers Page. Conducted by Major Bowes 54
$2,000 Beautiful Children Contest........................ 56
To the Ladies!..............Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 57
Vox Pop.. 64
It Happened In—.. 66

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

HOW WILLIAM POWELL HELPS WOMEN SUCCEED

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

HITLER HAS CHANGED THE BIBLE

READ PARALLEL PASSAGES FOR YOURSELF

ALSO—STORIES AND ARTICLES BY MARTHA OSTENSO, LOWELL THOMAS AND KENNETH COLLINGS, OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, BEATRICE GRIMSHAW, MAJOR BOWES

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

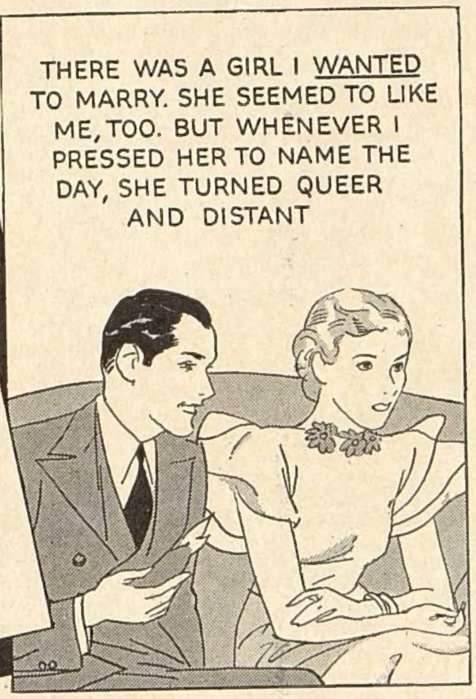
ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JULY 8

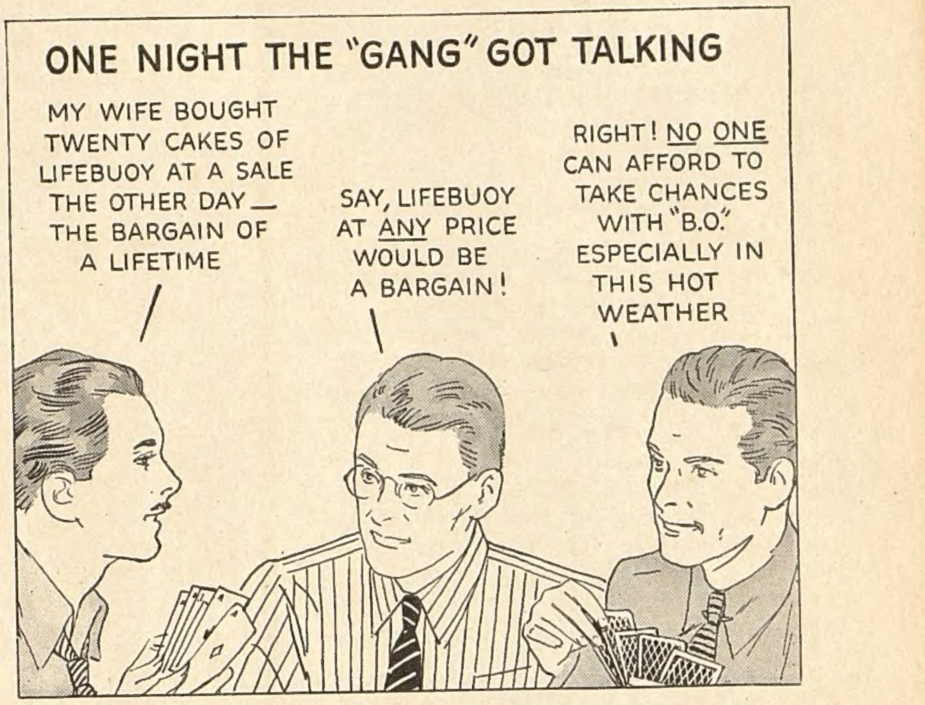
I BEGAN TO FEEL LONESOME AND OLD

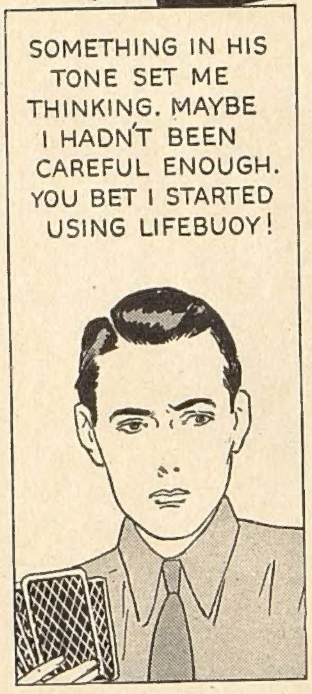
The true "B.O." confession of a bachelor *not from choice!*

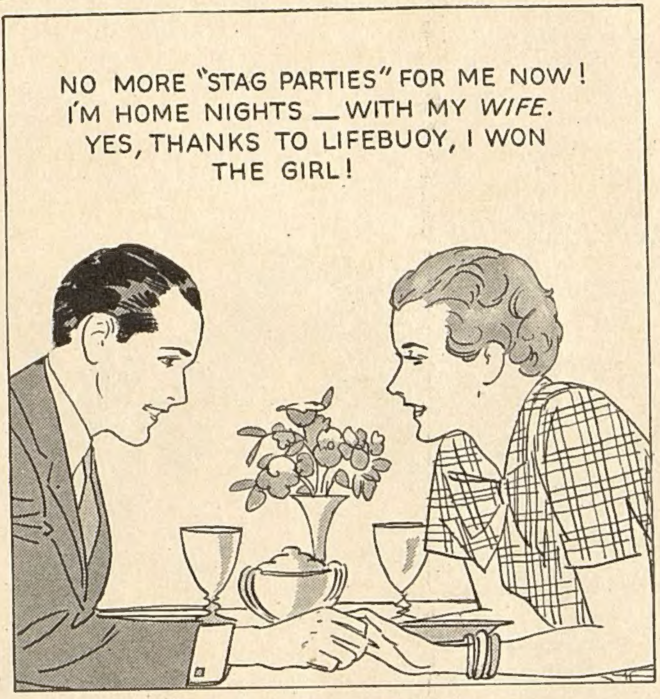
•

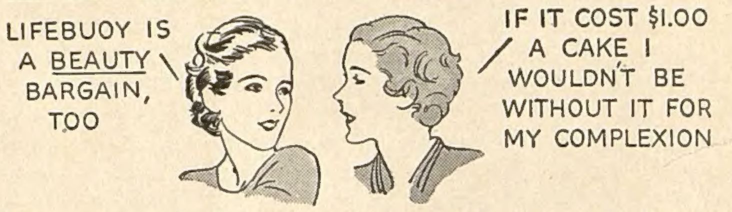
(one of the thousands of letters that come to the makers of Lifebuoy)


THERE WAS A GIRL I WANTED TO MARRY. SHE SEEMED TO LIKE ME, TOO. BUT WHENEVER I PRESSED HER TO NAME THE DAY, SHE TURNED QUEER AND DISTANT


ONE NIGHT THE "GANG" GOT TALKING
MY WIFE BOUGHT TWENTY CAKES OF LIFEBUOY AT A SALE THE OTHER DAY — THE BARGAIN OF A LIFETIME
SAY, LIFEBUOY AT ANY PRICE WOULD BE A BARGAIN!
RIGHT! NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." ESPECIALLY IN THIS HOT WEATHER


SOMETHING IN HIS TONE SET ME THINKING. MAYBE I HADN'T BEEN CAREFUL ENOUGH. YOU BET I STARTED USING LIFEBUOY!

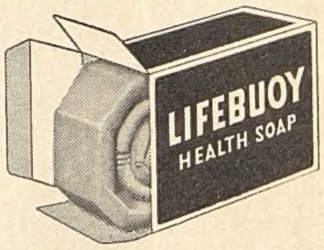

NO MORE "STAG PARTIES" FOR ME NOW! I'M HOME NIGHTS — WITH MY *WIFE*. YES, THANKS TO LIFEBUOY, I WON THE GIRL!


LIFEBUOY IS A BEAUTY BARGAIN, TOO
IF IT COST $1.00 A CAKE I WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT IT FOR MY COMPLEXION

LIFEBUOY'S rich, creamy lather makes complexions fresher, clearer . . . Because it cleanses more deeply, yet with amazing gentleness. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Feel fresher, be safer!

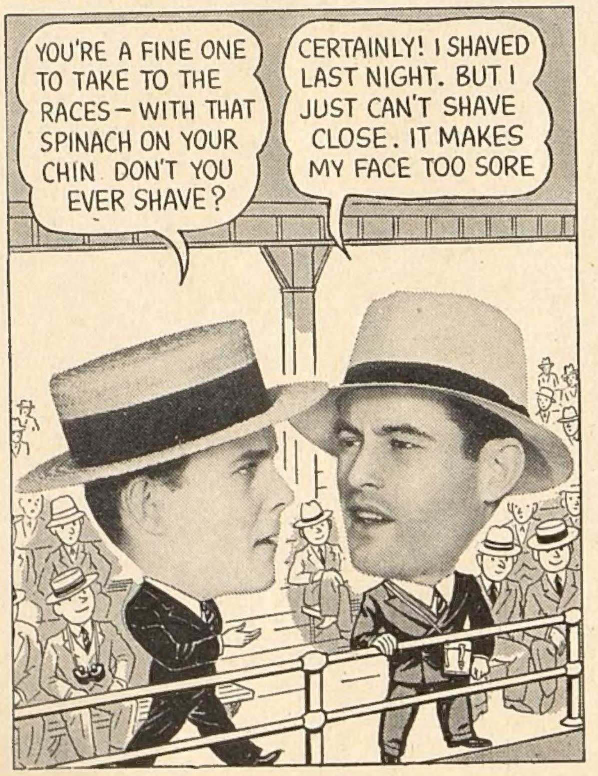
Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its abundant refreshing lather penetrates the pores, purifies, stops "B.O." *(body odor)*. Its clean scent rinses away.

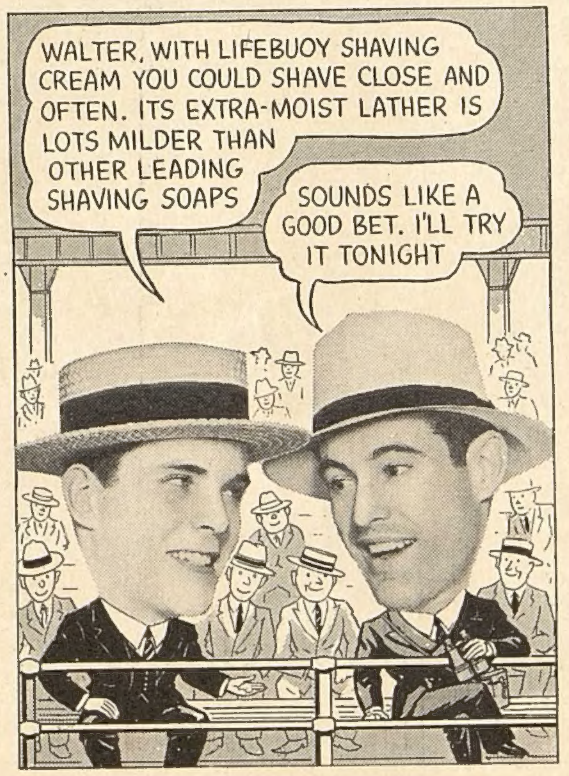

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

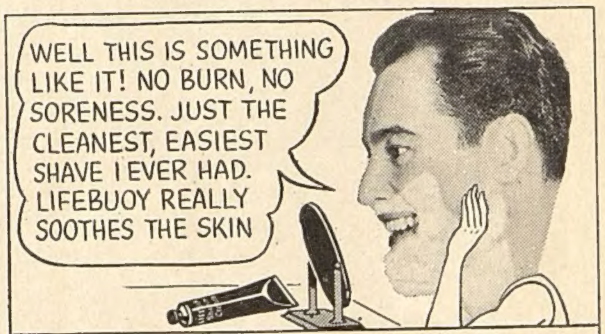
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

ITS LATHER IS EXTRA-MOIST AND EXTRA-MILD

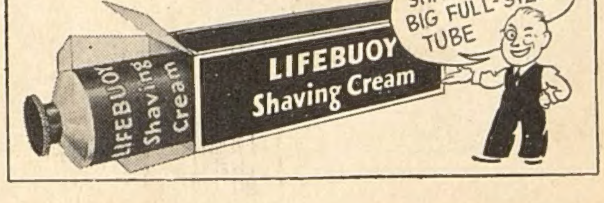

YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TAKE TO THE RACES — WITH THAT SPINACH ON YOUR CHIN. DON'T YOU EVER SHAVE?
CERTAINLY! I SHAVED LAST NIGHT. BUT I JUST CAN'T SHAVE CLOSE. IT MAKES MY FACE TOO SORE

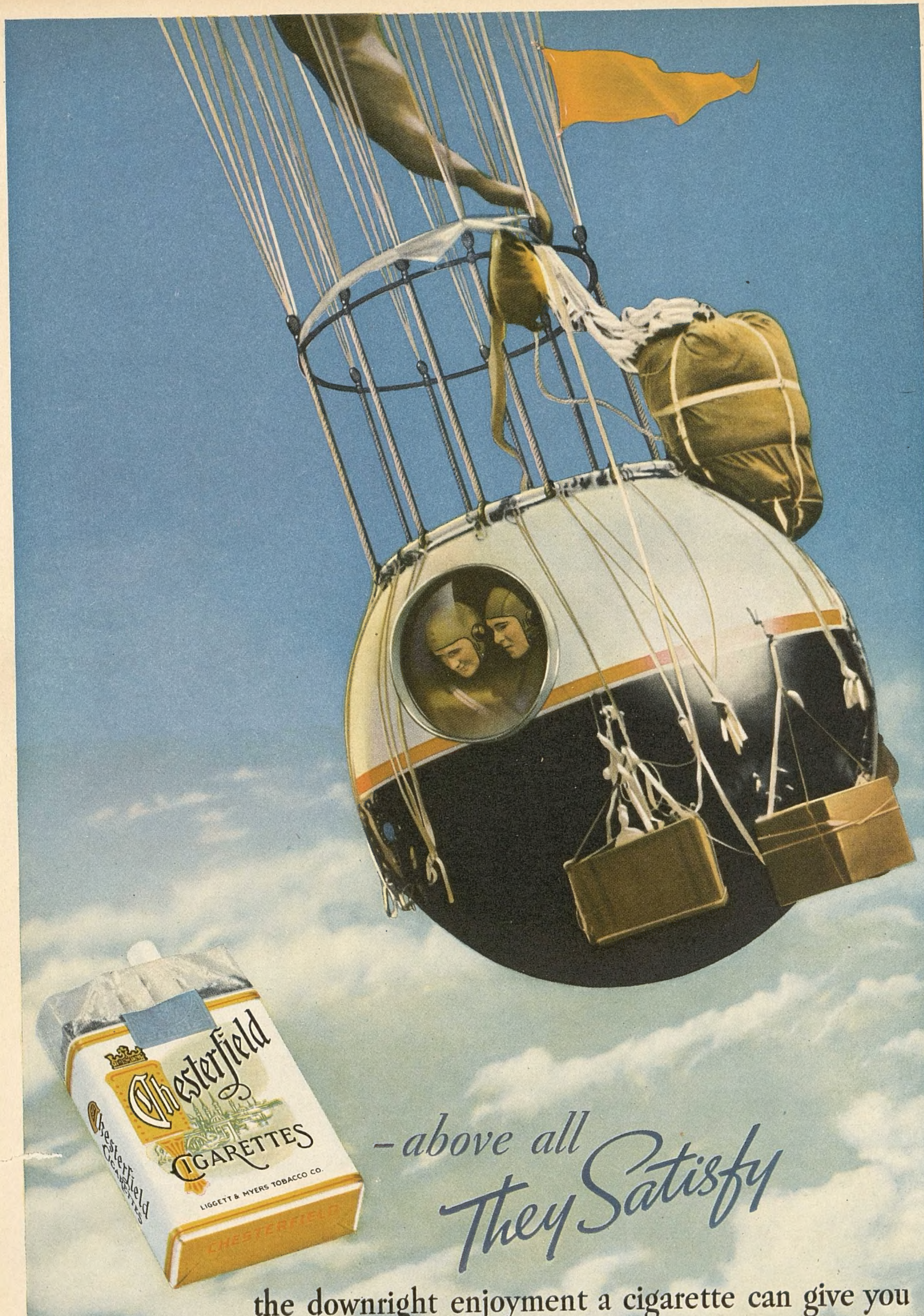

WALTER, WITH LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM YOU COULD SHAVE CLOSE AND OFTEN. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER IS LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD BET. I'LL TRY IT TONIGHT


WELL THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE IT! NO BURN, NO SORENESS. JUST THE CLEANEST, EASIEST SHAVE I EVER HAD. LIFEBUOY REALLY SOOTHES THE SKIN

Send for a FREE trial tube

Try this mild, extra-moist lather. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-127, Cambridge, Mass., for free 12-day tube.
(This offer good in U. S. only)


120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream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CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
CHESTERFIELD
– above all
They Satisfy
the downright enjoyment a cigarette can give you

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